

# P O E M S.







# P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

TALES, FABLES,  
ELEGIAC and MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,  
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c. &c.

---

By J. ROBERTSON.

---

The SECOND EDITION,  
With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. Davies, in Ruffel-street; G. Robinson,  
Paternoster-Row; T. Cadell, in the Strand; and T.  
Slack, Newcastle.

M.DCC.LXXX.

# P O E M S

CONSISTING OF

T A B L E S

THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

PROLOGUES, ETC.

BY T. H. HARRISON

THE SECOND EDITION

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

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Printed for T. Egerton, in Pall-mall; G. Robinson,  
Paternoster-row; T. Cadell, in the Strand; and T. Agnew,  
St. Paul's Church-yard.

M.DCCCXXX.

TO  
CHEARFULNESS,  
CANDOUR,  
AND  
BENEVOLENCE,

THIS VOLUME IS,  
WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

DEDICATED

BY  
THEIR SINCERE ADMIRER,  
AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.

TO  
CHEARTUMNES

CANDOR

AND

BENEFICENCE



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WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT AND REVERENCE

DEDICATED

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THEIR SINCERE ADMIRER

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT

The AUTHOR





P R E F A C E.

**I**N this Edition of my *Bagatelles* I have made several *Alterations*, and inserted some *New Pieces*: The Arrangement of the whole too is different; and I flatter myself that it now carries with it such an Appearance of *Novelty*, as may render it not wholly unworthy the Indulgence of the Reader.

My

## P R E F A C E.

My Expectations are far from being sanguine : What I chiefly wish for, is, *Not to Displease*, especially those to whom I have the Honour of being known ; and if the following should serve them to *smile* away (Lord *Chesterfield* forbids to say, *laugh*. away) a few vacant Minutes now and then, I shall think myself happy in contributing even a Mite towards their Entertainment.

CON.



# CONTENTS.

## TALES.

|                                       | Page. |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| <b>THE Ghosts</b>                     | 1     |
| <i>Measure for Measure</i>            | 6     |
| <i>The Female Claim</i>               | 11    |
| <i>The Monk and Jew</i>               | 15    |
| <i>The Peer and Coachman</i>          | 17    |
| <i>The Pedlar and Rasber of Bacon</i> | 20    |
| <i>The Politic Squire</i>             | 23    |
| <i>The Mill</i>                       | 24    |
| <i>The Puppet Show</i>                | 27    |
| <i>Female Curiosity</i>               | 30    |
| <i>The Influenza</i>                  | 33    |
| <i>Tirefias</i>                       | 37    |
| <i>The Metamorphosis</i>              | 48    |

## FABLES.

|                                  |    |
|----------------------------------|----|
| <i>The Poet and Straw</i>        | 60 |
| <i>The Toasts</i>                | 62 |
| <i>The Traveller and Rainbow</i> | 65 |
| <i>The Two Kings</i>             | 67 |
| <i>The Connoisseur</i>           | 70 |
| <i>The Patriot Shepherd</i>      | 71 |
| <i>Right Hand and Left</i>       | 73 |
| <i>The Two Candles</i>           | 76 |
| <i>The</i>                       |    |

# C O N T E N T S.

|                                               | Page. |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>The Mole and Weasel</i> _____              | 78    |
| <i>The Ass and Goat</i> _____                 | 80    |
| <i>St Catharine</i> _____                     | 82    |
| <i>The Russeting and Redstreak Crab</i> _____ | 84    |
| <i>The Bear and Gardener</i> _____            | 86    |
| <i>Plumb Pudding</i> _____                    | 88    |
| <i>The two Paper Kites</i> _____              | 90    |
| <i>The Swimmers</i> _____                     | 92    |
| <i>The Pool and Brook</i> _____               | 94    |
| <i>The Swine and Ermine</i> _____             | 96    |
| <i>Alexander and Courtier</i> _____           | 97    |
| <i>Habit</i> _____                            | 99    |
| <i>But</i> _____                              | 101   |
| <i>Fire, Earth, and Water</i> _____           | 103   |
| <i>The Fisherman</i> _____                    | 106   |
| <i>The Peasant and Mastiff</i> _____          | 108   |
| <i>The Lark and Magpies</i> _____             | 110   |
| <i>Miss Crambo</i> _____                      | 113   |

## E L E G I A C.

|                                                      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Basil and Phœbe</i> _____                         | 116 |
| <i>William and Fanny</i> _____                       | 119 |
| <i>Henry and Sophy</i> _____                         | 125 |
| <i>Delia and the Goldfinch</i> _____                 | 127 |
| <i>Amintor and Anna</i> _____                        | 129 |
| <i>On a Robin-singing over Fidelia's Grave</i> _____ | 134 |
| <i>Tullia</i> _____                                  | 136 |
| <i>The Lamentation of a Mouse in a Trap</i> _____    | 141 |
| <i>The</i> _____                                     | The |



# C. O N T E N T S.

|                                                    | Page. |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>The Last Speech and Dying Words of Willy, a</i> |       |
| <i>Pet-Lamb</i>                                    | 144   |
| <i>Godwin and Lucy</i>                             | 147   |
| <i>Woman</i>                                       | 152   |
| <i>Damon and Silvia</i>                            | 155   |
| <i>From Lucio in Bedlam to Eulvia</i>              | 157   |

## M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

|                                                          |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>Eve's Legacy to her Daughters ; in two Cantos</i>     | 165   |
| <i>Origin of a Methodist, with his Missionary Charge</i> | 181   |
| <i>A New Hymn, in Imitation of Wesley's Inimitable</i>   |       |
| <i>Hymns</i>                                             | 185   |
| <i>A Sketch</i>                                          | 186   |
| <i>In Sese Volvitur</i>                                  | 187   |
| <i>On reading some Eastern Tales, lately published</i>   | 191   |
| <i>The Wreath</i>                                        | 192   |
| <i>Shakespeare</i>                                       | 193   |
| <i>On Mrs B—'s safe Delivery of a Daughter,</i>          |       |
| 1766                                                     | 196   |
| <i>An Epistle to R. B. Esq; on Trifling</i>              | 201   |
| <i>Alexander the Great</i>                               | 207   |
| <i>The Merciful</i>                                      | ibid. |
| <i>The Cleanly Sparrow</i>                               | 208   |
| <i>On Modern Comedies</i>                                | 209   |
| <i>The Delicate, or Modern Lullaby</i>                   | 210   |
| <i>The Patriots</i>                                      | 214   |
| <i>Temperance</i>                                        | 215   |
| <i>On Mr P—'s Marriage with Miss H—c—le</i>              | 217   |
| <i>Fidelia</i>                                           | 221   |
| <i>On</i>                                                |       |

# CONTENTS.

|                                                                              | Page. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>On a Robin's singing near my Window in November</i>                       | 224   |
| <i>May Morn</i>                                                              | 225   |
| <i>The May-Sprig</i>                                                         | 231   |
| <i>Jove's Charge to Venus</i>                                                | 232   |
| <i>Sorte Contentus</i>                                                       | 233   |
| <i>Miss Sally and the Red-breast</i>                                         | 234   |
| <i>The Unfortunate Damsel's Resolution</i>                                   | 236   |
| <i>On seeing a Law Book bound in White</i>                                   | 237   |
| <i>On Miss T—'s fanning herself</i>                                          | 238   |
| <i>A Card from Master Cupid to Miss Veny</i>                                 | 239   |
| <i>On Mrs Powell's appearing in the Character of Rosalind, at York, 1767</i> | 240   |
| <i>The Contest, a Vision</i>                                                 | 243   |
| <i>Beelzebub Outwitted</i>                                                   | 248   |
| <i>Who's Afraid?</i>                                                         | 249   |
| <i>On reading an Account of the Action at Bunker's Hill, 1775</i>            | 251   |
| <i>Cupid's Decision</i>                                                      | 252   |
| <i>The Fairy Visit</i>                                                       | 253   |
| <i>Reflections</i>                                                           | 260   |
| <i>Epigrams, &amp;c.</i>                                                     | 269   |
| <i>Prologues and Epilogues</i>                                               | 278   |

## TALES.

# T A L E S.

## The GHOSTS.

SOME Spirits, happily set free  
From shackles of Mortality,  
Met on the road that leads on high,  
Furnish'd with Passports to the Sky;  
After the usual Comps. to show  
They'd learnt Politeness here below,  
They drop'd into an easy chat,  
Traveller like, of this and that,  
What they had seen and known on Earth,  
From Cradle to their Second Birth;  
Pleas'd and quite happy with each other,  
'Twas ev'ry word, "Dear Friend, or Brother,"  
'Till *Discard*, in Religion's mein,  
And garb disguis'd, quite chang'd the scene;

A

Hap-



Happening to touch that aukward string,  
 Peace, Love, and Harmony took wing,  
 They argu'd, squabbled, and to blows  
 (*Zeal's ratio ultima*) arose;  
 But Ghosts, however good their will,  
 Can neither bruise, break limbs, or kill.

Thus they went on, all fire and flame,  
 'Till to Saint *Peter's* Lodge they came,  
 Where snug he sits, close to the Portal,  
 To let in Souls when made immortal;  
 A Triple Crown his Saintship wore,  
 Of massy gold a Key he bore,  
 And downward flowing to his waist  
 An ample Beard his Rev'rence grac'd;  
 Beardless Philosophers or Saints  
 Poet or Limner never paints,  
 And by the length of Beard we guess  
 Their Wisdom or their Holiness.

The *Rap a Tap* when given, straight  
 The Porter Saint unlocks the Gate:  
 "Your Passport, Friend;—Well! What are You?"  
 "Why good your Worship, I'm a JEW;"  
 "A Jew!—Then you must take that road,  
 "It leads to *Abraham's* abode,  
 "For different Sectaries and Religions  
 "Have here their different divisions,  
 "Or we shou'd ne'er be free from riot,  
 "Nor, tho' in Heav'n, know peace or quiet:"—  
 That Shade dispatch'd,—thus to another,  
 "Of what Religion are You, Brother?"

"Why



" *Why good Saint PETER,*" cries the Ghost,  
 " *ROME's Faith Infallible I boast,*  
 " *That Church which on a Rock*"—"Hold, Friend,  
 " Nor thus thy breath in trifles spend;  
 " This Path is yours; 'twill to the spot  
 " Conduct, that's destin'd for your Lot;  
 " Some Popes and Bishops there you'll view,  
 " And stranger!—some few Jesuits too:"—  
 A PURITAN then show'd his Pass;  
 " That Road leads onward to your Class,  
 " You'll there find *Calvin*, who had ne'er  
 " Set foot within this happy Sphere,  
 " Had not *Servetus*' Intercession,  
 " Wip'd off his Murderer's transgression,  
 " For which your Founder, when he meets him,  
 " With conscious blushes always greets him:—  
 " Well, Friend, what's your Religion, pray?"  
 " *I'm a MAHOMETAN:*"—"That way—  
 " A pretty black-ey'd *Houris* straight  
 " Shall lead you to your Prophet's gate:—  
 " Whose turn is next?—Your Look and Dress  
 " The QUAKER's Buckram Tribe confess;  
 " Here, show this Favourite of the Spirit  
 " Where Christians unbaptis'd inherit:—  
 " Now, good Sir, with that solemn Face,  
 " Whence your pretensions to this place?"—  
 " *I'm a NEWBORN; a chosen Pat,*  
 " *One of the Methodist Set;*"—  
 " Conduct that Sprite with expedition  
 " To Master *Whitfield's* new Division;  
 " A single hedge of formal Yew  
 " Parts *Calvin's* from your chosen Crew;

"But prythee, for the Love of Grace,  
 "Assume an open, chearful face,  
 "These dismal looks, and downcast air,  
 "Best suit the Regions of Despair."

All those dispatch'd, with several more,  
 Saint Peter thought his hurry o'er;  
 (Jews, Christians, Heathens, Turks, and Tartars,  
 All settled in their different quarters)  
 When, with a modest air, a Shade  
 Petition for admittance made:—

"You've got a Passport, Friend, I see,  
 "Pray, what may your Religion be?"—  
 "To ONE ALONE, (the Ghost replies)  
 "All good, just, merciful, and wise,  
 "Our Sire, Creator, and our Friend,  
 "From whom all Benefits descend,  
 "I, while on Earth, with Reverence bow'd,  
 "And wish'd,—far as weak Nature cou'd,  
 "To shew Obedience to his Will,  
 "By doing Good, and shunning Ill;  
 "But to no Church a livery'd Slave,  
 "ALL were my Brethren to the grave."

Saint Peter, with a visage bland,  
 Straight took the Spirit by the hand,  
 And with a chearful shake—"My Friend,  
 "Your honest Freedom I commend;  
 "And since on Earth you always thought  
 "And liv'd as Reason's Votary ought,  
 "From narrow Prejudices free,  
 "Disdaining Mental Slavery,

"To

"To no one Spot of Bliss confin'd,  
 "Range wheresoever you're inclin'd;  
 "You'll meet with Worthies, who like you  
 "Heaven's Joys unlimited pursue,  
 "Confucius, Socrates, and others,  
 "Ancients and Moderns,—all sworn Brothers,  
 "With whom (Heav'n's countless Wonders known)  
 "Unbounded Bliss shall be your own.

"And should you once amid your Joy,  
 "A random thought on me employ,  
 "And to my humble Lodgment come,  
 "(You'll find me constantly at home)  
 "A friendly Welcome still you'll meet,  
 "And a kind *Apostolic Treat*."



## MEASURE for MEASURE.

**I**N *Old Castile*, some ages flown,  
 When brave *Alphonso* fill'd the throne,  
 When Ignorance with sable cloud,  
 Enwapt the world as in a shroud,  
 E'er Learning wak'd, when all was dark,  
 And Bishops scarce could write their Mark,  
 A holy Priest, meek, chaste, and good,  
 Unwitting spill'd a Layman's Blood;  
 Ev'n Saints themselves in holy Writ,  
 Wou'd trifling faults sometimes commit;  
 No Rank the slaughter'd Fellow bore,  
 One of the low *Plebeian* Corps,  
 A reptile Shoemaker!—'Twas said,  
 The Priest had grac'd *Crispino's* head,  
 And, taken in the Fact, had further  
 To lewd Adultery added Murder;  
 Absurd! to think a Churchman cou'd  
 In such a cause spill Christian Blood.

When Priests in those religious times,  
 Were charg'd irreverently with crimes,  
 By Mother Church the cause was try'd,  
 (Who else shou'd Churchmen's cause decide?)  
 And Justice on Cathedral Bench,  
 Must *certain* prove a spotless Wench:  
 Thrice happy days! when Canon Law,  
 Unrivall'd, kept the world in awe;  
 But now alas, the case is alter'd,  
 And Priests by Common Law are halter'd;

Whence



Whence Gownsmen learnedly maintain,  
This impious age is *Satan's* reign.

By Virtue of Church Absolution,  
That wond'rous chymical solution,  
Priests have the sole exclusive power  
Men's Souls from *Satan's* Rust to scour,  
To free 'em from corroding Sin,  
And make 'em bright as new-made Pin:  
Shall those, who by a Patent Spell  
Can ope the Gates of Heav'n and Hell,  
(A Pow'r to Kings as much superior  
As Earth to Heaven is inferior)  
Shall those to whom such Power's assign'd,  
No deference from meer Mortals find?  
Pay Churchmen little veneration,  
You sap the Church's best foundation,  
And shou'd the Church once tumble, Hell  
With joy wou'd ring the World's great knell.

Ambassadors, at this late hour  
Defy the Law's inferior power,  
Equally free to all intent  
With those great Kings they represent;  
And Priests from holy Writings show,  
They're Heav'n's *Ambassadors* below,  
From whence this inference they draw,  
"Priests are above the Common Law."

The Holy Man as Culpit stood,  
Charg'd with the shedding Christian Blood;  
The

The Church sat Judge, and Proofs came thick,  
 Inspir'd no doubt by envious *Nick*;  
 The Prisoner *Guilty* found:—And here  
 Stop, Reader, and prepare the tear;  
 That One in Rank so highly plac'd,  
 With Heaven's own Sacred Livery grac'd,  
 Shou'd for a *venial* accident  
 Incur so dread a punishment!  
 But Mother Church has still been known  
 Severely rigid to her own;  
 A noble lesson to Mankind,  
 That Justice ever shou'd be blind.  
 The Culprit, first prescrib'd Repentance,  
 The Court pronounc'd this dreadful Sentence:

*“The Fact so plainly prov'd, the Church decrees,  
 “To terrify her Sons from Crimes like these,  
 “That from your holy Office as a Priest,  
 “You be suspended One whole Year at least.”*

Justice thus satisfy'd, 'twas thought  
 The affair wou'd shortly be forgot;  
 But dire Revenge, conceal'd with Art,  
 Oft lurks within the Villain's heart:  
*Crispino's* Son, in spleenful mood,  
 Determines to have Blood for Blood;  
 Some months *perdue* (like savage beast,  
 Vengeance still rankling at his breast)  
 He waits, 'ere Fortune brings his prey,  
 The harmless Priest, within his way;  
 When thro' his heart, with strength convey'd,  
 He drives the dagger's ruthless blade;

The

The Priest expires,—the Murderer's seiz'd,  
(Revenge thus got) to die well-pleas'd.

Can Crimes like this unmark'd pass by?

No angry token from the sky?  
No well-tim'd earthquake to enfold  
(Churchmen all sav'd) the Church's fold?  
No thunder to proclaim to earth,  
That Priests are of celestial birth?  
But Heav'n-sent miracles of late,  
Are grown, alas! quite out of date.

Tho' Churchmen are in general tender,  
They vow'd strict Justice on the Offender;  
To court they fly, and quick demand  
The Murderer yielded to their hand;  
A Brother kill'd! Oh, impious deed!  
Ev'n Kings themselves had better bleed;  
They fix the Murderer's dreadful doom,  
Both here and in the world to come.

His Majesty, quite cool and grave,  
To their Demand this answer gave:

"A Priest a Layman kills:—The Cause  
"Was try'd by holy Churchmen's Laws:—  
"A Layman kills a Priest:—This time  
"Our Civil Law shall judge the crime."

The hour will come, do all you can, Sir,  
Satan shall trim you for this answer.

"Oh,



" Oh, *Becket, Dunstan, Hildebrand!*  
 " Ye Saints, whose names distinguish'd stand  
 " I'th' holy Calendar! Look down,  
 " Avenge our Cause, for 'tis your own."

The Trial comes; the Murd'rer cast,  
 The King, as Judge, this Sentence pass'd:

" *The Fact so plainly prov'd, the Court decrees,*  
 " *To terrify the World from Crimes like these,*  
 " *That for a Year the Privilege you lose*  
 " *Of making or of mending Boots and Shoes.*

How just, how severe was the Church's decree!  
 How partial and weak was the Civil Law's bann!  
 Look back thro' Time's annals, in short, you may see,  
 It has ever been so since the World first began.

*The*



## The FEMALE CLAIM.

LET Women their own causes plead,  
'Tis ten one but they succeed.

For many years with conquering sword  
*Tebald* the brave, *Spoletto's* lord,  
His valour 'gainst the *Greeks* had shown;  
And shook *Emanuel* on his throne;  
Yet tho' with foes he strew'd the plain,  
His Hydra foes start up again;  
Surpriz'd, he found the more he slew,  
His enemies more numerous grew:  
In order to their diminution,  
He form'd the strangest resolution;  
"That every *Grecian* captive taken,  
"Shou'd for the future be *Castraten*,  
(A kind of punishment, ye Fair,  
Poor *Abelard* was forc'd to bear)  
"And in that order kindly sent,  
By way of friendly compliment,  
"To the *Greek* Emperor, in whose grace  
"Castratoes held the foremost place:"  
This *Tebald* boasted in his mirth,  
Was killing foes before their birth;  
The axe applying to a root,  
Which cut, again wou'd never shoot;  
"Oxen were harmless beasts, he swore,  
"But bulls enrag'd wou'd tofs and gore;  
"And *Greeks* when of the *neutral* kind,  
"No Hydra foes cou'd leave behind,

"Nor

"Nor with that holy text comply,  
 "Which bids—*Increase and multiply.*"

Affairs for some time thus went on,  
 And many a captive was undone;  
 When *Tebald* seated in his tent,  
 Among his lords in merriment,  
 A *Grecian* Dame, whose Mate that day  
 Had by his scouts been made their prey,  
 Into the presence wildly broke,  
 And, kneeling, thus the Prince bespoke:

"Is *Tebald's* glory sunk so far,  
 "Against weak Woman to make war?  
 "And shall that sword, which in the field  
 "Has ever made his rivals yield,  
 "Which not by man can be withstood,  
 "Be poorly stain'd with Woman's blood?  
 "Heroes (and *Tebald* sure is one)  
 "To us have still protection shewn:  
 "A Cock counts all his brethren foes,  
 "But Hens among the peaceful crows;  
 "Tho' Bull gores Bull, yet still he scorns  
 "To plunge within the Cow his horns;  
 "Have mercy then, most potent Lord,  
 "Nor with our blood debase your sword."

The Prince amaz'd, accosts the Dame;  
 "Why brand'st thou undeserv'd my name?  
 "When was it ever known, he said,  
 "That Female blood by me was shed?"

"Or

" Or since the *Amazonian* race,  
 " (Of your soft sex the foul disgrace)  
 " Can it with justice be averr'd,  
 " That war with Woman was declar'd?"

" What war more cruel, cries the Fair,  
 " Can *Tebald* 'gainst our sex declare?  
 " You rob our Mates of what kind Heaven  
 " Has for our health and pleasure given;  
 " It brings us in our children wealth,  
 " Your Lady knows it causes health;  
 " To that, my Lord, each wedded Dame  
 " Pleads an *exclusive* lawful claim;  
 " And mutilating Nature's stem,  
 " Is mutilating *Us*, not *THEM*:——  
 " For goods and cattle I ne'er griev'd,  
 " Cattle and goods may be retriev'd;  
 " But Woman,—once that comfort gone,  
 " Is irretrievably undone:  
 " For mercy let us then implore,  
 " Nor lay our murders at your door.

" Th' admiring Chiefs, with loud applause  
 Back her request, and plead her cause;  
 Ev'n *Tebald*'s Princess, with each look  
 A feeling approbation spoke;  
 For shou'd the chance of War, she thinks,  
 (And at the thought collected, shrinks)  
 Throw *Tebald* in the captive's place,  
 Alas! how frightful her own case!

B

" Your



“ Your pray’r, quo’ *Tebald*, shou’d I grant,  
 “ With all and every thing you want,  
 “ If on the hostile bloody plain,  
 “ Once more your husband wear my chain,  
 “ Say, Woman, what are you content  
 “ Shou’d be the Ingrate’s punishment ?”

“ My Lord, the honest Dame replies,  
 “ My husband has——legs, arms, and eyes ;  
 “ These are his own, and if once more  
 “ Ungrateful, he shou’d force your power,  
 “ They’re your’s in right of victory ;  
 “ *Take Them*, my Lord, but *rob not Me*.”

*Tebald* convinc’d, admits her prayer,  
 Nor longer *mutilates the Fair* ;  
 The army with a loud acclaim,  
 Hail the plain-spoken honest Dame :——  
 The Chiefs with presents large reward her,  
 And thro’ the camp in safety guard her,  
 Which done——with her beloved spouse  
 She arm in arm regains her house,  
 Not quite recover’d of her fright,  
 ’Till well convinc’d that *All was right*.





*The MONK and JEW.*

**T**O make new Converts truly blest,  
A Recipe——*Probatum est.*

Stern *Winter* clad in frost and snow,  
Had now forbad the streams to flow;  
And skaited peasants swiftly glide  
Like swallows, o'er the slippery tide;  
When *Mordecai* (upon whose face  
The Synagogue you plain might trace)  
Fortune with smiles deceitful bore  
To where the stream was late skinn'd o'er;  
Down plumps the *Jew*, but in a trice  
Rising, he caught the friendly ice;  
He gasp'd——he yell'd a hideous cry;  
No pitying hand, alas, was nigh,  
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran  
To snatch from Death the drowning Man;  
But when the holy Father saw  
A limb of the *Mosaic* law,  
His hand outstretch'd he quick withdrew,  
“*For Heav'n's sake help*”——exclaims the *Jew*;  
“*Turn Christian first,*” the Father cries,  
“*I'm froze to death*”——the *Jew* replies;  
“*Froze!* quo' the Monk—too soon you'll know  
“*There's Fire enough for Jews below;*  
“*Renounce your unbelieving Crew,*  
“*And help is near*”——“*I do—I do:*”  
“*Damn all your Brethren, Great and Small,*”  
“*With all my heart—Oh, damn 'em all:*

“ *Now help me out.* ”——“ There’s something more,  
 “ Salute this Cross, and Christ adore ;”  
 “ *There, there—I Christ adore.* ”——“ ’Tis well,  
 “ Thus arm’d, defiance bid to Hell ;  
 “ And yet another thing remains  
 “ To guard against eternal pains ;  
 “ Do you our Papal Father hold  
 “ Heav’n’s Vicar ?——And believe all told  
 “ By Holy Church ?——*I do, by G—d,*  
 “ *One moment more I’m food for God ;——*  
 “ *Drag, drag me out—I freeze—I die ;*”  
 “ Your peace, my Friend, is made on high ;  
 “ Full Absolution here I give,  
 “ Saint *Peter* will your Soul receive ;——  
 “ Wash’d clean from Sin, and duly shriven,  
 “ New Converts always go to Heaven,  
 “ No hour for death so fit as this,  
 “ Thus—thus—I launch you into bliss.”

So said——the Father in a trice  
 His Conyert launch’d beneath the ice.



*The* PEER and COACHMAN\*.

IN that sad clime where horned-Fiends,  
 Thrust prongs up Sinners' nether ends,  
 And then by way of pastime throw  
 The sprawling wretches to and fro,  
 A *British* Peer, whom common fame  
 Had honour'd with a spotless name,  
 Was doom'd for want of saving grace  
 To visit this *Vesuvian* place ;  
 Where after some few capers taken  
 By way of seasoning his bacon,  
 They let him breathe ; for ev'n below  
 Your culprit souls a respite know,  
 To pain they else wou'd prove quite callous,  
 Nor dread hell more than thieves dread gallows.

Casting his eyes around the place,  
 (An aukward lodging for his Grace)  
 Who shou'd he spy mid Hell's *Canaille*,  
 Gnashing his teeth, all ghastly, pale,  
 But honest *Thomas*, who above  
 Had long his Grace's chariot drove :—  
*Tom* star'd, and scarce believ'd his eyes,  
 But soon convinc'd they told no lies,  
 With wild amazement in his look,  
 His *quondam* Lord he thus bespoke :

B 3

“ My



“ My good Lord Duke! who cou’d have thought  
“ To see your Honour hither brought?  
“ With Beggars, Pick-pockets, and Punks,  
“ Attorneys, Players, Sharpers, Monks,  
“ And such low rubbish, doom’d to dwell  
“ Here, in the meanest spot of Hell!  
“ You! who on Earth have always stood  
“ In Men’s Esteem so wise and good!  
“ A Patriot—yet at Court approv’d,  
“ Honour’d abroad, at home belov’d;  
“ And in Religion so devout,  
“ None could your Orthodoxy doubt!  
“ May I presume, my Lord, what crime  
“ Cou’d bring you to this sulph’rous clime?

“ Why, *Thomas*,” cries the hapless Peer,  
“ Justice, I own, has plung’d me here;  
“ Tho’ Patriot deem’d throughout the land,  
“ I sold my country underhand;  
“ Religion’s mask I impious wore,  
“ Yet was an Infidel at Core;  
“ Orphans I plunder’d without shame,  
“ Riches and Pow’r my only aim;  
“ All which, tho’ veil’d with artful guise  
“ On earth, was seen above the skies;—  
“ In short, you view me here undone,  
“ And all to aggrandize a Son,  
“ Whose worthless actions now disgrace  
“ His noble Ancestry and Race.

“ But

“ But now, friend *Thomas*, let me know  
“ What dire mischance brings you below ?  
“ So sober ! so religious too !  
“ And One of *Whitfield’s* Chosen Crew !  
“ What horrid crime have you committed,  
“ In *Belzy’s* den to be thus pitted ?”

“ My Lord,” cries *Thomas*, with a sigh,  
“ I’m doom’d——’twere folly now to lie——  
“ For *’Getting* that ungracious elf,  
“ For whom your Lordship damn’d yourself.”

Of boasted Lineage who are proud,  
*Ixion* like, embrace a cloud,  
For Coachman *Thomas*, by the bye,  
Oft has a finger in the Pye.



*The PEDLAR and RASHER of BACON.*

“ **W**HAT on a Fast-day, thou vile glutton !  
 “ Thou Infidel ! to feast on mutton !——

“ Nothing can save you from the birch,  
 “ But Off’rings made to Mother Church ;  
 “ Else holy candle, book, and bell,  
 “ Shall sign your *Mittimus* to Hell.”——

Thus having threaten’d poor Lay Sinner,  
 Sir Priest sits down to a flesh dinner,  
 And after shipping his own cargo,  
 On other guts lays strict embargo.

A Pedlar hungry, tir’d, and cold,  
 Who many a mile that day had stroll’d,  
 Came to a Peasant’s friendly cot,  
 Where he had oft a welcome got ;  
 “ How fare you, Pedlar ?”——“ Faith, so, so ;  
 “ I’m dev’lish hungry, you must know :  
 “ Some good fat collops I cou’d eat ;”——  
 “ Sure, quo’ the Peasant, you forget !  
 “ Our Holy Church enjoins, to-day  
 “ That we must fast, confess, and pray ;  
 ( You’re to observe the scene was *Spain*,  
 Where Priests and Saints despotic reign )  
 “ A single Onion is the Whole  
 “ That down my throat this day hath stole ;  
 “ Nor have I now one morsel left,  
 “ Of ev’ry eatable bereft,  
 “ Save yonder Bacon Flich, and such  
 “ *Forbidden* Fruit ’twere Sin to touch :”——

The

The Pedlar cast a longing eye,  
He begg'd—he swore most bitterly,  
“ A savoury Rasher on the coal  
“ Was what he long'd for from his soul ;  
“ That windows shut, and doors well barr'd,  
“ 'Gainst Priests and Saints wou'd snugly guard ;  
“ And after all, if he was caught,  
“ An Absolution might be bought.

The tim'rous Peasant long deny'd,  
At length thro' pity he comply'd ;  
And having from the pork-side taken  
A good large siver of fat Bacon,  
“ I wash my hands of all, he cries,  
“ At your own door the trespass lies ;  
“ But if our Priest shou'd find you out,  
“ By th' Mass he'll make a woundy rout ;  
“ Such Penance he'll inflict !—you'll wish  
“ Your Bacon slice had been a Fish.”

The Pedlar soon his Rasher dress'd,  
His looks a joyous heart express'd ;  
And to his mouth without delaying,  
The savoury morsel quick conveying,  
Just at the instant, a loud clap  
Of thunder——Lord have mercy !——slap——  
Came like a bold intruding guest,  
To interrupt him in his feast :  
The Pedlar judging that no doubt  
The Rasher caus'd this fearful rout,  
And that the Saints, with half an eye,  
Had seen him smuggling from their sky,

Th



The morsel, Cause of all this din,  
 Which mouth had open'd to take in,  
 He drops amaz'd—and with a look,  
 That Grief and Rage, and Hunger spoke,  
 And dashing down both meat and platter,  
 Exclaims——“ Zoons, here's a noise and clatter  
 “ About a footy Bacon slice;  
 “ You Saints above are dev'lish nice:——  
 “ There—now I hope you'll be quite easy,  
 “ The devil's in't if this won't please ye;  
 “ Tho' by the bye 'tis plaguy hard;——  
 “ You wou'd not like Yourselves to be thus starv'd.

*Let Christians hence on Fast-days learn  
 Their Hunger's Tide to stem;  
 For Saints, sly Rogues! can us discern,  
 When we see nought of them.*



*The* P O L I T I C S Q U I R E .

A Country Squire of large Estate,  
 Less fam'd for Wit than Noise and Prate,  
 At Home a Tyrant,——in the Town,  
 A Patriot Railer at the Crown,  
 Lounging at *Arthur's*, 'mid a Crew  
 Who like himself had nought to do,  
 And poring o'er a Gazetteer,  
 Exclaims with self-sufficient Sneer ;  
 " Fine Fellows these to rule a Nation !——  
 " Were *I* in *Rockingham's* high station,  
 " *I'd* make *Great-Britain* the World's Wonder,  
 " Both *France* and *Spain* should soon knock under ;  
 " And then at Home,——*I'd* let 'em see  
 " What a Prime Minister *shou'd* be :  
 " No damn'd Four Shillings in the Pound,  
 " No Beggar Placemen should be found,  
 " Such Vermin to *Old Nick* I'd send,  
 " To Party Broils I'd put an End,  
 " And all our Grievances *amend*." }

A wily Genius, who sat by,  
 Glancing a cool *Cervantic* eye ;  
 " In *mending* if so great your skill, Sir,  
 " I wish you'd *mend*——(don't take it ill, Sir,  
 " Upon my word it looks quite shocking)  
 " That ugly Hole in your black Stocking."——

*The* M I L L.

**I**N fam'd *Ierne's* fertile isle,  
 Where *Phæbus* rays his parting smile,  
 When sinking into *Thetis's* arms,  
 He nightly revels on her charms,  
 A Knight there liv'd, whose Nabob-Store  
 Gain'd him respect—his Goodness more;  
 The Peasants all his name rever'd,  
 And Knaves alone his presence fear'd,

The Tenants to Sir *John* complain,  
 "The Miller purloins half their grain:"  
 What can be done?—This Mill alone  
 Throughout his large estate is known?  
 To which by Tenure all are bound  
 To bring what's destin'd to be ground:—  
 With shame the Pilferer's disgrac'd,  
 And in his room another plac'd  
 Of fame unstain'd; by all agreed  
 A man right worthy to succeed.

Temptations numberless assail,  
 This Miller like the last proves frail;  
 Again the Tenants beg relief,  
 Facts numberless confirm him Thief:  
 Sir *John's* convinc'd;—"I've been deceiv'd,  
 "No Man more honest I believ'd;

"A Miller choose yourselves," he cry'd,  
 "On whom we all may safe confide;  
 "But first his merits closely scan,——  
 "To me 'tis equal who's the Man."——

After much tedious altercation,  
 They come to a determination;  
 A Miller's fix'd on, one whose name  
 Challeng'd the loudest blast of Fame;  
 The Tenants all in this agree,  
 "If there's an Honest Man, 'tis He."

For some time no complaint was heard,  
 A Month or longer, 'tis averr'd;  
 At length——Alas! too true, tho' strange!  
 This *Paragon* began to change;  
 Suspicion, as if half afraid,  
 In doubtful grumbling hints convey'd;  
 These grumblings every day increas'd,  
 'Till all the Miller glares confess'd:——  
 "The Toll too large—Their Corn when ground,  
 "Proves on Return nor fair or sound;  
 "Their Flour all mix'd—scarce half their Due—  
 "The greatest Rogue they ever knew."

Once more to good Sir *John* they fly,—  
 Sir *John* soon makes them this reply:

"No farther change I'll now admit,  
 "To your own Choice you must submit;  
 "The Miller whom you thus upbraid  
 "Was honest, 'till a Miller made,

C

"And



" And honest had continu'd still,  
 " But for the Air of that damn'd Mill :  
 " Change as ye list, 'twill be the same,  
 " The Mill and not the Man's to blame."

*Let no sarcastic Scribbler draw  
 A Semblance 'twixt the Mill and Court,  
 Nor with the holy Church or Law,  
 Presume licentiously to sport.*

*Such low-bred Impotence and Spite,  
 Like Chaff must harmless fall to Ground,  
 Whilst in the virtuous Tripartite,  
 Such Doves of honest Men are found.*



## The P U P P E T - S H O W.

**A**T *Skipton* Wake, where once a year,  
 With sports and pastime and good cheer,  
 The Lads and Lasses blithe regale,  
 And feast on cheese-cakes, tarts, and ale ;  
 (Wakes ! the old Midwives' constant Friend,  
 Where frolic Love and Joys attend ;  
 Where mad-cap pranks Dame Nature shows,  
 And Maidens their Green-sickness lose)  
*Roger*, to shew his taste polite,  
 Must visit *Punch* forsooth one night :  
 Here, undisturb'd by Critic rules,  
 And hemm'd by droves of neighbour fools,  
 The music, coarse-daub'd scenes, and light,  
 Cheaply afford our *Hodge* delight :  
 At *Punch*'s smut, which he thought wit,  
 His cudden sides were like to split ;  
 Or when Distress, with aukward mein,  
 From some fair wooden nymph or queen,  
 With tragic handkerchief appears,  
*Roger* cou'd scarce refrain from tears ;  
 The Gothic Story with our Clown,  
 As Gospel Truth goes glibly down :——  
 Not *Quixote*'s self was more deceiv'd,  
 When *Melisandra*'s fate he griev'd,  
 And of the squeaking pigmy crew,  
 His vengeful sword whole squadrons flew :——

The Curtain dropt, the Drama ended,  
 The motley audience homeward tended,

Clowns, Nurfs, Children, all well pleas'd,  
 And of their long-ftor'd farthings eas'd;  
 While fome more curious than the reft,  
 Behind the curtain rudely preft:  
 On feeing this, our *Roger* too,  
 Cautious, attempts a smuggled view;  
 With fear and diffidence he enters,  
 And fcarce to look about him ventures;  
 Here dangling on a pin were feen  
 A purpled king, or tinfel'd queen;  
 Here *Punch* with fcepter'd princes tumbled,  
 Here Priests with *Beelzebub* lay jumbled;  
 Here fidelong hanging by a wire,  
 A chop-fallen hero, prince, or 'fquire:  
 With fuch mock grandeur thus furronded,  
 Poor *Hodge*, alas! was quite confounded;  
 Twirling his hat, he fcrapes and bows,  
 And his extent of breeding fhows;  
 The reft, at *Hodge's* droll miftake,  
 Laugh till their fides and midriff's ake;  
 "Sure, never yet was feen," cries one,  
 "Such a befotted fimpleton;  
 "Were you not blind, you might behold  
 "'Tis tinfel this you take for gold;  
 "And what you fancy flefh and blood,  
 "Is nought but frippery, rags, and wood,  
 "That cannot fpeak, look, move, or ftand,  
 "But owe all to the artift's hand,  
 "Who, fix'd on high, lordly prefides,  
 "And with a wire each action guides."  
*Roger* on this feem'd quite amaz'd,  
 He gap'd, he fcrat his head, he gaz'd,

While

While gibes from ev'ry side accost him,  
And laughing boobies coarsely roast him;  
Each judging of his own great wit,  
By neighbour *Hodge's* want of it:  
"Nay, haw'd ye, haw'd ye, where's the wonder  
"That I," quo' *Hodge*, "shou'd make this blunder?  
"Since, as a many do report,  
"In *London*—nay some say at Court——  
"There's nought more common than to see  
"The beaver doff'd, and bended knee  
"To strutting wooden-headed beaus,  
"With empty fobs and tinsel cloaths;  
"Who, puppet-like, ne'er speak or move  
"But as they're wire-led from above;  
"And like these folk aside are thrown,  
"As useless Logs—the work once done."





## FEMALE CURIOSITY.

**W**HILE yet the World was in its Teens,  
 (Of Centuries, the Poet means)  
 By *Jove* commission'd from above,  
 Straight to the earth flew *Death* and *Love*,  
 As mutual benefits design'd  
 To shed their blessings on Mankind :  
*Love* like a fair *Adonis* shone,  
 Nor *Death* appear'd that Skeleton  
 Which modern Painters falsely show him,  
 (To judge from them you'd scarcely know him)  
 His face, tho' somewhat pale and thin,  
 Was smiling and devoid of grin ;  
 He was, in air, shape, voice, and feature,  
 A decent, unforbidding creature :  
 A bow and arrows either bore,  
 Both welcome guests at ev'ry door,  
*Death* was commission'd to set free  
 Old palsied Age from Misery ;  
 And *Love* his arrows to employ  
 In dealing that enchanting joy,  
 Without which Heav'n wou'd tasteless prove,  
 For what were Heav'n unblest'd with *Love* ?  
*Love's* pow'r the Young and Fair obey,  
 Whilst Age hail'd *Death's* obliging sway ;  
 Each courted as Man's guardian Friend,  
 Tho' widely different their end.—

For some time matters smoothly went,  
 Happy the Young—the Old content,

When

When *Death* and *Love* travelling together,  
The ev'ning dark, stormy the weather,  
Quick to a neighb'ring Farm they sped,  
They crav'd a supper and a bed :  
The honest Farmer and his Dame,  
He *Camus* call'd—*Demea* her name,  
With hospitality sincere,  
A welcome gave, and wholesome cheer :—  
The Guests, to entertain the Peasant,  
Crack'd jokes, and tales related pleasant ;  
Talk'd scandal, and abus'd the Great,  
Pity'd the Poor, reform'd the State ;  
They chatted, drank, and laugh'd, 'till tir'd,  
Shook hands, and then to bed were squir'd.

But our good Dame, who, by the bye,  
Had some small Curiosity,  
Observ'd the Quivers which each Guest  
With care conceal'd beneath his vest ;  
She wonder'd what they could contain,  
She thought, re-thought—she rack'd her brain,  
And when her Guests, all weary, slept,  
She snugly to their chamber crept,  
Their Quivers seiz'd, and straight withdrew,  
Impatient the contents to view ;  
She emptied 'em upon the floor,  
Eagerly turn'd 'em o'er and o'er,  
The variegated feathers eyes  
With admiration and surprize ;  
But fearing lest her Guests should wake,  
And umbrage at her peeping take,

Poor

Poor *Demea* (hurrying) so commix'd 'em,  
 When in the Quivers she refix'd 'em,  
 That many of *Love's* Darts convey'd,  
 Into *Death's* fatal Quiver stray'd;  
 And, *vice versa*, *Death's* were found  
 Among *Love's* arrows to abound;  
 Which prov'd the source of such mistakes,  
 Such unaccountable strange freaks,  
 That by this accident so scurvy,  
 All Nature seem'd turn'd topsy-turvey.——  
*Death's* Arrows twang'd from *Cupid's* Bow,  
 Now breathless laid *Love's* Vot'ries low;  
 And *Cupid's* Darts, from *Death's* fell Quiver,  
 Now for the first time pierc'd the liver  
 Of ill-farr'd Age, who loud complains  
 Of fires shot thro' his shrivell'd veins:——  
 Hence we behold the wrinkled Dame  
 With youthful airs avow her flame;  
 Or Square-Toes like a Coxcomb cry,  
 "If *Gloe* proves unkind, I die."——  
 In short, since this curs'd blundering *Æra*,  
 Man's Happiness is all Chimera.

Oh, *Female Curiosity*!  
 Great Source of Man's Felicity!  
 How very much to thee we owe,  
 Let Mother *Eve* and *Demea* show:—  
 What endless Blessings flow from thee,  
 Oh, *Female Curiosity*!

The

## The I N F L U E N Z A.

A Learned Sage,—but when or where  
 Nor Records Old or New declare,  
 The Fate of Empires who as well  
 As *Moore* or *Partridge* cou'd foretell,  
 Their rise, their changes, and their doom,  
 And peep in Time's prolific womb,  
 Saw in Heaven's vast star-letter'd Book,  
 On which whole nights he'd eager look,  
 That the pellucid Stream, whose Tide  
 With Bev'rage meet his town supply'd,  
 Wou'd (such was Heaven's all-wise decree)  
 'Ere long possess a quality  
 Of such a strange and dangerous nature,  
 That, sure as Fate, each human Creature  
 Who thereof tasted, wou'd commence  
 Bankrupt in Judgment, Wit, and Sense,  
 Half Fool, half Madman,—nor recover  
 His Former Self, twelve Moons 'till over;  
 Due to a Planet's pois'nous Bane,  
 Whose *Influenza* then wou'd reign.

The honest Sage with warmth avow'd  
 Their danger to the listening Crowd;  
 But they with scorn his Caution laugh at,  
 Determin'd their lov'd Stream to quaff at;  
 Whilst he, in thought at least, more wise,  
 From other Sources hoards Supplies,  
 The Magic Draught resolv'd to shun,  
 The baleful Planet's Course 'till run,

And



And spend the destin'd time in Mirth,  
To which their Follies must give birth;  
As He, of all his Brother Cits,  
Alone wou'd keep unhurt his Wits.

The Planet rul'd,—and *Folly* join'd  
With *Madness* govern'd ev'ry Mind;  
Throughout the Town you nought cou'd spy,  
But *outré* Flights of Lunacy;  
*Folly* proclaim'd her motley Fair,  
And *Fashion* masqueraded there;  
*Truth*, *Judgment*, *Wit*, and *Reason* fled,  
And *Nature* danc'd upon her Head.

Here *Antique Maids* of Sixty-three  
Drest out Lamb-Fashion you might see:—  
Here *youthful Belles*, whose studied Pride  
Was Nature's loveliest Gifts to hide,  
With *Babel* Towers of Hair as high  
As if they meant to kiss the Sky,  
On which, as on a Main-mast Head,  
Their Streamers to the Wind were spread;  
When seen behind, to your surprize,  
They seem'd a *Patagonian* Size,  
When view'd before, their Heads seem'd plac'd  
Midway, where Nature gives the Waist;  
So whimsical their Dress and *Ton*,  
You'd swear they'd tumbled from the Moon,  
Or rather flown, for Plumes they bore,  
That spoke 'em Beings given to soar:—  
Here *Politicians*, whose wise sway  
Would make a prostrate World obey,

Yet

Yet ask these *Solons* if they knew  
 If East or Westward lay *Peru*,  
 Or whether *France* and *Spain* were *Isles*,  
 They knew no more than *John o' Stiles*:—  
*Physicians*, whose amazing Knowledge  
 Despis'd the paltry aid of College;  
 From drawing Teeth in Barbers' Shops,  
 And Recipes of Old Wives' Slops,  
 To make poor Patients sh—t and sp—w,  
 Who all their Art and Knowledge drew;  
 Yet who from Chariots, as from *Rostrums*,  
 Harangued, and dealt their pois'nous *Nostrums*:—  
 Here leather-apron'd Gospel Teachers,  
 Bedlam-Apostles, *damning* Preachers,  
 The Gift of Tongues so far from boasting,  
 Their Mother-Tongue they were quite lost in,  
 Who as Ambassadors from Heaven,  
 Boasted alone Credentials given  
 The Turnpike-Gate of *Zion* Hill  
 To open or to shut at Will;  
 And what's more strange, you might behold  
 Thousands who swallow'd what they told.

These, and a many Whimsies more,  
 Strong Proofs of *Influenza* bore.

At first each drole excentric Whim  
 From Folly sprung, delighted him;  
 But Folly's of that Trifling kind,  
 It cannot long amuse the Mind;  
 Its flimsy Pleasures soon blew o'er;  
 Society's blest Joys no more

To

To our wise Sir, alas, were known,  
 Amid a crowd he liv'd alone;  
 To Fools he seem'd not overwise,  
 His Dress, Phrase, Manners they despise,  
 From theirs so different, that he found  
 Himself quite bury'd above ground;  
 In short, they talk'd with serious air  
 (Rating him madder than *March Hare*)  
 Of shutting him in some dark cell  
 With straw-crown'd Emperors to dwell;  
 Which made him almost mad as those,  
 Who daily drank th' Inchant'd Dose.

What's to be done? What Course pursued?  
 His Brethren he with Envy view'd,  
 All with their own sweet Persons pleas'd,  
 Nor Diffidence or Knowledge teaz'd;  
 For tho' in Wisdom's Lore deficient,  
 Each thought his own great Store sufficient.

Tir'd with his solitary State,  
 He found, alas, tho' somewhat late,  
 That to be wise 'mid *Folly's* Train  
 Is only hoarding needless Pain;  
 To the Inchant'd Stream he flew,  
 And to his Wisdom bad Adieu,  
 Drank free,—grew foolish like the rest,  
 And like his Brother Fools was blest.

*If thro' the Crowd unnotic'd you'd pass by,  
 With Fashion's Follies modestly comply;  
 For Singularity's a Mark of Pride,  
 Which genuine Wisdom ever must deride.*

## T I R E S I A S.\*

**A**S with his Sister Wife in chat  
 Over a bowl, Heaven's Monarch sat,  
 A strange dispute between 'em rose,  
 How it began no Mortal knows,  
 Whether or Men or Women most  
 In *Love's* soft dalliance Pleasure boast;  
*Juno* averr'd, nay swore it too,  
 That Men the greatest Pleasure knew,  
 While *Jove*, with due submission, prov'd  
 Women were happiest when they lov'd;  
 They wrangled, laugh'd, and long disputed,  
 Nor He nor She *would* be confuted:  
 After much eloquence display'd,  
 Two flowing bowls of wine were laid  
 (Not such as *France* or *Spain* produces,  
 But Nectar, Prime of heav'nly juices)  
 That each was right, for even Gods  
 Can sport, and give or take the odds;  
 Tho' *Jove* this wise precaution takes,  
 His Statesmen ne'er are gambling Rakes,  
 Nor was his Treas'rer ever known  
 To Cards, or Dice, or Racing prone.

This altercation so facetious,  
 Who's to determine? — Old *Tiresias*;  
 An honest Priest of *Delphos'* shrine,  
 Belov'd by *Phæbus* and the *Nine*:

D

Ti-

\* Vide Ovid. Metam. Lib. 3.



*Tiresias* had, by strange fatality,  
 Figur'd away in either quality,  
 And had, by turns, in days of yore,  
 Both petticoats and breeches wore,  
 With each peculiar bagatelle  
 Annex'd to Sir or Mademoiselle;  
 Then who so fitting to decide?  
 Since, Snail-like, Sexes both he try'd,\*  
 And that Philosophy is best,  
 Which boasts *Experimental* Test.

Rais'd to *Olymp.* alarm'd and scar'd,  
*Tiresias*, like a Ninny star'd,  
 Nor cou'd a syllable deliver,  
 Struck with amazement thro' his liver,  
 'Till Madam *Juno*, to relieve him,  
 A glass of sparkling Nectar gave him,  
 Clear as the Lymph of *Hypocrene*,  
 A certain Nostum for the Spleen,  
 Which in a moment bronz'd each feature,  
 And made him quite a different creature:  
 "Come, t'other glass," Dame *Juno* cries;  
 "I see it sparkling in your eyes;  
 "And now, my good *Tiresias*, tell us  
 "Whether we Ladies or the Fellows  
 "Quaff of Love's Joys the greatest potion,  
 "As at his shrine we pay devotion?  
 "When double-charg'd, with great precision  
*Tiresias* utter'd his opinion,

Tho'

\* It may perhaps be thought needless to inform the Reader  
 that each *Snail* is of both Sexes.

Tho' somewhat circumstantial rather,  
Like a true Orthodox-bred Father.

“ With all due rev'rence, may it please  
Your High and Sacred Majesties,  
The question you propose, tho' odd,  
'll tell the Truth, so help me God ;  
've been admitted, 'tis most certain,  
On either side behind the Curtain ;  
Your question is, if right my guess is,  
Which Sex the greatest Bliss possesses,  
And which, were I my choice to win,  
I should prefer to figure in.

“ A word or two may I presume,  
Ere to the grand affair I come.

“ Some years ago—perhaps a score,——  
It may be less—it may be more,——  
Within *Cithæron's* sacred grove  
(My fav'rite scene when wont to rove)  
Two beauteous Snakes I chanc'd to find,  
With venom'd rage in combat join'd ;  
I, with my staff—this same I hold——  
Forc'd 'em to lose their deadly fold,  
When lo! the heav'n which erst was veil'd  
With gloom, an azure smile reveal'd ;  
A something like electric flame  
Shot instant thro' my quicken'd frame,  
And to my great surprize—Lord blefs me !  
I found a wond'rous change possess me ;

My spirits fluttering seem'd to fly,  
 As just awak'd, beyond the sky;  
 No longer now a humdrum Ninny,  
 I thought Old *Nick* had got within me,  
 Nor cou'd I at the reason guess,  
 Till bed-time, going to undress,  
 The Secret then stood full in view,  
 By *Instinct* to the glass I flew,  
 There ev'ry Female Mark and Grace  
 Star'd me reflected in the face;  
 I found—what yet had happ'd to no Man,  
 I found myself transform'd to Woman.

“New-moulded in the Mint of Nature,  
 I now became a different creature;  
 Intenser ev'ry passion prov'd,  
 But chiefly more intense I lov'd;  
 A brother Priestst my heart beguil'd,—  
 Frail was my sex—I prov'd with child;  
 To him a lovely Babe I bare,  
 As like its Dad as it cou'd stare;  
 For your assistance loud I bawl'd,  
 You kindly came, and Master squall'd\*;  
 The rogue still lives, and often shames me,  
 For to this hour *Mamma* he names me;  
 And when th' affair was public known,  
 They laugh'd, and christen'd me Pope *Joan*.

“To guard from farther defamation,  
 I fix'd with Prieststesses my station,

And

\* *Lucina, fer Opem.*——TERENCE.

And there what various scenes befell,  
Not twenty Years would serve to tell;  
Such plotting, and such air-built schemes,  
Such holy mock'ry!—such wild dreams!  
And Man, dear Man, the only game,  
At which we one and all took aim,  
Not ev'n your Majesties, who know  
All things above, and most below,  
With all your knowledge could find out,  
So quickly veers the vane about.

“Years seven complete, just to a day,  
On Pleasure's wings flew fast away;  
Three children in the time I bore,  
(I shou'd have mention'd that before)  
When in the grove I chanc'd to spy  
Two Snakes in sportive dalliance lie,  
Those very Snakes, I vow 'tis true,  
To whom my former change was due;  
So close they twisted, writh'd, and shot,  
They portray'd a True Lover's Knot:  
I thoughtlessly to spoil their wooing,  
(Not as I wou'd be done to doing)  
Oh, hapless Moment!—Fatal blunder!  
Unrighteously forc'd 'em afunder,  
When lo! the winds began to growl,  
The sky to lour, the thunder roll,  
And in a moment's fleeting span,  
I felt myself re-chang'd to Man;  
From flutt'ring in the air I found  
My spirits crawling on the ground;

D 3

What



What cou'd I do? I curst my fate,  
 And wish'd—but ah, 'twas now too late:—  
 Back to the Sisterhood I went,  
 Where after some weeks strangely spent,  
 Quite cloy'd and jaded with my feast,  
 I chang'd my garb, and turn'd to Priest."

" More matter with less art, good friend,  
 " And of your preachment make an end,  
 " Cries *Juno*—Those same bowls of wine,  
 " Whose are they? *Jupiter's* or mine?"

" But one word more indulge me, Madam,  
 I'll be as mute as now is *Adam* ;  
 We Speakers, to prevent confusion,  
 Move step by step to a conclusion,  
 Dissect and wire-draw Common Sense,  
 'Ere we *bring forth* our Inference.

" The question is—Which Sex can most  
 In *Love* the greatest Pleasure boast?  
 Dear Sir and Madam, I'm a *Saracen*,  
 If there admits the least comparison:  
 Women in twenty Years live more  
 Than Bearded Mortals in threescore,  
 And earthly Being ne'er shou'd boast  
 Who longest lives, but who lives most;  
 Man's life is but a wint'ry day,  
 Woman's a blue-sky'd First of *May*;  
 Up to the Moon their spirits fly,  
 To feast on joys of lunacy;

Eut

But Man, too flegmatic and sad,  
Wants sense sufficient to run mad.

“ The Female Heart may be compar’d  
To a sweet violin, prepar’d  
And ready tun’d, for *Passion*’s hand  
To bow and finger at command ;  
Each fibre is a trembling string,  
Whence music floats on feeling wing ;  
Variety in wanton strains,  
There ever new and changeful reigns,  
While roving Fancy still essays  
Her flight in *voluntary* lays ;  
Whereas, like Belfry Chimes, Man’s Heart  
Can but a few dull strains impart.

Woman has ever been defin’d  
The Porcelain Clay of Human Kind,  
And in that Porcelain, ’tis suppos’d,  
A Soul superior is inclos’d ;  
But Man, as Records all declare,  
Is form’d of coarsest Earthen-Ware :  
This Truth admitted, where’s the wonder  
Our Sex to Women shou’d knock under ?  
For Heav’n, All-wise, fit lodgment suits  
To Souls of Women, Men, and Brutes :  
But this, great Rulers of the Sky,  
You know, at least, as well as I.”

“ Thou chatt’ring Wretch ! thou meer Old Woman !  
“ Thou heteroclite Thing ! thou no Man !

“ For

"For surely such a gossip-tale  
 "Cou'd never come from tongue of Male,"  
 Cries *Juno*, (who from the beginning  
 Smoak'd there were odds against her winning)  
 "Zounds! Blockhead, cease your tedious lecture;  
 "And say at once—Whose is the Nectar?"

Amaz'd and terrify'd to hear  
 Heav'n's Empress swear like grenadier,  
*Tiresias* bowing, vow'd repentance,  
 Then stroak'd his beard, and thus gave Sentence:

"Since you abide by my opinion,  
 Justice unwarp'd shall give decision;  
 I know not how the wager's laid,  
 So hope that neither will upbraid,  
 And thus pronounce;—tho' sooth to say,  
 Were you to change your sex one day,  
 Were *Juno* *Jove*—and *Jove* but *Juno*,  
 As much as I can tell you'd soon know:  
 But in a word—(for *entre nous*,  
 I hate two words when one will do)  
 By *Jove* and *Phœbus*' shrine I swear,  
 Our phlegm-soul'd sex can ne'er compare  
 In *Love's* Delicæ with the Fair;  
 Nor can——"

"Foul offspring of a lying race,"  
 Cries *Juno*, dashing in his face  
 A glass of Nectar—By the bye  
 Madam had almost bung'd her eye——

"Take

“ Take that, and henceforth blind as Mole;  
“ Throughout the world like beggar strole;  
“ Your lying verdict makes me lose  
“ Two bowls of most delicious booze:  
“ Thou fool!—In matrimonial strife  
“ To back a husband ’gainst his wife!  
“ Remember, Blockhead, the Old Song,  
“ *A Wife is never in the Wrong.*”

More she had said, but drowsy grown,  
Fast as a Dormouse she dropt down:  
How cruel! how unchristian like!  
And in a Goddess too—to strike  
With blindness a poor Country Rector!  
Because, forsooth, she lost her Nectar;  
But Contradiction!—there’s the thing!  
Fix’d in her heart the bearded sting.

Poor *Jove*, rejoic’d to find her quiet,  
Nor further danger of a riot,  
Thus to *Tiresias* whispering spake,  
Lest Madam with the noise should wake;  
“ Oh! ’tis a Vixen!—and her thunder,  
“ Spite of my teeth, makes me knock under;  
“ This might teach Mortals, had they wit,  
“ To their Wives’ Logic to submit;  
“ For *Junos* cast in mortal mold,  
“ Can sometimes drink, and sometimes scold.  
“ No God can alter or revoke  
“ A sentence by another spoke,  
“ So Fate ordains; to Fate’s decree  
“ Ev’n Deities must bend the knee;

“ Yet



" Yet tho' in body you are blind,  
 " Doubly illum'd shall be your mind :  
 " Henceforth the Gift be thine, to see  
 " The Secrets of Futurity ;  
 " So shall due reverence be paid  
 " By every widow, wife, and maid,  
 " Who curious to foreknow their fate,  
 " Shall cross your hand at any rate,  
 " And *Juno's* shrines neglect, to follow  
 " The Fortune-Teller of *Apollo* ;\*  
 " This will give Madam a damn'd rub,  
 " For she's as proud as *Beelzebub* ;  
 " 'Twill gore her heart with *Envy's* stings,  
 " And fret her guts to fiddle-strings :  
 " And here by *Styx's* infernal lake,  
 " (An oath not *Juno's* self dare break)  
 " I swear,—she shall not from this hour,  
 " To spite you have the smallest power."

*Tiresias* to the Earth convey'd,  
 Follow'd the Fortune-telling trade ;  
 Led by a dog he stroll'd about,  
 Resolving every *lawful* doubt ;  
 And from each corner of the land,  
 To know their doom and cross his hand,  
 The Fair (to Knowledge ever true)  
 In crouding *Bevies* eager flew,  
 While *Juno's* altars, erst so gay,  
 Abandon'd and forsaken lay :—

He

\* *Juno* was Goddess of Marriage, and Patroness of Women in general.

He by their follies soon grew rich,  
And bade proud Madam kiss his br—ch.

Tho' with *Tiresias* dy'd the Patent  
Of prying into wonders latent ;  
Yet from that æra to this time,  
Pretenders swarm in every clime,  
To whom the Fair, all eager, fly  
On wings of Curiosity ;  
They think there can be no great hurt in  
Taking a peep behind Fate's curtain,  
To see what Spouses, and how many,  
(A single One's not worth a penny)  
What Riches, and how large a Breed  
By gracious Heaven is decreed :  
On this each modern fly *Tiresias*,  
With jargon laughable, tho' specious,  
A mist before them snugly throws,  
Then blinds and leads them by the nose,  
Squeezes their purses, and in lieu  
The rainbow *Hope* presents to view ;  
Pleas'd with the Phantom, they pursue it,  
'Till, Gudgeon-like, too late they rue it.

All this, if Chronicles say true,  
To *Juno's* drunken pranks is due.

## The METAMORPHOSIS.

**N**EAR to where *Tyne* his blessings sheds,  
 Enriching, as he flows, the meads,  
 There liv'd a Monk, in days of yore,  
 (*Northumbria's* crown when *Ardulph* wore)  
 Of life severe, and spotless fame,  
 Good Father *Roger* was his name ;  
 This holy Monk, much giv'n to pray'r,  
 Was greatly follow'd by the Fair,  
 Who still on every slight transgression,  
 To *Roger* flew to make confession ;  
 Ladies in every age, we find,  
 To Holy Men are much inclin'd :——  
 A truer Saint *Hibernia's* shore,  
 To grace her annals, never bore ;  
*Hibernia!* fam'd beyond the *Nile*,  
 Of Holy Saints the holy Isle ;\*  
 His form athletic, yet as mild,  
 And harmless as a new-born child :  
 The good man, *somehow*, had the art  
 To ease each female tender heart ;  
 Whate'er his penance, still content,  
 They, all submission, underwent.

The lovely *Emma*, fairest seen,  
 'Mong Maids of Honor to the Queen,  
 Seem'd chief in his good graces blest,  
*Emma* each day her sins confest ;

“ *Each*

\* Formerly called *Insula sacro-sancta*.

"Each day?" Yes, Sir, each day;—the Maid  
 Thought shortest reckonings easiest paid,  
 She chose not, like your heedless folk,  
 To get o'er deep in *Satan's* book,  
 Lest the black bill should grow too large,  
 For a poor Maiden to discharge,  
 And bring *Old Nick*, spite of her Honor,  
 To lay arresting hands upon her:—  
 Your *Maids of Honor* in those days  
 (So legends tell us) had strange ways;  
 They put on queer religious airs,  
 Frequented church, and said their pray'rs;  
 At least old Writers thus record,  
 I own I scarce can take their word,  
 Considering how politer far,  
 Our modern *Maids of Honor* are:—  
 But *Satan*, that ill-natur'd sprite,  
 Who owes your godly folks a spite,  
 Had manag'd matters so, that *Emma*  
 Was brought into a sad dilemma;  
 The Monk's instructions (strange to tell!)  
 Began to make the *Maiden* swell;  
 Her health was turn'd quite turvey-topsey,  
 She seem'd far gone in Nature's Dropsy.

'Tis a known Axiom in the schools,  
 That Love's the Paradise of Fools;  
 A Paradise, in which is plac'd  
 A Tree bewitching to the taste,  
 (The *Tree of Knowledge*) which produces  
 A fruit replete with pois'nous juices;

E

This



This tempts poor Maidens to their cost ;  
 They pluck—and—*Paradise is lost* ;  
 No longer happiness dwells there,  
 'Tis all repentance—all despair.

Poor *Emma*'s tell-tale looks betray,  
 That *Emma*'s form'd of yielding clay ;  
 The Queen enrag'd, insists on knowing  
 To what this strange misfortune's owing ;  
 Whilst *Emma*, almost drown'd in tears,  
 With penitential look declares,  
 (The more to fix her resolution,  
 Roger had promis'd absolution)  
 " That Father *Bede*, who long had strove  
 " By thousand arts to win her love,  
 " As on her couch one day she slept,  
 " Stole in, and"—here, poor soul ! she wept,  
 Nor more cou'd speak ; each *Maid of Honor*  
 Disdainfully look'd down upon her ;  
 For virtuous Dames in this agree,  
 No crime's like loss of Chastity ;  
 That gone, like a struck deer they fly her,  
 And think it dangerous to come nigh her.

" But who's this *Bede*," the Reader cries,  
 " The Butt of these same horrid lies ?"  
 A *Secular*, and one of those  
 Whom Monks avow'd Religion's foes ;  
 And who, tho' hitherto unwed,  
 Stranger to joys of Marriage Bed,  
 Yet held it neither sin nor shame  
 For Priests to take a wedded Dame ;

While

While Monks, for Self-denial fam'd,  
 Against such sensual crimes exclaim'd;  
 With holy Candle, Book and Bell,  
 Plunging all married Priests to Hell;  
 Priests, who the Papal Pow'r deny'd too,  
 For which *Old Nick* wou'd thrash their hide too\*.

No wonder Monks shou'd think it good  
 To shed so vile a sinner's blood;  
 If just the end which is desir'd,  
 No matter by what means acquir'd.

Altho' the Monks to *Satan* gave him,  
 And swore not all the Saints cou'd save him,  
 Yet with the body of the nation,  
*Bede* stood aloft in reputation;  
 He taught the natives to explore  
 The sea for fish, the land for ore;  
 'Twas he who first the secret found  
 Of digging fuel from the ground;  
 Hence riches, trade, and many a blessing  
 Their children's children now possessing;  
 He taught them with a magic net  
 The luscious Salmon to beset,  
 With many other useful arts,  
 Which justly won the people's hearts.

E 2

But

\* It was not till some Centuries after, that the Pope's Authority was established in *England*, and Celibacy in general in-joined the Clergy.

But all his merit was forgot,  
 And hid by this unlucky blot ;  
 A *Maid of Honor* to deflower !  
 'Twas an affront to Sov'reign power ;  
 The Queen declar'd, " She did not know  
 " How far his impudence might go,  
 " And thought it was *immensely* hard  
 " To take a Lady off her guard :  
 " Had she herself been sleeping caught,  
 " (She trembles at the very thought)  
 " Ev'n Majesty she was not sure  
 " In such a case wou'd be secure."  
 Thus prejudic'd, to the good King  
 She so describ'd this *Odious* Thing,  
 That in his justice he decreed,  
 The Culprit for his crimes shou'd bleed :  
 " What die ?"—as bad—may Heav'n forefend,  
 And guard us all from the like End ;  
 The blushing Muse cannot for shame,  
 In words direct the thing proclaim ;  
 It was, in fine, the punishment  
*Heloise's* Lover underwent.

Such was the Monarch's resolution,  
 The time too fix'd for execution,  
 The storm was loud, the waves ran high,  
 The Charge direct,——vain all reply.

Of Honor's gem altho' bereft,  
*Emma* had still some goodness left ;  
 'Tis true, Logicians often paint  
 Each Woman as a Fiend or Saint ;

Whereas

Whereas a Man is a mix'd creature,  
 (They say) of het'rogeneous nature ;  
 But all those cobweb airy fancies  
 Are little better than romances,  
 For Woman, like mere Man, is still  
 Neither completely good or ill ;  
 A hodge-podge, olio, or podrade,  
 Of many various compounds made ;  
 A mixture form'd of cold and hot,  
 Of sweet and sour—in short—what not ;——  
 Some strong ingredient, 'tis confest,  
 Still to the palate gives the zest,  
 Yet not so pow'rful, but we find  
 Other ingredients are combin'd.

There is not in all Nature's plan  
 So strange a paradox as Man,  
 With *Self* eternally he jars,  
 And wages barb'rous civil wars ;——  
 Now Reason——Passion now presides,  
 Whilst different limbs take different sides :  
 Against the monarch Head, we find  
 Beneath the girdle what's confin'd,  
 In bold rebellion often rises,  
 And the wise Sov'reign's power despises ;  
 For *Amphisbæna*-like, 'tis said,  
 We've then at either end a Head\* :  
 When that's the case, we seldom know  
 To which Head we shou'd homage show,  
 And therefore follow that of course,  
 Which pulls us with the greater force :——

E 3

Poor

\* *Amphisbæna* is a Serpent, said to have a Head at each End.



Poor *Emma*, when she first was sinner,  
Had *Amphisbæna* struggling in her.

I know Digressions often tease,  
But still they give the Writer ease;  
Wherefore that Writer surely wise is,  
That pelts you with each thought that rises.

Nor Vice nor Virtue, 'tis most plain,  
In *Emma* bore despotic reign;  
At first she wore a specious face,  
And told her tale with artful grace;  
But Conscience soon—unmanner'd guest!  
Conjur'd a dust within her breast,  
And fill'd both waking thoughts and dreams  
With brimstone, hell, and burning flames;  
With forked prongs, by horned Fiends  
Apply'd to Sinner's hinder ends,  
(A frightful case!—No Lady, sure,  
Such application cou'd endure)  
And all that horrid Apparatus  
With which, some say, the Devil treats us,  
When we to visit him think fit,  
And take up lodgings in his pit.

No wonder guilt-bred fumes like these  
Shou'd pull down Madam on her knees,  
To count her beads in woeful plight,  
And cross herself from morn to night:—  
In one of these despairing strains,  
When fear quite oversets the brains,

At midnight hour, when Fiends prepare  
To take a *Fresco* in our air,  
As on her marrow-bones she prest,  
Weeping, and beating her white breast,  
A Lady Crow, whose guttural note  
Croak'd roughly rumbling thro' her throat,  
By Chance or Providence convey'd,  
To Madam's chamber witless stray'd,  
Where snug as thief, beneath the bed  
The bird conceal'd its negro head;  
And at the juncture, when the Dame  
(Her thoughts brimful of fire and flame)  
Address'd her Patron Saint of Wood,  
Out pops the Crow, and croaking stood:  
"Have mercy, Heav'n!—What's this I view!  
" 'Tis *Satan's* self!—'tis *Satan's* hue!——  
"Guard me from pitchforks and from hell!"  
Croak, quo' the Crow—the scream'd—the fell:  
The Servants fly, and on the ground,  
Speechless the frighted fair was found;  
Reviv'd, she raves—"Protect and save me,  
"Let not yon ugly *Satan* have me;  
"His saucer eyes and frightful tone"——  
Another croak—and down she's gone.  
The servants see the droll mistake,  
And quick to life their Lady wake:  
She straightway calls out for a Priest,  
To whom her sins are soon confest;  
On *Roger's* wiles she throws the blame  
Of all her crimes—and all her shame;  
And hopes it is not yet too late  
To hinder *Bede's* unhappy fate.

The

The Queen, of this great change inform'd,  
 Against the Monk now loudly storm'd ;  
 The King in justice too decreed,  
 That *Bede* shou'd instantly be freed,  
 And what for him was erst design'd,  
 To Culprit *Roger* be assign'd.

No sooner order'd than 'twas done,  
 And—whip—his *Sanctity* is gone ;  
 For after being *Abelarded*,  
 And from the court with shame discarded,  
 His crime appear'd so very black,  
 Each Dame, now scornful, turn'd her back ;  
 For from a Confessor dissected,  
 No comfort sure can be expected.

When birds fly, or when vessels sail,  
 They're always guided from the tail,  
 And Casuists say, this is the case  
 In gen'ral with the human race ;  
 The rudder lost, what follows then ? —  
 Ruin to ships, to birds, and men.

And now, no longer Fortune's sport,  
 In triumph *Bede* was brought to court,  
 Where having humbly on his knee  
 Due Homage paid to Majesty,  
 He then, in gratitude as bound,  
 To Heav'n fell prostrate on the ground,  
 That graciously had heard his pray'rs,  
 And rescu'd him from monkish snares ;

Nor

Nor was his croaking Friend forgot,  
 A leading actor in the plot,  
 Who, at her Majesty's request,  
 Shew'd her fine shapes among the rest :  
 " May Heav'n's best benison," he cries,  
 (With tears of rapture in his eyes)  
 " For ever and for ever fall  
 " On King, Queen, *Emma*—Crow—and all."

So said ; when wonderful !——but hold—  
 'Tis necessary you were told,  
 That Miracles in every page  
 Mark the blest annals of that age ;  
 Tho' now-a-days, I know not why,  
 Nor Miracles or Saints we spy ;——  
 In short—a Miracle uncommon !  
 Up starts the Crow—a lovely Woman ;  
 Young, blooming, handsome, debonnaire,  
 And what's still stranger, wond'rous *Fair* :—  
 To please *Pygmalion*, as 'tis said,  
 A Marble melted to a Maid ;  
 And surely, if a Heathen cou'd  
 Inspire a Stone with Flesh and Blood,  
 We need shew little admiration  
 At Madam *Croaker*'s Transformation.

With wonder struck, whilst all around  
 In silence gaz'd, a voice profound,  
 Melodious as a seraph Sound,  
 Was heard :——

" Accept, O *Bede*, the gift Heaven sends,  
 " The best of Wives, and best of Friends ;

" Of



" Of every female charm possest,  
 " With every social virtue blest ;  
 " Nor yet despise her for her birth,  
 " What are ye all but Sons of Earth ?  
 " That Origin cannot be mean,  
 " Where Heav'n's *immediate* hand is seen ;  
 " And that the miracle here shown,  
 " To future times be handed down,  
 " A lasting monument of favor,  
 " Your offspring to distinguish ever,  
 " A *Spice* of Mother's *guttural* tone,  
 " To Time's remotest ages known  
 " By name of BURR\*, shall mark their tongue,  
 " And proudly trumpet whence they sprung ;  
 " A rough, bold accent, free from art,  
 " True *Emblem* of an *honest Heart*,  
 " A mark by which mankind shall trace  
 " Your numerous, warlike, envied Race ;  
 " Whose Deeds, not Words, their Fame shall spread,  
 " And *Britain's* Foes their Valour dread."

The Priest with rapture Heaven obey'd,  
 And wed the lovely, new-form'd Maid ;  
 The Monarch, generous and kind,  
 To *Bede* and to his Heirs consign'd  
 That fertile track which *Tyne* surveys,  
 His broad stream as he proud displays ;  
 Where Riches flow with ev'ry tide,  
 And Trade and Liberty preside :——

Here

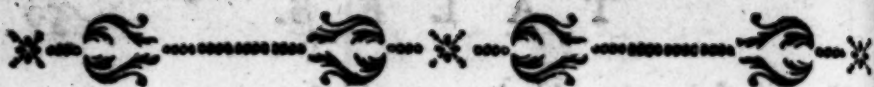
\* The *guttural* Accent so peculiar to the Inhabitants of *New-castle* and adjacent Country.

Here first he plann'd that envy'd seat,  
 By Industry now form'd so great,  
 Yclep'd *Newcastle* ;—where the Priest  
 Liv'd long rever'd, belov'd, and blest  
 With his *Fair Spouse* :—And 'tis agreed,  
 She brought the Parson such a Breed  
 Of little *Bedes*, that all around  
 His wond'rous prowess made resound.

'Tis thought this same prolific power  
 Remains among them to this hour,  
 A num'rous Race, who still inherit  
 Their Mother's *BURR*, and Father's *Merit*,  
 And which distinguishes the Breed  
 Of Mother *CROW* and Father *BEDE*\*.

\* The *Bede* mentioned in the above is not the same with the Venerable *Bede*, who lived rather earlier than the Hero of our Tale.





## F A B L E S.

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### *The* P O E T *and* S T R A W.

**O**N *Richmond* Hill, with doublet bare,  
A hungry Poet takes the air ;  
The air on *Richmond* Hill, tho' good  
And excellent Camelion food,  
Is rather of too thin a nature  
For a beef-loving, two-legg'd creature ;  
Our Poet stops, he looks around,  
And murmurs thus in doleful sound :

“ While plenty o’er the landscape reigns,  
“ Shall bards alone feel meagre pains ?  
“ Ah, what avails, if in the Town  
“ My madrigals acquir’d renown,  
“ If, stranger to, all-pow’rful coin,  
“ I seldom taste the rich sirloin,  
“ And for the produce of my brain,  
“ From money’d asses meet disdain ;——  
“ In vain the laurel crowns my brows ;  
“ What crowns my pocket ?——Not one souse :  
“ Of bay or laurel where the uses ?  
“ Nor bay or laurel fruit produces :——

“ I’ve

“ I’ve Fame pursu’d, and now I’ve caught her,  
“ She proves—mere moonshine in the water ;  
“ How happy the unletter’d glutton !  
“ Who can indulge on beef and mutton !  
“ How curst each servant of the Nine !  
“ I’d rather be a fool and dine.”

He said, and to his great surprize

Beneath his feet a Straw replies :——

“ Ah, hapless Bard, look down and see  
“ Thy striking emblem here in me ;  
“ Despis’d by those, to whom my head  
“ Furnish’d the staff of living,——bread :  
“ That gain’d, behold me here cast down,  
“ Trod on by ev’ry fordid clown :  
“ Just so the Bard, who, from his brain  
“ The hungry mind can entertain,  
“ Is soon neglected and forgot,  
“ A barren praise his hapless lot ;  
“ To Fame becomes an empty bubble,  
“ Trod on by fools like straw or stubble.”





*The* T O A S T S.

**S**ATAN one day, (one night I mean,  
 For days in Hell are seldom seen)  
 At *Pandemonium* in state  
 Among his Peers carousing sat,  
 To celebrate our Parents' Fall,  
 In draughts of liquid Fire and Gall;  
 The Toasts in bumpers flew around,  
 The palace roofs the Toasts resound,  
 And all was noise——Yet all unite  
 To aim at Heaven their blunted spite:  
*Beelzebub* gave his harlot PRIDE,  
 To match whose charms he Hell defy'd;  
 ENVY by *Baal* then was given,  
 Foe to herself, to Earth and Heaven;  
 AVARICE was *Mammon's* Toast,—a Vice  
 Wou'd make a Hell of Paradise:  
 My Toast, cries *Ashtaroth*, shall be  
 That Janus Prude, HYPOCRISY;  
 And mine, quo' *Belial*, IDLENESS,  
 Whose charms, both fiends and men confess;  
 Dear Idleness! to whom we owe  
 Myriads on Myriads here below;——  
*Dagon* gave FALSHOOD, a mean pest,  
 Still mask'd, and cloath'd in rainbow vest,  
 A Will oth' Wisp, that leads astray,  
 A Coward Vice that dreads the day:

*Moloch* gave blood-stain'd CRUELTY,  
 And *Thammuz* INFIDELITY;  
 But to that Toast they all objected,  
 As One no Demon recollected,  
 (For tho' such Weeds on Earth may grow,  
 No Infidels are seen below);  
*Thammuz* on this,—since change he must—  
 Gave that sweet creature, Madam LUST:  
 In short, each Demon in his Toast  
 Avow'd the *Fair* he honour'd most.

The turn at length to *Satan* came,  
 To bumper round his darling Flame;  
 "I own that all your Toasts, he cry'd,  
 "Are Beauties long approv'd and try'd,  
 "But I'll give one, in whom alone  
 The Quintessence of Hell is shown,  
 "INGRATITUDE!—*of Vices First,*  
 "Most infamous, and most accurs'd;  
 "That Fiend in grain! that Hydra pest!  
 "(Behold her Image on my Breast)—  
 "To her Hell's Empire owes its birth,  
 "To her I owe those swarms from Earth:  
 "When other Vices rule the mind,  
 "VIRTUE, by fits, may entrance find,  
 "But let INGRATITUDE bear sway,  
 "Not VIRTUE's shade dare cross her way;  
 "Ev'n Hell itself, when she appears,  
 "A more than double darkness wears;—

“ Then in full bumpers toast the *Belle*,  
“ As *Primier* Beauty here in Hell.”

The Fiends aloud the Toast proclaim,  
And Hell re-thunders with her Name ;——  
“ INGRATITUDE !——of *Vices First*,  
“ *Most infamous, and most accurst.*”



*The* TRAVELLER and RAINBOW.

**A** Gaudy Rainbow, vivid, gay,  
 Resplendent with the various ray,  
 Arrests a Trav'ler's raptur'd gaze,  
 While thus he cries with wild amaze ;—  
 “ Heav'ns ! what a sight ! how rich a glow !  
 “ Can Art a scene thus lovely show ?  
 “ The pallat this emboss'd with tints,  
 “ That Nature uses when she paints ;  
 “ And such an Arch !—It sure supports  
 “ *Olympus*, and the Thunderer's courts ;  
 “ The hemisphere bestriding wide ;—  
 “ Magnificent, from side to side :—  
 “ Wou'd *Jove* but mount me to yon sphere,  
 “ Where I might view this wonder near,  
 “ Where I might all its glories trace,  
 “ Which distance greatly must efface ;  
 “ Wou'd *Jove* but grant me this request,  
 “ How thankful shou'd I be !—how blest !

No sooner said, than quick as thought  
 Aloft in distant air he's caught,  
 Mid floating oceans chill'd to death,  
 Mid fogs almost depriv'd of breath—  
 When words like these in accents clear,  
 Strike the affrighted Trav'ler's ear :—  
 “ What late your admiration drew,  
 “ In genuine colours here you view ;  
 “ Meer earth-born vapours, mist and rain,  
 “ Rais'd by the sun to float amain,



“ Which, gilded by his beams, appear  
“ Thus glitt’ring to your lower sphere,  
“ To dazzle wond’ring eyes, and show  
“ What outside ornaments can do ;  
“ Learn hence with caution to decide  
“ On objects at a distance spy’d,  
“ Nor think that Fortune’s smiles impart  
“ Contentment to the Garter’d Heart :  
“ The gaudiest flowers oft contain  
“ Within their Core a cank’rous bane ;  
“ And for a truth this axiom hold,  
“ *What glitters is not always gold.*

“ Learn too, that men, who often show  
“ When distant, like the dazzling Bow,  
“ If nearer search’d, prove Fogs at best,  
“ By an illusive sun-beam drest.”

Ended the voice, the Trav’ler found  
Himself replac’d upon dry ground.



## The TWO KINGS.

CROSSING the River *Styx*, with shoals  
 Of new-departed motley souls,  
 Old *Charon* look'd confounded black,  
 Left with the load his boat shou'd crack ;  
 Tho' souls, as souls, are lightsome freight,  
 Their fins oft prove a deadly weight,  
 And shou'd their floating carriage fail 'em,  
 Not ev'n cork-jackets wou'd avail 'em :  
 His boat chuck-full——such screaming rose  
 From nurfes, misses, ladies, beaus,  
 That *Charon* rais'd his voice and swore,  
 Whilst Echo answer'd from the shore,  
 “ If they continu'd their damn'd tricks,  
 “ He'd souse them every one in *Styx*,”  
 And ask'd 'em with a phiz most grim,  
 If they had ever learnt to swim?——  
 In short, he soon becalm'd the riot,  
 And made 'em tolerably quiet :  
 He trim'd his boat, and with a frown  
 Damn'd 'em, and made 'em all sit down.

Order observ'd in some degree,  
 A Ghost of high pomposity,  
 With courtly air and scornful look,  
 Thus to his brother shadows spoke :——  
 “ Hence, reptiles, hence——your distance know——  
 “ Due homage to a monarch show ;  
 “ Shall one of my illustrious birth,  
 “ A King——a Deity on earth,

“ Be

" Be crowded thus with the *Canaille*,  
 " Fellows who stink of beef and ale ?  
 " You, *Charon*, with that dirty face,  
 " Depend on't, you shall lose your place ;  
 " My brother sovereign *Pluto* soon  
 " Shall make you smart for what you've done :——  
 " Reptiles, avaunt——at distance tend ;  
 " Your touch, look, manners, all offend."

Old *Charon* grumbling in his maw,  
 Damn'd him, and bid him *hold his jaw* ;——  
 Whilst one who living, from the stage  
 Had often entertain'd the age,  
 With whim *Cervantic* in his face,  
 First bowing, thus address'd his grace :——  
 " All hail—great King, great Monarch, hail !  
 " Frown not, I'm not of the *Canaille* ;  
 " In me your brother *Brentford* view,  
 " I've been a king as well as you ;  
 " Like you have worn a pageant crown,  
 " And aw'd the millions with a frown ;  
 " Like you too, brother *Phis.* resign'd,  
 " And left my pageant crown behind :——  
 " But now——(good Sir, be not offended)——  
 " The curtain dropt, the farce is ended :  
 " Tho' Fortune for the stage equipt us,  
 " Our wardrobe-keeper Death has stript us ;  
 " And the rich robes on earth possest,  
 " Lie folded in the grave at rest :——  
 " Maugre the rank we living bore,  
 " Like these we're shadows now——no more ;  
 " All

“ All, brothers all—at least in this,  
“ We’re but *Personæ Dramatis* ;  
“ Like them we’re bound to Critic-hall,  
“ By critic rules to rise or fall ;  
“ Where kings, lords, beggars, all must stand,  
“ And undistinguish’d hold the hand,  
“ While Justice *Minos* and his Jury  
“ (’Tis true, good brother, I assure you)  
“ Will hiss or clap, just as they find  
“ We’ve play’d the characters assign’d ;  
“ Where birth and rank pass unregarded,  
“ And merit only is rewarded.”

He spoke—the Monarch, sighing swore,  
“ He never heard such truths before.”





## The CONNOISSEUR.

**I**N that fam'd Room where artists strive,  
 True taste and genius to revive\*,  
 Where modern *Guides* put in claim,  
 Contending for the wreath of Fame,  
 And *Virtu's* sons, with great precision,  
 Their knowledge prove by wise decision;  
 A judge allow'd—a *Connoisseur*,  
 With buckram gait and phiz demure,  
 Noting a piece, on which the *Crowd*  
 Unusual compliments bestow'd,  
 His glass first peeps thro' with an air,  
 (True *Connoisseurs* short-sighted are)  
 The painting carelessly survey'd,  
 And, when inform'd 'twas *English* made,  
 Thus to an elbow-friend, with look  
 Oracularly cynic, spoke:—  
 “ Sure never was performance seen  
 “ More gothic, tasteless, lifeless, mean :  
 “ Painting !—’Tis canvass spoil’d—Oh, gad !  
 “ ’Tis daubing !—Execrable !—Sad !  
 “ No colouring ! keeping !—And such *Clare-*  
 “ *Obscure !—Tout Englise !—All Barbare !*  
 “ And how unnaturally shows  
 “ That horrid fly on that vile rose !  
 “ A fly ! ’tis no more like”—When quick  
 Pointing toward the fly his stick,  
 To prove his criticism true,  
 Away the little Insect flew.

\* The Exhibition-Room in the Strand.

*The* PATRIOT SHEPHERD.

I N days of yore, when beasts cou'd speak

As naturally as pigs squeak,

A flock of sheep, high-wool'd, rich, free,

Enthusiasts to Liberty,

Who claim'd a right, time immemorial,

Like other sheep-boroughs corporeal,

To chuse a Shepherd to attend 'em,

And eke from injuries defend 'em,

Met on the downs in grave debate,

A Patriot Shepherd to create ;

(The sheep in those times, you're to note,

Like Citizens, cou'd give a vote :—)

Among the peasants who laid claim

To the Sheep-guardian patriot name,

One peasant far above the rest,

With tinsel virtues was possess'd ;

For Liberty he bellow'd loud,

He tickled up the sheepish croud ;

Like them he baa'd, and always strove

By sheepish tricks to shew his love :

The lady sheep he oft caress'd,

To please the ladies, laugh'd and dress'd ;

He flatter'd hard,—for sheep, like men,

Can swallow flatt'ry—now and then ;

And more—to shew his generous mind,

His gold was scatter'd like the wind ;

“ Tho' ev'ry favor, and each treat is

“ (He scorns to bribe) still given *gratis* ;”

So

So popular, none dare oppose,  
He soon was *chair'd*, and Shepherd chose.

Too true the Axiom we find,  
*Preferment warps the human mind* ;  
No longer now with patriot zeal  
He baa'd aloud for Common weal ;  
The fish was caught, the net thrown by  
Wove by that Demon *Bribery* :  
He talk'd of nothing but Obedience,  
Of Shepherd's pow'r, and Sheep's allegiance ;  
He fleec'd 'em without rhyme or reason,  
Regardless of or time or season ;  
Drove them to market, and there sold  
His free-born sheep for king-stamp'd gold ;  
And when their grievances they spoke,  
He answer'd thus with sneering look :

“ Those Fools who sell themselves for gain,  
“ Of Slav'ry never shou'd complain ;——  
“ And give me leave, good sheep, to tell ye,  
“ I bought ye, and by G—d I'll sell ye.”

The Moral, Sir ?—I'm not inclin'd  
To hold a Mirror to the blind.

RIGHT-

RIGHT-HAND *and* LEFT.

THE Right-Hand,—'twas but t'other day,  
Thus to the Left was heard to say :

“ If some folks knew themselves 'twere well,  
“ Give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell ;  
“ 'Twou'd be with manners more consistent,  
“ If, Sir, you kept a little distant ;  
“ Tho' now and then I condescend  
“ To use you as a menial friend,  
“ Kindly to clasp, embrace, and shake ye,  
“ When frosty seasons chilly make ye ;  
“ Because, forsooth, sometimes I stoop,  
“ You think to ride quite cock o' hoop,  
“ And dare, tho' so much underbred,  
“ Equal with me to hold your head ;  
“ A poor low Ignorant ! whilst I  
“ The noblest scenes of art supply :  
“ By me his wonders Genius shows,  
“ By me the mimic canvas glows,  
“ And what the Sisters *Nine* indite  
“ Were lost, if I, Sir, did not write :  
“ 'Tis I who Wisdom's Truths explain,  
“ I'm premier Midwife to the brain ;  
“ Lovers by me their pains reveal,  
“ The cards I shuffle, cut, and deal :  
“ But what's superior to the rest,  
“ (Of merit the undoubted test)  
“ The Fair I'm licens'd to approach,  
“ To touch, and lead 'em to their coach ;

G

“ Thus



" Thus blest, 'tis I, Sir, can impart  
 " Raptures most trilling to the heart ;  
 " Whilst you with aukwardness disguis'd,  
 " Are to a proverb ev'n despis'd :  
 " So, good *Sinister*, judge the sequel,  
 " You're not to think yourself my Equal."

*Sinister*, cool and free from passion,  
 Thus answer'd *Dexter* his Relation :

" Good Brother—for say what you will,  
 " You're only my Twin-brother still ;——  
 " What's all this mighty fufs about ?  
 " You quite forget yourself, I doubt ;——  
 " In every thing you undertake,  
 " What a fine figure wou'd you make  
 " By me unaided, worthy Sir !  
 " You'd look as strange as one-ear'd Cur :  
 " You know in quibbling I delight,  
 " You're sometimes *Wrong*, tho' always *Right* :  
 " In every monument of Art,  
 " I never fail to bear a part ;  
 " The *Muses*' bus'ness I cou'd do  
 " Upon a pinch, as well as you ;  
 " And with the Fair the Hand that gives  
 " The heart, and mutually receives,  
 " Or Right or Left, 'tis all the same ;  
 " Such trifles burning hearts disclaim :——  
 " In Dancing too—nay, never stare——  
 " Right-Hand and Left my worth declare ;  
 " And *Hoyle* himself, without my aid,  
 " Wou'd find Quadrille an aukward trade.

" Those

“ Those great advantages you boast,  
“ Are accidental at the most ;  
“ To Education they are due,  
“ Not to intrinsic worth in you :  
“ With equal talents born, had I  
“ Been *taught* my talents to apply,  
“ You had not call’d me your Inferior,  
“ But, envious, found me your Superior ;  
“ For Envy in that breast must dwell,  
“ That with Pride’s meanness thus can swell.

“ What’s yours, Chance might have made another’s  
“ Tho’ Right and Left we still are Brothers.”

When pedant Clerks with scornful eye,  
Unletter’d Ignorants decry,  
Like Turkey-cocks the *Things* survey,  
As form’d of an inferior clay,  
Aloud they to the world proclaim,  
Learning and Sense are not the same :  
His brow tho’ wreath’d in Learning’s prize,  
A man may not be over-wise ;  
For tho’ with Education join’d,  
Sense brighter glows and more refin’d,  
In Wisdom’s volume ’tis a rule,  
*Learning but magnifies the Fool.*

*The* TWO CANDLES.

**T**WO Candles burning in a hall,  
 The one large-wick'd, the other small,  
 While Large-Wick chearful flam'd and bright,  
 The other scarce gave any light,  
 But in a corner on a shelf,  
 Just glimmer'd, as to please himself;—  
 Cries Small-Wick, sneering, to the other,  
 “ You blaze away, my showy brother,  
 “ But that superior light you boast,  
 “ Must soon—so quick you burn—be lost;  
 “ While, to self-preservation true,  
 “ I shall out-live three such as you.”  
 Large-Wick directed by the sound,  
 His dark-ey'd neighbour quickly found,  
 (Who else must have unnotic'd been,  
 A worthless *Nothing* overseen)  
 And thus reply'd: “ Thou gloomy aid  
 “ To the dark Usurer's baneful trade,  
 “ Thou *Darkness visible*, scarce seen,  
 “ Thou fit companion for the spleen,  
 “ From thy poor gasconade desist,  
 “ Your's is not life—you but *exist*;  
 “ Whilst I, the few short hours I know,  
 “ In doing good my time bestow.  
 “ Candles are destin'd to supply  
 “ The want of *Phæbus* in the sky;  
 “ Like supplemental suns to light,  
 “ And banish Gloom and cheerless Night,  
 “ To *lengthen* life, and kindly shower  
 “ That bliss of blisses, visual power:

“ This,

“ This, my few hours, I cheerful do,  
“ While such poor selfish things as you,  
“ Who hugger-mugger spend your rays,  
“ And have not soul to give a blaze,  
“ Are still unnotic’d by mankind,  
“ But when you leave a stink behind.”

The contest *Susan* heard, and took  
Small-Wick from his sequester’d nook ;  
She thrust him in a new-laid fire,  
There, unregarded, to expire : —  
His life tho’ worthless, yet his death  
Gave to a flame an instant breath ;  
Thus Misers on their Heirs bestow  
The means to make a blazing show.

Large-Wick mean while in parlour grac’d,  
And ’mid surrounding beauties plac’d,  
A cheerful lustre boldly throws,  
And to the last his spirit shows.

Souls are like Candle-Wicks—when small,  
They scarce give any light at all :  
When large—they’re public blessings found,  
And beam their cheerful blaze around : —  
And if our lives, as sages show,  
Are measur’d by the good we do,  
And not by days and months, I fear  
Too many Small-Wicks will appear,  
Whose lives—their palsied heads tho’ grey,  
Are shorter than a winter’s day ;  
Who may be said with Truth’s consistence,  
Barely to know the *Twilight of Existence*.



*The MOLE and WEASEL.*

**W**ITH dirty head above his hole,  
 To see the world up starts a Mole ;  
 Wond'rous, you'll say, his visual strength,  
 He saw at least his nose's length,  
 And from the vigour of his eyes,  
 Fancies himself amazing wise.

“ How bright the day,” he cries—“ the sun  
 “ How glorious in the horizon !  
 (The day was gloomy by the bye,  
 The sun cloud-prison'd in the sky)  
 “ What prospects all around me rise !  
 (Tho' scarce three blades of grass he spies)  
 “ 'Tis glaring falshood—envious spite,  
 “ To say we Moles are dull of sight ;  
 “ I'll make the Tour, he cries, and then  
 “ Return—and from their dirty den  
 “ Invite my friends the world to view,  
 “ As other four-legg'd gentry do.”

Thus said, the Blockhead onward crawls,  
 When loud a friendly Weasel bawls,  
 “ Zounds ! are you blind ?—Do you not dread  
 “ The Hawk now hov'ring o'er your head ?  
 “ This instant burrow—quick as thought—  
 “ Or, by *St Patrick*, you'll be caught :”—  
 Sir Mole, now grown most wond'rous vain,  
 Answer'd the Weasel with disdain ;—

“ Good

“ Good Friend, to your own footsteps look,  
“ Nor counsel give to wiser folk ;  
“ As Your’s at least my eyes are keen,  
“ Were danger near ’twere quickly seen ;  
“ To drop the gentleman I’m loath,  
“ Pray keep your wind to cool your broth.”

More he had said, but further talk  
Was ended by the butcher Hawk,  
Who, swooping, in his talons bore  
And limb from limb the blockhead tore.

None are more obstinate than those  
Who can’t see farther than their nose ;  
And Moles are of that stupid kind,  
They don’t perceive that they are blind.



*The* A S S *and* G O A T.

**W**ITH horrid bray and dreadful roar,  
 Thus did an Ass his fate deplore,  
 His griefs while echoing hills reveal,  
 For Asses nothing can conceal;—  
 “ These staring horns—(for horns he took  
 His ears when lobbing o’er a brook)  
 “ Loudly to all the world proclaim  
 “ *Affina*’s falshood and my shame :  
 “ My thirst I cannot quench when dry,  
 “ But horns reflected meet my eye ;  
 “ Just o’er my brow erect they stand,  
 “ And mark me Cuckold thro’ the land :  
 “ Cou’d she, who all the livelong day  
 “ Her charms and virtues heard me bray,  
 “ She, for whose sake each shaggy maid,  
 “ With cold disdain I still survey’d,  
 “ Cou’d she her *Dapple*’s brow disgrace,  
 “ And dub me with the two-leg’d race ?  
 “ I ! than whom not a wiser Ass,  
 “ Or kinder, ever mumbled grass ;  
 “ Have I not tenderest thistles brought ?  
 “ The youngest nettles, eager, sought ?  
 “ Rang’d all the plain to find a ditch  
 “ With weeds and frog-spawn over rich,  
 “ Her hunger and her thirst to quench ?  
 “ And call’d her still my curl-hoof’d wench ?—  
 “ In that fair form can Falshood dwell ?  
 “ Can heav’n admit a guest from hell ?  
 “ Now by that black-stain’d mark I swear,  
 “ Which on our backs we’re doom’d to bear,  
 “ Such

" Such dreadful wild revenge I'll take,  
 " Shall make her treacherous bosom ake ;  
 " I'll—(rat that Cuckoo's taunting note,  
 " I wish my horns were in his throat)—  
 " I'll do"——

A list'ning Goat replies,

" Thou fool !—but Asses ne'er were wise ;  
 " What can your braying thus provoke ?  
 " An Afs have horns ! 'Tis all a joke :  
 " Had I been such a *Thing* as you,  
 " I might have been unhappy too,  
 " For many beasts, quite under-bred,  
 " Swear *I* have horns upon my head,  
 (To his own horns Sir Goat was blind,  
 They pointed, as they grew, behind)—  
 " Be wise, and learn of me this rule,  
 " *A jealous pate betrays a fool :*  
 " We Goats for sense are still rever'd,  
 " Our wisdom's pourtray'd in our beard."

This sage advice Sir *Dapple* scorns,  
 He still mistakes his ears for horns ;  
 Treats his friend's counsel with disdain,  
 Whisks round, and braying seeks the plain.

Ye wise Ones of the married class,  
 Learn of the Goat, and not the Afs :——  
 Of horns who dream, are sure to find  
 No horns like those which gore the mind ;  
 Better were blindness than to see  
 Thro' the false Medium of curst Jealousy.



## St CATHARINE.

**A** Reverend Monk and honest Clown  
 Journeying towards a market-town,  
 The way lay thro' a public road,  
 Where good St *Catharine's* Image stood;  
 The pious Monk obeisance made,  
 Th' unheeding Clown nor bow'd or pray'd,  
 But onward pass'd; struck with surprize,  
 "What are you blind?" the Father cries,—  
 "Behold where good St *Catharine* stands,  
 "The Saint your reverence demands;  
 "Quick on your knees atonement make,  
 "Lest Heaven's high wrath in thunder break  
 "O'er your devoted head:"—The Clown,  
 Regardless of the Father's frown,  
 Laughing reply'd:—"What there you view  
 "Within my orchard lately grew;  
 "And that fine form which now it shows,  
 "To *Mudge* the carpenter it owes:—  
 "Shall I in rev'rence bend the knee  
 "To an Old stunt Crab-Apple Tree?  
 "If that grim Lady is a Saint,  
 "That piece of wood bedaub'd with paint,  
 "My Orchard must be *Holy Ground*,  
 "Where Saint Crab-Apple Trees abound."

"A Tree I own it was, or rather  
 "A down-right Log," replies the Father,  
 "'Till Church by holy Ordination  
 "(A kind of Transubstantiation)  
 "Has giv'n the Log a new Creation:

}  
"A

" A Saint 'tis now in ev'ry sense,  
 " Therefore atone for your offence;  
 " Beg good St *Catharine's* intercession  
 " To cleanse you from your foul transgression,  
 " Or *Satan* with his brimstone pickle,  
 " Your carbonaded Hide will tickle."——

The frightened Peasant knelt and pray'd,  
 Then rising—shrugg'd—and sighing said,  
 " That she's a Saint I'll not dispute,  
 " The Church commands, and I am mute;  
 " And yet——shall I my weakness own?  
 " To Me she seems a *Wooden One*:  
 " Ev'n at the instant I adore,  
 " I'm thinking of the *Crabs* she bore."

How many Titled Things we find  
 Set up as Idols to Mankind!  
 Who, when their Value's understood,  
 Are mere St *Catharines*——*Gilded Sticks of Wood.*



*The* RUSSETING and RED-STREAK CRAB.

“BETSY, (cries fond Mamma) come here,

“ And taste this *Russeting*, my dear,—

“ It’s flavour exquisitely sweet,

“ Indulge, and thank me for my treat.”—

*Betsy* a *Red-streak Crab* espying

Near *Russeting* on table lying,

With nose turn’d up, the little elf

Exclaims—“ I’ll cater for myself;

“ This pretty *Red-streak* shall be mine,

“ It looks so tempting, gay, and fine;

“ The *Russet* give to Sister *Nancy*,

“ Such fruit may suit her vulgar fancy,

“ ’Tis frightful,—plain,—and I detest

“ Or Man or Apple meanly drest.”—

In vain Mamma wou’d *Betsy* govern,

*Betsy*’s too selfish, proud, and stubborn;

And tho’ she hears Mamma alledge

*Red-streak* wou’d set her teeth on edge;

Ev’n tho’ Mamma lays strict command

That she wou’d stop her eager hand,

Yet still our little *Eve*, with eyes

Devouring, views the beau-skinn’d prize,

Snatches her *Crab*—*elopes* away—

O’erjoy’d to get her wish’d-for prey.

Most Females this opinion hold,  
Be they or young or be they old,  
E’er since an Apple first was eat,  
That fruit *forbidden* is most sweet.

The

The *Red-streak* seiz'd, poor *Betsy* finds  
 There's no dependence upon Rhinds:  
 'Tis crabbed, hard,—and what of late  
 She long'd for, now provokes her hate:  
 Her looks a mind chagrin'd display,  
 She throws the treacherous fruit away,  
 And, sighing, wishes with a tear,  
 To kind Mamma she'd lent an ear.

Her Sister, who as Misses shou'd,  
 Honour'd her Parents, and was good,  
 The *Russet* takes with thankful glee,  
 And, smiling, feasts deliciously:  
 "Thank ye, Mamma, she cries, I see  
 "You best can tell what's fit for me."

My pretty Misses, pray be wise,  
 And trust not wholly to your eyes;  
 Nor Parents' tenderness abuse,  
 They best know how your fruit to chuse:  
 At least this compliment is due  
 From You to Them,—from Them to You;  
 Parents shou'd ne'er with tyrant will  
 Force down your throat the Bitter Pill;  
 Nor you ungratefully deceive,  
 And snatch the Fruit without their leave.

H

The



## The BEAR and GARDENER.

IN the days of Old *Pilpay* there flourish'd a Bear,  
 Good-natur'd and gentle, and quite debonnaire;  
 Tho' shaggy his form, yet his soul was polite,  
 And to live among Men was Sir *Bruin's* delight:  
 This Bear had a heart that to friendship inclin'd,  
 In *Adam* he found a warm friend to his mind,  
*Orestes* and *Pylades* were not more kind:  
 A Gard'ner was *Adam*, extremely well known  
 For friendship with *Bruin*, in country and town;  
 Whenever friend *Adam* you saw, you might swear  
 His four-legged Brother wou'd shortly appear:  
 Or if good Sir *Bruin* you any time spy'd,  
 The Gard'ner was always observ'd by his side;  
 They fed at one table,—nay further, 'tis said  
 (Tho' that's somewhat doubtful) both lay in one bed.  
 With toiling o'ercome, in the shade as one day  
 Poor *Adam* a-snoring most happily lay,  
 Friend *Bruin* sat squat on his bum to attend him,  
 Left during his sleep man or beast shou'd offend him:  
 Our centinel had not long watch'd, when in scorn  
 A monstrous huge flesh-fly came sounding his horn:  
 In circles he wing'd round friend *Adam* his flight,  
 And lur'd by rich vapours, he fain wou'd alight;  
 On *Adam's* moist forehead he settled,—and then,  
 When beat off he flew—to his forehead again;  
 He buzz'd so, and teaz'd so, and still was so loud,  
 That *Bruin* in vengeance destruction avow'd;  
 And cunningly watching, he saw him alight  
 To feast on the lips of his friend as in spite:

“ Oh,

“ Oh, ho, quo’ Sir *Bruin*, I have you, my dear,  
 “ You soundly shall pay, by the lord, for your cheer;”  
 And sending full drive a large stone at the foe,  
 He crush’d him at once with a death-dealing blow;  
 And just as he shouted to see the Fly dead,  
 He saw all poor *Adam*’s teeth drop from his head.

*Admit it as a certain Rule,  
 Friendship is dangerous from a Fool.*



With much more could this proceed;  
 And on the plumbier's portion feed;  
 His last decision to conclude  
 With plumb, that rich delicious food;  
 But when the plain was swallow'd, Dick  
 Found himself belied like a cock;  
 His appetite, alas, was flown,  
 And e'en for plumb his relish gone;  
 Like *Tartarus* he view'd his store,  
 And what he'd sav'd with prior care  
 A better appetite must bear.

H 2

PLUMB.

## PLUMB-PUDDING.

**T**WO Boys at Christmas Dinner seated,  
 With Pudding richly plumb'd were treated;  
 Their plates well-heap'd they gladly view'd,  
 But each a different plan pursu'd;  
*Jack*, greedy of the luscious fare,  
 Pick'd out the Plumbs with wond'rous care,  
 And eating, vow'd—" 'Twas special good:"  
 His Plumbs devour'd, the remnant food  
 Quite plain, now prov'd a worthless store,  
 He tasted, but cou'd eat no more;  
 The Sweets had spoil'd his relish quite,  
 (Pudding unplumb'd gives no delight)  
 And to acquire more Plumbs unable,  
 Hungry, he crying left the table.

With much more caution *Dick* proceeds,  
 And on the plumbless portion feeds;  
 His feast determin'd to conclude  
 With Plumbs, that rich delicious food;  
 But when the plain was swallow'd, *Dick*  
 Found himself belly'd like a tick;  
 His appetite, alas, was flown,  
 And ev'n for Plumbs his relish gone;  
 Like *Tantalus* he view'd his store,  
 Unhappy he cou'd hold no more;  
 And what he'd sav'd with miser care,  
 A better appetite must heir.

He



He who his Plumbs unmix'd destroys,  
 Will soon regret his short-liv'd joys  
 And he who keeps 'em for the last,  
 Too late will mourn a blunted taste:  
 Then let us take the plain with sweet,  
 And like good boys our Pudding eat,  
 Just as 'tis cut us from above,  
 Nor Prodigals nor Misers prove.





## The TWO PAPER KITES.

*(Addressed to a Young Gentleman at School)*

**T**WO Paper Kites, balanc'd on high,  
 With flaming lanthorns grac'd the sky,  
 While crowds below admire the glare,  
 And think each light a blazing star:  
 Cries one of those night birds with pride,  
 (The other flutt'ring by his side)  
 "Left to ourselves, with ease we might  
 "To yonder regions wing our flight,  
 "Spurn these poor earth-encircling skies,  
 "And to the lunar world arise;  
 "But these vile cords by which we're bound,  
 "Genius and worth like ours confound;  
 "One struggle, spirited, might free  
 "And give us both our liberty;  
 "Uncurb'd we safely then might rove,  
 "And laugh at earth-worms from above."

"Hold, not so fast," replies the other,  
 "Think, think a little, my good brother;  
 "To these restraints you so despise,  
 "We owe the very power to rise;  
 "Without their help we might remain  
 "Unnotic'd Nothings on the plain;  
 "Or worse,—on furious tempests borne,  
 "Be whirled, hurried, dash'd, and torn:  
 "Tho' Paper Kites were made to fly,  
 "Cords were design'd to hold them by,  
 "And those by whom we're guided, know  
 "How far with safety we may go;

"Ba-

“Balanc’d by them, we thus aspire,  
“While wond’ring crowds our blaze admire.”

The self-sufficient Kite, with sneer  
Laugh’d at his over-cautious fear,  
When a brisk gale that instant rising,  
His friend’s intreaties too despising,  
With one smart jerk his hold he broke,  
And flew before the wind like smok;  
Now here—now there—hurried and tost,  
He falls to earth, torn, dash’d, and lost;  
While his more wise and happy friend  
A diff’rent praise and fate attend;  
By Prudence held, secure he flies,  
A Meteor to admiring eyes.

If, *Marcus*, you consider right,  
You’re little better than a Kite;  
Quite volatile, and by the bye,  
A shandy tenant of the sky;  
Those happy talents now you boast,  
May smother’d be, perhaps quite lost;  
Or worse, may prove your direst bane,  
If left to frolic without rein;  
Shou’d you your Tutor’s guidance scorn,  
By Passion’s furious tempest borne,  
Hurry’d and lost on Folly’s shore,  
You’ll fall—alas!—to rise no more;  
But guided by his skillful hand,  
May soar an honour to the land;  
Beam blessings from your high-born station,  
And shine the star of an applauding nation.

*The*

## The SWIMMERS.

**Y**OUNG *Ned*, a spritely docile wight,  
 In Swimming took a vast delight;  
 At first the stream he cautious enters,  
 And ne'er beyond his wading ventures,  
 Short strokes his want of skill denote,  
 The briny wave gets down his throat,  
 But still resolv'd *Ned* perseveres,  
 Nor pains or difficulties fears,  
 He gains each trial something New,  
 (What will not Perseverance do!)  
 'Till by degrees he boldly braves  
 With fearless breast th'opposing waves;  
 Roves at discretion, and with skill  
 Or skims the waves, or dives at will.

His Comrade *Dick* the self-same views  
 Tho' in a different way pursues;  
 Too indolent to persevere,  
 Bladders full-blown his carcase bear;  
 By them upheld, he long with pride  
 Had, straw-like, floated on the tide,  
 With superficial content,  
 And boastful wheresoe'er he went;  
 But lazy *Dick* cou'd never sound  
 The deeps, nor reach the fathom'd ground.

One day, as o'er the stream he hies,  
 And on his puff'd-up friends relies,

Ven-



Vent'ring (as coxcombs often will)  
Beyond his depth, and void of skill,  
The bladders burst;—*Dick* meets his fate,  
Mourning his want of skill too late:  
With wishful eyes he views the shore,  
And sinks, alas, to rise no more,

In Learning or in Politics  
How many superficial *Dicks*!  
Of *Neds*, to Sense and Learning true;  
Alas, how very—very Few!

*None from their Wadings shou'd depart,  
But Masters in the Swimming Art.*

*The*



## The P. O. O. L and B. R. O. O. K.

WITH frog-spawn, weeds, and mud-stain'd  
creffes,

A stagnate Pool was mantled o'er,  
And thus a neighbouring Brook addresses,

While stinks ooz'd out from every pore:

"Lord! what a flavish Life you lead,  
"Still on the gallop at high speed!  
"You toil and labour like a horse;  
"A life like yours is death, or worse;  
"If a poor pebble cross your way,  
"You brawl and bicker all the day;  
"A stranger to the honey'd pleasure  
"Of indolence and yawning leisure:  
"Example take from Me,—be wise,—  
"In Idleness true pleasure lies;  
"Who wou'd a life of toil digest,  
"Cou'd they like me perpetual rest."

He said, and yawn'd :—The spritely Brook  
Stop'd not, but thus *en passant* spoke :

"Indeed good Seignior *Stagnoso*,  
"The advice you give me is but so so,  
"However onward as I go,  
"I'll in return a word bestow :—  
"You doze a lazy life away!  
"What are the consequences, pray!

"Frogs,

"Frogs, newts, and toads within you breed,  
 "And on your muddy entrails feed;  
 "Such sav'ry odour from you flows!  
 "(Excuse me if I stop my nose)  
 "Your streams the very air pollute;  
 "You're scorn'd by man, and shunn'd by brute!  
 "While I, by exercise kept clear,  
 "The speckled trout and gudgeon bear;  
 "Can furnish a delicious feast,  
 "And bev'rage meet for man and beast.

"For all her offspring up to man,  
 "Nature design'd an active plan,  
 "But shou'd they once resemble you,  
 "Ruin eternal must ensue:  
 "A Life like Yours is out of Nature,  
 "Zounds! rouse, and be an Active Creature."

He ceas'd, and as he tripp'd along,  
 He wimpled forth a cheerful Song.

The Squire o'erheard this short debate,  
 The Pool was drain'd, and met its fate;  
 The Brook increas'd in his esteem,  
 Nor weeds were suffer'd near the stream.

## The SWINE and ERMINE.

" **T**HOU filthy beast, thou worse than vermin,  
 " (Thus to a Swine exclaims an Ermine)  
 " Avaunt! At proper distance know  
 " The difference 'twixt a Clown and Beau;  
 " A Swine! There is not in all Nature  
 " So dirty, underbred a creature:  
 " How can mankind such neighbours bear?  
 " You poison and pollute the air."

" Thou gaudy *Trifle*," with disdain  
 Retorts the Swine, " thy pride refrain;  
 " Such finikin spruce *Things* as you  
 " With just contempt and scorn I view:  
 " Let man our different worth decide,  
 " His judgment soon will quell your pride;  
 " We and our numerous tasteful breed,  
 " Thousands and thousands daily feed;  
 " And what to Man's more quicken'd sense  
 " Wou'd otherwise give great offence,  
 " By Us of coarser palates taken  
 " As food, becomes good pork and bacon;  
 " Concocted thro' our chymic veins,  
 " It yields both nourishment and gains;  
 " And ev'ry Swine may boast, good Sir,  
 " He's *Nature's useful Scavenger*:  
 " The holy Priest will take our part,  
 " Sir *Hugh* loves tithe-pig from his heart;  
 " Riches we give and sustenance,  
 " While all your boasted excellence



“Is——with that worthless skin of thine,  
 “To make your brother Coxcombs shine.”

*Judge not of worth by outward show,  
 A Clown's more useful than a Beau.*

---

### ALEXANDER and COURTIER.

**W**HEN *Philip's* Son, with conqu'ring sword,  
 Had taught mankind to hail him lord,  
 And *Argumentum Baculinum*  
 Prov'd plain as pikestaff *Jus Divinum*,  
 Each sycophant, to make his court,  
 Assum'd the Monarch's martial port;  
 Meer Butterflies! who strove in vain  
 The Eagle's soarings to attain:——  
 Among these flutt'ring *Things* was known  
 A constant dangler near the throne,  
 Who not content the air and gait  
 Of his high lord to imitate,  
 Caught, like a blockhead, at each shade  
 That in the Hero was pourtray'd:  
 At superficials Coxcombs aim,  
 Or light or shade—to them the same.

Dame Fortune in a frolic mood,  
 On *Alexander* had bestow'd  
 A neck awry, which almost sped  
 On shoulder left his royal head:

I

Our



Our cypher Lordling whose weak mind  
 For noble deeds was ne'er design'd,  
 By way of flattering compliment  
*His* empty head on shoulder bent,  
 With curve far greater of the two;  
 Thus wou'd-be Mimics always do.

The watchful King with curious eye  
 Soon mark'd the servile butterfly,  
 And, smiling, thus the Fop address;  
 "In sooth, my Lord, I'm much distress  
 "To see that lovely form and mien,  
 "Which erst might tempt bright Beauty's queen,  
 "By that wry neck disgrac'd:—*We'll* prove  
 "Your Doctor, and the blot remove;  
 "On rugged forms like mine alone  
 "Such blemishes be ever shown:—"  
 So saying, to sinister side  
 A royal Cuff he straight apply'd,  
 Which like electric Conjunction,  
 To the spectators' admiration,  
 Laid poor Sir *Fopling* on the floor,  
 And work'd a speedy lasting cure:  
 Oh, sacred Touch! Oh Touch most civil!  
 To cure—hey, presto—the *King's Evil*.

*Wou'd you resemble those whom you admire,  
 Shun their Defects, and to their Worth aspire.*

## H A B I T.

STEPHEN, a youth of *Eton* school,  
 Somewhat inclin'd to Ridicule,  
 Had great delight in *Taking off*,  
 And making fluttering *Jack* his scoff:  
*Jack* when oblig'd, poor lad, to speak  
 Sesquipedalian Heathen Greek,  
 In *Stephen* pitiless, unkind,  
 Was sure a Mocking Bird to find,  
 That with a most sarcastic glee  
 Echo'd his class-mate to a T,  
 Whilst laughter from the school-boy train,  
 Made *Stephen* not a little vain.

In Oratory tho' deficient,  
*Jack* had of Wisdom share sufficient,  
 And to the *Taker off* thus spoke,—  
 "Too long, my friend, I've been your joke:  
 "Henceforth my ev'ry nerve I'll strain,  
 "To mimic *You* and chatter plain;  
 "'Twill then be tit for tat, good *Stephen*,  
 "And scores paid off, we shall be even."

Firm to his point *Jack* perseveres,  
 And maugre *Stephen's* jokes and sneers,  
 His words, which erst like crowds too thick  
 In narrow passage us'd to stick,  
 He wisely now made one by one  
 Unelbow'd gently to jogg on:

Watchful of ev'ry thing he says,  
 Each syllable he careful weighs,  
 And finds among his Axioms plenty,  
 None equal to *Festina lentè* ;  
 (*Fabius*, he knew, by wise delay  
 To Conquest pav'd the certain way,  
 And *Daun* by following the same rule  
 Made *Prussia's* Bully look like fool :)  
 Each phrase, when by himself, repeats  
 A thousand times, and toils and sweats  
 'Till Habit gives an unhitch'd ease,  
 His task grows lighter by degrees,  
 And *Jack* now speaks with fluent tongue,  
 Free as Miss *Kitty* all day long ;  
 While *Stephen* to his sorrow finds,  
 That *Use* like second Nature binds,  
 And by long aping wiser *Jack*,  
 Stutters whene'er he opes his clack.

To Habit since so much is due,  
 Good Reader, or in Me or You,  
 With caution let us point its course,  
 'Ere it acquire too great a force :  
 At first when of a pigmy size,  
 Its stealing influence we despise,  
 But shortly to a giant grown,  
 It fills, despotic, Nature's throne.

*Both Soul and Body own its reign,  
 We may be virtuous or speak plain.*

BUT.

## B U T.

**E**NVY, a Spectre, frightful, thin,  
 The darling progeny of Sin,  
 (Her Sire, as ancient Poets tell,  
 The lowest, meanest Fiend of Hell)  
 A bleer-ey'd Hagg, whose only food  
 Is human hearts and human blood,  
 And in her mouth, instead of tongue,  
 A thousand poison'd arrows hung:—  
 Long had this pestilential foe  
 Peopled King *Satan's* realms below,  
 When his black Highness, as in duty  
 Bound to her goodness and her beauty,  
 Pour'd favours multiplied upon her,  
 Made her a Maid, or Hagg of Honor;  
 And order'd *Pride*, his King at Arms,  
 (No stranger to Miss *Envy's* charms)  
 To make her out an Ancestry  
 Long as a *Welchman's* pedigree;  
 And spite of Truth and Virtue prove,  
 If possible, she sprung from *Jove*:—  
 This, Herald-like, *Pride* soon effected,  
 Nor was her Coat of Arms neglected:  
 The Shield was fable, the Device  
 Two Toads, two Snakes, and ditto Lice;  
 Three Vipers gnawing at her breast  
 Serv'd Madam *Envy* for her Crest;  
 In short, the Blaze and the whole Coat,  
 The Fair One's mighty worth denote;  
 The Fair One!—Let not that perplex,  
 Females are all of the Fair Sex;



And be they olive, dingy, brown,  
They're *Fair Ones* call'd throughout the town.

The Arms made out, some small dispute  
Arose, What Motto best wou'd suit ;  
Quoth *Envy*, grinning out a smile  
That spoke her spleen and eke her guile,  
“ My Motto, Seignior *Pride*, shall be  
“ Three fav'rite Letters, *B, U, T* :  
“ By Hell and all the Fiends below,  
“ To *But*, that syllable, I owe  
“ More hellish joys—nay stare not *Pride*,  
“ Than all the verbal Class beside ;  
“ Search the whole Dictionary round,  
“ No word so envious can be found ;  
“ Aided by *But*, I dare commend,  
“ And stab beneath the veil of Friend :  
“ With Praise Suspicion I disarm,  
“ And then comes *But* with hellish charm,  
“ And rankles in the inmost Core,  
“ Pois'ning the Praise was giv'n before ;  
“ Thus Poison's best in Sweets conceal'd,  
“ Thus Falshood's hid beneath Truth's shield.

“ No word like *But* my spite conveys,  
“ *But* be my Motto——*But* my Praise.”

Dear ——, my best, my worthiest Friend,  
To you I dedicate this Fable ;  
Goodness like yours it can't offend,  
Your Heart's so very—veritable.

FIRE,

## FIRE, EARTH, and WATER.

**Y**OU ask me, *Jack*, without disguise,  
 (First hinting I am wond'rous wise)  
 What are my thoughts of *Nan*?—While she  
 The same enquires concerning thee :  
 To wedlock both I know inclin'd,  
 Yet both, I know, are passion-blind ;  
 That you're a Miser, *Jack*, she knows not,  
 That she's Extravagant she shows not ;  
 That you're a Brute she can't behold,  
 Nor you, that she's an arrant Scold ;  
 She dreams not you'll be soon in jail,  
 Nor you, that Miss is—somewhat frail :  
 In short, the match, if match it prove,  
 Will be a match of Hate—not Love :  
 Where passions, humours, age agree,  
 Wedlock's celestial harmony ;  
 Where these are wanting, 'tis a curse,  
 'Tis Hell ;—if possible, 'tis worse :——  
 You ask me for Advice, I give it,  
 And yet I know you'll not receive it ;  
 I know what here I write you'll show her,  
 I know your weakness wont forego her ;  
 I know full well you'll both unite,  
 And pelt me with your keenest spite :——  
 Yet 'ere you make your dread attack  
 List to a Fable, simple *Jack*.

*Fire, Earth, and Water*, neighbours three,  
 Had liv'd some time in amity ;

You're

You're to observe tho', by the bye,  
 That *Earth* had most prudentially  
 'Twixt *Fire* and *Water* fix'd his station,  
 To guard 'gainst future altercation,  
 And by his wisdom and great care,  
 Had kept his neighbours on the square;  
 For tho' in nature differing wide,  
 They liv'd in peace, whilst *Earth* was guide,  
 'Till Love, who warms the coldest heart,  
 Pierc'd fair Miss *Water* with a dart,  
 And breathing strong on *Fire* his sighs,  
 Blew the Youth's flame above the skies.  
 To *Earth* the Lovers both apply,  
 (They held his prudence wond'rous high)  
 In *Hymen's* bonds if 'twere not right  
 Like virtuous Lovers to unite;  
*Earth*, all amazement and surprize,  
 Thus to the Bedlam Pair replies:  
 "You're sure distracted, or 'tis plain,  
 "The thought cou'd ne'er infect your brain;  
 "Shou'd you in union ever meet,  
 "Your mutual ruin were compleat:  
 "Between You fix'd my situation,  
 "'Till now has prov'd your preservation;  
 "But if you wed—sure as a gun  
 "You'll both be utterly undone:  
 "You might as well—'tis all a jest——  
 "Think of uniting East and West."

This sage advice the Lovers heard,  
 But, Lovers-like, their own preferr'd:

By

By passion fool'd, they wed, they kiss,  
Ruin takes place of fancy'd bliss ;  
Such chaos, uproar, and vexation,  
All Hell seem'd broke from its foundation ;  
Not *Phaëton*, from chariot tumbling,  
The world on fire—the Gods all grumbling,  
Made greater tintemar and rattling,  
Than this new-wedded pair in battling ;  
She boil'd with rage, he roar'd with pain,  
She quench'd, he roar'd, she quench'd again ;  
No friendly *Earth* to heal their strife——  
( 'Tis dang'rous parting Man and Wife )  
'Till pitying Death with kindly stroke,  
Finish'd their Beings in a Smoke.





## The F I S H E R M A N.

**U**NKNOWING and unknown to Fame,  
 An honest Clown—*Dorus* his name,  
 With fraudulent line and baited hook,  
 Near the sea shore his station took,  
 In hopes the cravings to supply  
 Of a large helpless family :  
 But Fortune, who not often sheds  
 Her smiles upon deserving heads,  
 On *Dorus* glanc'd with scornful spite ;  
 No prize—not ev'n a single bite.  
 Tir'd with ill luck he now despairs,  
 And for a hungry home prepares ;  
 When to his joy and great surprize,  
 He feels a fish of happy size,  
 (So flatters smiling Hope)—when, lo !  
 Fortune again appears his Foe ;  
 He draws on shore with cautious pull——  
 A Fish ?——Ah no——a Human Skull ;  
 A ghastly and forbidding Treat,  
 Improper food for him to eat :  
 What can he do ? Shall he again  
 Commit his capture to the main ?  
 But here Humanity prevails,  
 And Piety his heart assails :  
 “ Who knows, cries *Dorus* with a sigh,  
 (A heart-sprung tear in either eye)  
 “ But this might once a Portion be  
 “ Of some poor Spouse or Sire like me ;  
 “ On whose endeavours a large brood  
 “ Of Little Ones might hang for food ;

“ Ship-

" Shipwreck'd perhaps in sight of land,  
 " Or murder'd by some villain's hand ;  
 " My Duty and my Feelings too.  
 " Strongly evince what I shou'd do ;  
 " The Kindness which to him I show,  
 " Perhaps to others I may owe."

So said, away the Skull he bears,  
 And in the woods a grave prepares ;  
 He digs—his heart dilates with pleasure  
 To find a heav'n-sent golden Treasure ;—  
 A Treasure to his utmost wishes,  
 Superior to ten thousand Fishes,  
 With which he joyous marches home,  
 The Skull bequeathing in its room.

*Those Hearts that with Humanity distend,  
 In Providence are sure to meet a Friend ;  
 And the same Love we to our Brethren show,  
 Our Heav'nly Father will on us bestow.*



*The* PEASANT *and* MASTIFF.

**W**HERE *Nile*, the King of Floods, bestows  
His genial blessings as he flows,  
A widow'd Peasant, who with care  
Foster'd a darling Infant Heir,  
The only Offspring of a Wife  
Dearer, when living, than his life,  
His cottage left at early day,  
The Babe in cradle sleeping lay ;  
His fav'rite Dog too left behind,  
His Child and House's Guard design'd :  
Ended his bus'ness, soon the Swain  
Returns to his lov'd charge again ;  
He lifts the latch, his little cot  
No other bar or fence had got,  
His Dog with conscious sound and tail  
(In Dogs can Treachery prevail !)  
Joy more than usual expresses,  
Twisting his form with fond caresses ;  
But, oh, how great was his surprize !  
All smear'd with blood the Dog he spies !  
His frightful jaws, distain'd with gore,  
Suspicious marks of murder bore ;  
The frightened Parent looks around,  
No little Darling's to be found,  
The cradle overturn'd, the rest  
By fear and wild despair was guest ;  
The Infant's fate each object shews,  
The Murd'rer in his Dog he views ;

He

He rag'd, his hair he wildly tore,  
And with a hatchet that he bore,  
Dealing a blow revengeful, straight  
Consign'd the Mastiff to his fate ;  
Then headlong to the cradle flies,  
Which rais'd (amazement all !) he spies  
His smiling treasure on the floor,  
Asleep, unwounded and secure ;  
And not far distant from the child,  
A monstrous Serpent, newly kill'd,  
Mangled and bloody, which 'twas plain  
The faithful murder'd Dog had slain,  
Slain in his Baby's dear defence,  
To save from death its innocence ;  
And in the fray, so says the Fable,  
Were overset both Child and Cradle.

*If to the Moral you attend,  
You'll ne'er unheard condemn your Friend.*





*The L A R K and M A G P I E S:**(On hearing a Friend decry'd by some Wou'd-be's.)*

**A**MONG the Brilliants of Mankind,  
 How many Wou'd-be Wits we find!  
 Pert, dull, and loud, to Censure prone,  
 With no Ideas of their own?  
 Without a Smile who *Sterne* read o'er,  
 At *Miller's* Jests yet loudly roar;  
 Unfeeling of true *Attic* Glee,  
 Who think all Sociability  
 Consists in Noise and Ribaldry.

A Lark whose Trillings were inspir'd,  
 By every Bird of Taste admir'd,  
 Who oft his visits to *Parnass*  
 Upwing'd, a pleasing Hour to pass,  
 Where in *Castalia's* magic Rill,  
 He sometimes dipt his little Bill,  
 And then in sweet *Arcadian* Strains,  
 Warbled of Hills, Dales, Groves and Plains;  
 Was by the Million little known,  
 Because retir'd he liv'd alone.

A *Corps* of Magpies who had plac'd  
 Themselves upon the Throne of Taste,  
 Sent Seignior Lark an Invitation,  
 "Just to partake a slight Collation,  
 "Where none but Magpies blythe and hearty,  
 "The Cream of Wits, shou'd grace the Party."

He

He came—he hail'd the Wou'd-be Crew,  
 Around the Room loud Nonsense flew;  
 At their own Jests they dully laugh,  
 The wittiest he who most can quaff:  
 The Lark, a modest well-bred Bird,  
 Cou'd scarce thrust in a single Word;  
 Whene'er he spoke no Ear inclin'd,  
 His Wit was rather too refin'd;  
 The *choicest Spirit* he, who most  
 Cou'd lie, or give the lewdest Toast,  
 And murd'ring Female Reputation,  
 Seem'd their most fav'rite Recreation;  
 Some bellow'd out a witless Song;  
 Some, Gossip Tales made wond'rous long,  
 While some their Prowess loud resound,  
 And wield their airy Fauchions round,  
 Thus bully Cravens bear, 'tis said,  
 The largest Cock's-Combs on their Head.

In Critical Detachments some  
 Get into Corners of the Room;  
 As Arbiters of Sense and Song,  
 They analys'd the feather'd throng;  
 With them, "The Linnet's Note's too low,  
 "The Finch a trifling tuneless Beau,  
 "The Thrush a downright noisy Screamer,  
 "The Red-breast a dull sleepy Dreamer,  
 "The Nightingale, a Bird whose Lay  
 "Wou'd pass unnotic'd in the Day;  
 "In short, no Fowl that wings the Air,"  
 They said, "with Magpies cou'd compare;"——  
 They drank, disputed, chatter'd, swore,  
 And brainless Folly kept the Door.

The Lark, with Indignation fir'd,  
Soon made his Congé, and retir'd.

With Critic Shrug and scornful Eye,  
When gone, the *Mags* their Guest decry ;  
“ What ! this a Songster !—Ev’n the Owl  
“ Seems not a more insipid Fowl ;  
“ Amid our Humor, Mirth, and Wit,  
“ How humdrum did the *Being* fit !——  
“ To Cradle since I bad Adieu,  
“ So dull a Bird I never knew ;  
“ Nay, what completely mark’d him Dunce,  
“ He pass’d the Bottle more than once ;  
“ And then for Music !—may I die  
“ If there’s one Note of Melody ;  
“ He makes a furious Noise, ’tis true,  
“ So does the Thrush and Blackbird too :——  
“ Critics I hate, who Cur-like bark,  
“ But——Heav’n be prais’d ! I’m not a Lark.”

*A Wit ’mong Fools will ever pass  
(Fools still are purblind) for an Ass.*



*Miss* C R A M B O.

**M**ISS *Crambo*, a pert chattering Maid,  
 One of the Ballad-singing Trade,  
 Born in the *North*, a Monk her Sire,  
 A poor Sub-Chaunter in a Choir,  
 Her Mother a low Cottage Lass,  
 Unknown at *Athens* or *Parnass*;  
 As on a certain time she sped,  
 Jingling her Bells across the mead,  
 She chaunted, as she tripp'd along,  
 Many a pretty Tale and Song.

The Muse, whom chance had led that way,  
 Hearing Miss *Crambo's* various Lay,  
 (Grim MARGRET'S GHOST, and Prior's LADLE,  
 With others—Sonnet, Tale and Fable)  
 Attentive stop'd, and by her look  
 A smiling Approbation spoke;  
 Miss saw her, and with lowly mien  
 Approaching, thus address'd the Queen:

“Inspirer of the Human Mind,  
 “Thou First of Blessings to Mankind,  
 “Who to thy Votaries gives to know  
 “All that *Elysium* can bestow,  
 “A gracious Ear in Mercy lend,  
 “And to a Suppliant's Prayer attend,  
 “Whose darling Wish is, in your Train  
 “A Place, however low, to gain;  
 “Of this vast Honor once possessest,  
 “Poor *Crambo* will be amply blest.”



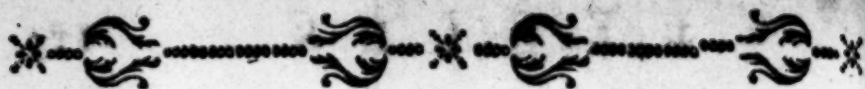
With look that spoke Benignity,  
 The Muse rais'd *Crambo* from her knee ;  
 " I grant (she cry'd) what you petition,  
 " But on the following Condition ;  
 " That mindful of your lowly Birth,  
 " You never quit your native Earth,  
 " Where the Employment I allot,  
 " Shall be some pretty Fringe to knot,  
 " Which, pleasing, I perchance may wear  
 " When I'm dispos'd to take the Air ;  
 " Or in an Undress, when I deign  
 " To frolic on the verdant Plain ;  
 " This, with some favourite Song or Tale,  
 " You're at my bidding not to fail ;  
 " But never dare to intermingle  
 " With Eagle Soarings your light Jingle,  
 " Nor, Vanity-impell'd, presume  
 " To interrupt me when I *plume* ;  
 " Your Ornaments, however gay,  
 " Wou'd but retard me on my Way ;  
 " They'd show like Chains to clog my Flight,  
 " And bar me from that azure Height,  
 " With some few favourite Beings where  
 " I feast on Blifs not dreamt of here ;  
 Raptures to all unfelt, unknown,  
 " But Souls congenial to my own."——

Miss *Crambo* curtsy'd, and with speed  
 To every Article agreed ;  
 The Muse's *Livery* straight put on,  
 She with the Queen a Favourite shone,  
 In all her *Sparrow* Flights attended,  
 Nor to the Eagle's azure Sphere pretended.

As Cobler Methodistic Teacher,  
Is Parson call'd and *gifted* Preacher,  
Or Country Scraper stil'd Musician,  
Or Village Tooth-drawer Physician ;  
Thus Crambo Poets, fring'd with Rhyme,  
Are often rank'd as Bards sublime ;  
Your short-wing'd Sparrow Flights may show  
How far *Plebeian* Wits can go,  
Who Jingle-fetter'd, from their Birth  
Are doom'd to the Purlieus of Earth ;  
But nobler Spirits, free as air,  
Beyond *Olympus'* Summit dare,  
Nor stoop but at Celestial Game,  
Not *Courting* but *Commanding* Fame.



E L E-



# E L E G I A C.

---

B A S I L *and* P H Œ B E.

**P**HŒBE the brightest nymph of Beauty's train,  
With tend'rest vows by *Basil* was address'd ;  
But Pride, of Happiness and Love the bane,  
Forbad her tongue the language of her breast.

Slighted his vows, poor *Basil* inly pin'd,  
No gleam of comfort opening to his view,  
While Pride and Love contend in *Phæbe's* mind ;—  
Ah, what has Pride with meek-ey'd Love to do !

Soon as the lark's first warblings float on air,  
The neighb'ring grove knows *Basil* for its guest,  
There sighing Echo mocks his sad despair,  
And every feeling doubly is confest.

Upon a bank close by the river's side,  
Musing on *Basil*, *Phæbe* lay repos'd ;  
The treach'rous earth gave way, the amorous tide  
Infolds the maid, and o'er her beauties clos'd.

A shriek, and thunder from the whitening flood  
 Arous'd the swain, and echoed Danger nigh;  
 With folded arms he long had musing stood,  
 Nor, but in thought alone, did *Phæbe* spy.

Eager he flew the drowning wretch to save,  
 Like lightning plung'd amid the wat'ry roar,  
 And *Jason* like from forth the liquid grave,  
 The more than golden fleece exulting bore.

But in the speechless fair one when he saw,  
 Stretch'd on the grass, his *Phæbe* pale and cold,  
 Who can the Chaos in his bosom draw?  
 Lovers may guess, but words can ne'er unfold.

Frantic he homeward bore the hapless maid,  
 His fault'ring tongue cou'd ill the tale relate,  
 But heav'n in pity sent reviving aid,  
 She wak'd, and *Basil* blest'd his happy fate.

Again her beauties glad the wond'ring plains,  
 Her cheeks the lily and the rose display;  
 While fever riots thro' poor *Basil's* veins,  
 And Death with greedy maw o'erhangs his prey.

The nymph, alarm'd, to *Basil* straightway flies,  
 And, trembling, at his feet herself she cast;  
 "To save ungrateful *Phæbe* *Basil* dies,  
 "The hour that knells for *Basil*, marks *my* last.

"My *Basil*, my preserver! here—ah—view  
 "A maid unworthy such exalted truth;

"Had



- " Had I the world's heap'd treasures—all were due  
 " To worth like your's :—He hears me not, dear youth,  
 " How to his plainings cou'd I close mine ear ?  
 " How to his virtues cou'd I prove unkind ?  
 " To my own heart how prove so insincere ?  
 " But curf'd Pride had warp'd and stain'd my mind,  
 " Tho' flocks more numerous and richer meads  
 " I boast, than gen'rous *Basil's* scanty store,  
 " Merit like his Wealth's futile boast exceeds ;  
 " *Basil* is rich, and pride-stain'd *Phæbe* poor.  
 " A stranger from this hour to peace or rest,  
 " Ne'er shall repentant *Phæbe* quit the room,  
 " 'Till heav'n in *Basil's* safety makes me blest,  
 " Or gives us both devoted to the tomb."——

Close to his pillow watchful now she sits,  
 Her throbbing bosom pierc'd with anguish keen,  
 Nor for a moment her dear *Basil* quits ;  
 A nurse so young, so fair, is seldom seen.

No med'cine save from *Phæbe's* hand he knows,  
 Her care a quick return of health ensures,  
 With Love's sweet balm each healing cup o'erflows ;  
 Tho' Love can wound, his balm as certain cures.

*Basil* restor'd, Love smiling leads the way,  
 The wish'd-for knot is at the altar ty'd,  
 And nymphs and shepherds bless the happy day,  
 When Love triumphant banish'd hateful Pride.

W I L-

## WILLIAM and FANNY.

BRIGHT was the morn, the landscape gay,  
When onward *William* rode,  
The aged spire rejoic'd to view  
Near *Fanny's* lov'd abode.

Unlike his former self he came,  
In sure disguise array'd ;  
With unlook'd joy intent to bless  
His dear, his constant maid.

In warblings sweet from every spray,  
The feather'd choir combine,  
While Love and Hope in *William's* breast,  
The happy concert join.

The village opening to his view,  
His fluttering pulse beat high,  
And tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,  
Beam'd sparkling in his eye.

"Soon shall these eyes again, thank Heaven,  
"Her angel form behold ;  
"Soon shall these wishing arms again  
"My lovely maid infold."

He said ; when lo ! in sable guise,  
From forth the church-yard way,  
A silent train with downcast eyes,  
Death's banners wide display.

The

The flow-tongu'd bell, with solemn toll,  
A sad Adieu exprest;  
On ev'ry face a genuine grief  
Full deeply was imprest.

Fierce as the eagle *William* dar'd,  
When Pride its crest uprear'd;  
Yet melting *William* as the dove,  
Whene'er Distress appear'd.

"To what kind soul are these sad rites,  
"With mournful rev'rence paid?"  
A grey-hair'd peasant rais'd his eyes,  
And, sighing, thus he said:

"If e'er you've known Love's wond'rous pow'r,  
"The pitying tear prepare,  
"Yon grave contains the sweetest flow'r,  
"E'er nipt by cold Despair.

"Not sportive lambkin on the down  
"More lively was than she;  
"Not lambkin ever cropt the green,  
"From guileful thoughts more free.

"Not apple-blossoms in the spring,  
"Cou'd with her beauties vie;  
"More graceful than the doe her shape,  
"Sense sparkled in her eye.

"Tho' soft her bosom, yet untouch'd  
"By Love's all-pow'rful flame,

"'Till

" 'Till a young swain, of peerless worth,  
" From yon blue uplands came.

" The pride of swains sweet *William* was,  
" Thus shepherds all agree ;  
" A youth so manly, gentle, brave,  
" I ne'er again shall see.

" Each nymph beheld him with delight,  
" Each swain with envious eyes ;  
" Ev'n Envy's self might stand excus'd,  
" When *Fanny* was the prize.

" They saw, they lov'd :—So sweet a pair  
" Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain,  
" He seem'd by heav'n for her design'd,  
" She for her upland swain.

" Their Kindred all with one accord  
" Did on their passion smile ;  
" But Fate with Cruelty high rais'd  
" Their hopes——but to beguile.

" Ah ! what is Happiness ?——A fly  
" With tinsel'd wings so gay ;  
" Sure of the prize, we stretch our hands,  
" 'Tis gone——'Tis lost for aye !

" Heading the needy highland clans,  
" Onward, in threatening mood  
" Giant Rebellion came, to drench  
" Our peaceful fields in blood.

L

" To



- “ To save their country, Freedom’s sons,  
“ With generous ardor flew ;  
“ Never again, oh, may these eyes  
“ Such scenes of horror view.
- “ Young *William’s* Lord, to whom both love  
“ And gratitude were bound,  
“ With *William*, foremost in his train,  
“ In Freedom’s ranks were found.
- “ Conquest with laurels *William* crowns,  
“ His worth ev’n foes approve ;  
“ But, ah ! tho’ Conquest crowns his arms,  
“ Despair awaits his love.
- “ A Squire, for large possessions fam’d,  
“ Saw *Fanny* and ador’d ;  
“ For charms like her’s might captivate  
“ The heart——ev’n of a Lord.
- “ He saw, and vows of ardent love  
“ Impatiently he prest ;  
“ Poor *Fanny* had no heart to give,  
“ ’Twas lodg’d in *William’s* breast.
- “ But curst Avarice, age’s bane,  
“ Had froze her father’s mind ;  
“ She wept, she pray’d ;—nor pray’rs nor tears,  
“ Alas ! cou’d pity find.
- “ To feeling deaf,—by riches lur’d,  
“ He laid his strict command ;

“ He

" He dragg'd her to the church ;—he forc'd  
" Her cold, her *heartless* hand.

" Wealth ! what is wealth of Peace depriv'd ?  
A glittering pois'nous toy ;  
" The night-shade's jetty shining fruit  
" Allures, but to destroy.

" Scarce seven days gone, since *Fanny* wore ]  
" The hated marriage chain ;  
" Scarce two days flown, a broken heart  
" Freed *Fanny* from her pain.

" But, Stranger, sure those looks of yours  
" Unusual feelings speak ;  
" The bridle quits your trembling hands,  
" The blood forsakes your cheek.——"

Down dropt poor *William* like a Corse,  
Upon the green-sward laid,  
And by surrounding peasants known,  
To friendly roof convey'd.

Reviv'd, heart-rending sighs and groans  
A fix'd despair confess ;  
'Till madness—sad relief !—arrives  
To lighten his distress.

When midnight came, from bed escap'd,  
To *Fanny's* grave he flew ;  
There stretch'd, he *Fanny* call'd,—and soon  
To mis'ry bad adieu.

Cold as the lovely Fair within,  
Next morn was *William* found ;  
Weeping, the village saw 'em laid  
In the same hallow'd ground.

There nymphs and shepherds often meet,  
To plight their vows so true,  
And from a sympathy of soul,  
Their grave with tears bedew.



H E N.

## HENRY and SOPHY.

**H**ENRY and Fortune now are friends,  
 His many sorrows all are past;  
 Fortune, to make him full amends,  
 Gives to his willing arms at last

The long-lov'd *Sophy*; fairest maid  
 That ever caus'd or felt love's smart;  
 In her most richly were display'd  
 An angel form and dove-like heart.

Long had their friends with souls severe,  
 Oppos'd the lover's happy fate;  
 But chang'd, they smiling now appear,  
 And *with* them at the altar wait.

Deep in the maiden's roseate bloom  
 Grief's canker-worm had wasteful fed;  
 To snatch his *Sophy* from her tomb,  
 On wings of Rapture *Henry* sped.

The holy Priest pronounc'd aloud  
 The Gordian wonder-working spell;  
 While Love and Hymen both avow'd,  
 "Shrin'd in their breasts they'd ever dwell."

"And art thou mine," the Bridegroom cry'd,  
 "With all thy wond'rous truth and charms?"  
 She smil'd—she *wou'd* have spoke—she sigh'd—  
 And straight expir'd within his arms.—



Too weak to bear Joy's rushing flow,  
Her tender frame resigns her breath;  
This moment in Love's arms,—and now,  
Enfolded in the arms of Death.

In vain, in vain you fly for aid,  
Life shall no more that form relume,  
The marriage bed, ill-fated maid!  
For thee ordain'd, is a cold tomb.

While floods of tears and piteous moan  
A genuine sorrow testify,  
Silent poor *Henry's* seen alone,  
No tear bedews poor *Henry's* eye.

Homeward his *Sophy's* corps he tends,  
Frantic his *Sophy* he infolds;  
That friendly night his sorrow ends,  
One grave the new-wed Lovers holds.

We grasp at joys within our reach,  
We grasp, and catch a wat'ry bow;  
Lessons like these, alas! shou'd teach,  
True joy exists not here below.



DELIA *and the* GOLDFINCH.

"**M**ercy, dear Hawk!—the little flutt'rer spare,"  
Cries *Delia*, on a daised bank reclin'd,  
"The pretty Innocent, oh! do not scare,  
"Nor thus pursue him with blood-hunger'd mind.

"See, how the tyrant downward darts the blow,—  
"And see! the songster 'scapes by sidelong flight!  
"Now, now he's lost!—Now he eludes the foe!  
"And now the murd'rer strikes with all his might."

She said—when lo! the destin'd Finch she spies  
Exhausted, by Despair and Danger prest,  
Drop in the hospitable vale that lies  
Between the hillocks of her milky breast.

Nestling, his little bosom fluttering beats  
With the wild throbbings of tumultuous fear;  
*Her* pulse responsive throb for throb repeats,  
And Pity mixt with Joy calls forth a tear.

"Here, sweet Musician, safe may'st thou remain,  
"In Me a friendly kind protector view;  
"No Cruelty did e'er this bosom stain,  
"To Love and gentlest Pity ever true.

"Here, sweet Musician, in this warm retreat  
"Securely dwell, till danger's far away;  
"Then instant shall your wishes Freedom meet,  
"To greet thy partner with thy tend'rest Lay.

"Like

“ Like this poor bird, my distant Lord may want,  
 “ From savage Cruelty a sheltering wing ;  
 “ Good Heav’n, in mercy that protection grant !  
 “ And to these arms restor’d my Hero bring.

“ Ah, why wou’d *Celadon* for Wars alarms  
 “ And Honor’s bubble, from his *Delia* rove ?  
 “ Why wou’d he quit these ever-faithful arms ?  
 “ What’s Wealth—What’s Honor, when compar’d to Love ?

“ Fly, little Warbler : To some lonely mate  
 “ A *Celadon* belov’d *Thou* haply art ; —  
 “ Fly, little Warbler, fly, ’ere yet too late,  
 “ And with thy song revive her drooping heart.”—

The Goldfinch freed, all gratitude, repays  
 Each Morn and Eve her kindness with a song ;  
 The hills and groves resound fair *Delia*’s praise ;—  
*Delia* ! now Goddess of the Feather’d Throng.



AMIN.

AMINTOR *and* ANNA.

CURST with a conscious feeling mind,  
The poor *Amintor* lay,  
Within a gloomy Jail confin'd,  
And sigh'd his hours away.

To save a friend of means bereft,  
*Amintor* enter'd bail;  
Friends oft prove false:—*Amintor's* left  
To languish in a jail.

Where now those smooth Professors?—Where?  
Your summer days cou'd boast!  
Like insects, lo! they disappear,  
Kill'd by a wint'ry frost."

No friend, save one, now anxious came  
To heal misfortune's wound;  
That friend, true to his peace and fame,  
Was in his *Anna* found.

*Hymen* and *Cupid* wove the chain  
That link'd her to his heart;  
With her he half forgot his pain,  
Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho' all the charms that Beauty knows  
Were in her form express'd,  
Yet faint her outward charms to those  
That lodg'd within her breast.

Her



Her words (sweet as when Peace is given  
 To a departing Soul  
 By Angel-Comforters from Heaven)  
 In soothing Accents stole.

“ Cease, cease these unavailing sighs,  
 “ Let Hope your brow unbend ;  
 “ Goodness supreme our patience tries,  
 “ It strikes but to amend.

“ Affliction's cloud once overblown,  
 “ Joy doubly Joy appears ;  
 “ The morn o'ercast, the noon-tide sun  
 “ A brighter lustre wears.

“ While conscious Truth and Virtue reign  
 “ In my *Amintor's* breast,  
 “ Our fate with courage we'll sustain,  
 “ And leave to heav'n the rest.”——

When *with* him, smiling on her brow,  
 The Cherub Hope appears ;  
 When *from* him, with a heart-sprung flow,  
 Gush her unprison'd tears.

The rose, that erst with blooming grace  
 Had with the lily shone,  
 By Grief was wither'd :——In her face  
 The lily reign'd alone.

Their loves one darling babe had crown'd,  
 His Parents' best delight ;

The only comfort *Anna* found:  
Each lonely widow'd night.

Like *Magdalen*, all radiant *Grace*,  
The Smiler at her breast,  
She oft with bended eye wou'd trace  
*Amintor's* self imprest;

Then,—eager clasp, and gaze, and weep,  
And pour the honey'd kisses,  
While sad remembrance pierc'd full deep,  
With scenes of bury'd bliss.

Soon as the lark salutes the day,  
Each morning *Anna* flies,  
To chase corroding spleen away,  
And bless *Amintor's* eyes.

A long, long day—No *Anna's* seen,—  
Her absence causes dread;  
When silent, Grief cuts doubly keen,  
She presses a sick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,  
“Oh wretch accurst!—For Thee,  
“For Thee the faithful *Anna* dies,  
“Her fated end I see.

“’Tis thy accursed hand that throws  
“The deadly murd’rous dart,  
“’Tis Thou art author of her woes;  
“Thou, Thou hast broke her heart.”

No

No more, *Amintor*, now complain,  
Thy *Anna*'s amply blest;  
Of Fortune and her glittering train,  
To utmost wish possést :

A kinsman Carle, whose griping hand,  
When living was unkind,  
Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,  
Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From her forsaken couch she springs,  
And low, enraptur'd bends;  
While on rejoicing Angels' wings  
Her gratitude ascends.

"Thanks, thanks, all gracious Heav'n!—Oh, grant,  
"This flood of joy I bear;  
"Thy mercy sends me all I want,  
"Henceforth I'll not despair.

"Is *Anna* then ordain'd to give  
" *Amintor* liberty?  
"For his lov'd sake I wish to live,  
"For him well pleas'd wou'd die."

To Providence the grateful tear  
Bursts from her uprais'd eyes;  
Not hecatombs to Heav'n appear  
Such pleasing sacrifice.

How faint the richest diamonds show!  
How languid all their fires!

To those in Beauty's eyes which glow  
When virtuous Joy inspires?

With transport wild, she eager flew  
To make *Amintor* blest;  
She saw *Amintor*—Thrilling view!  
In shrouded garment drest.

Frantic that morn he rav'd—"I ne'er  
" Shall *Anna* see again;"  
He falls a prey to black Despair;  
His heart-strings burst in twain.

The weakness which from Virtue grows  
Can Justice faulty deem?  
Such weakness Virtue only knows,  
When *Virtue's in Extreme*.

Let callous bosoms moralize,  
And frigid rules lay down,  
They feel not who are over-wise,  
Or dart the *Stoic* frown.

Like *Niobe* a while she stands,  
Then sinks upon the floor;  
She lifts her eyes—She wrings her hands,  
And never rises more.

One such example here below,  
(In heav'n let Virtue trust)  
Does an hereafter plainly show;  
*God cannot be unjust.*



*On a ROBIN's Singing o'er FIDELIA's Grave  
in Marygate Church-Yard, York.*

**S**TILL be the air: Unmov'd e'en Zephyr's wing,  
While the sweet Songster warbles forth his lays;  
And hark!—*Fidelia's* dirge he plaintive sings,  
The sacred Pile re-echoing her praise.\*

That praise she well deserves:—All good and kind,  
A soul devoid of cruelty or pride;  
Not ev'n the Babes by You to fame consign'd,  
More spotless liv'd, or less repining dy'd.†

Hither the Warbler eyes with cautious gaze,  
Oh, let not Fear suspend your grateful Song;  
Like you I wish to sing *Fidelia's* praise,  
Who lov'd *Fidelia* ne'er can do you wrong.

To see the Feather'd Tribe incag'd, the sigh  
Wou'd often heave, the tear humane wou'd start;  
The pitying soul wou'd glance from forth her eye,  
For Pity's dwelling was *Fidelia's* heart.

Hark! now again he swells his tuneful throat,  
His sympathizing soul with grief o'erflows,  
Pity and Love are warbled in each note;  
Such melody's the soothing nurse of woes.

Sing

\* The Ruins of the Abbey adjoining the Church-Yard.

† The Babes of the Wood.

Sing on, nor snare or ruthless school-boy fear,  
Her sacred reliques will from danger save ;  
Nor blasting Witch or Goblin dare appear  
To shed their venom o'er *Fidelia's* grave.

Oft when the western sun has downward sped,  
To your soul-melting Lay wou'd she attend ;  
And when stern Winter threaten'd, constant sed,  
And to the red-breast mourners prov'd a friend.

Sweet tho' your song, (why swells my throbbing breast?  
Why heaves the sigh ? Why drops the heart-sprung  
tear ?)  
Her song than your's yet sweeter was confess'd,  
The melting sound still vibrates on my ear.

Oh, may thy tuneful dirge, sweet Bird, each Eve  
With soothings kind my anguish'd bosom move ;  
So may *thy* heart ne'er know like mine to grieve,  
Nor may'st thou mourn, like me, a widow'd love.

Each flow'r and sweet cull'd with thy nicest skill,  
Strew o'er her grave ; no baleful weed be seen ;  
But weeping Eve her richest dews distill,  
And may the hallow'd turf be ever green.

And when, lov'd shade, this pulse no more shall beat,  
When all Life's pow'rs their functions shall decline,  
Oh may—(the flatt'ring hope how soothing sweet !)  
O may my ashes be entomb'd with thine !

## T U L L I A.

**L**IKE lightning swoops a Vulture keen,  
 And bears a Lambkin far away,  
 As by its dam upon the green  
 It frisk'd around in wanton play.

When *Tullia*, with heart-rending sighs,  
 Exclaims from forth a neighb'ring dale,  
 "Do not, poor Sheep, with lifted eyes  
 "And mournful bleatings, fondly wail,

"How small *your* loss to mine compar'd !  
 " *Your* Lambkin ne'er in smiles exprest  
 "Its anxious love—nor e'er was heard  
 "With songs to soothe its dam to rest.

"A few sad hours o'erblown—again  
 " *Your* pulse with wonted glee shall beat,  
 "Again *you'll* cheerful crop the plain,  
 "Again with artless music bleat.

"*You* have no *Celia* to lament,  
 "No poor betray'd and murder'd child,  
 "Whose heart, tho' pure, by shame was rent,  
 "By Man, than Vulture worse, beguil'd.

"Fair as the Summer's orient beam,  
 "That speaks the rising *Phæbus* nigh,  
 "Modest as violets o'er the stream,  
 "That humbly bend with timid eye;

"Un-

- " Unfullied as the virgin-snow,  
 " Sequester'd on the clifted hill,  
 " As melting too—when Pity's glow  
 " Bade thro' her eyes her soul distill ;
- " Yet lively as the bounding fawn,  
 " Fearless of hunter's snare or gun,  
 " That sports around the flow'ry lawn,  
 " And licks the hand, which wise, 'twou'd shun ;
- " Such was my *Celia*!—All the day  
 " She cheer'd me with her angel-voice ;  
 " At night, when wrap'd in sleep I lay,  
 " She made in dreams my soul rejoice.
- " 'Till *Derville*, like a Dæmon fell,  
 " Conceal'd in Flattery's rainbow guise,  
 " Came with alluring magic spell,  
 " And made her virgin soul his prize.
- " My door still hail'd him as a friend,  
 " My table as a favor'd guest,  
 " Whilst in return the smiling fiend  
 " A dagger plung'd within my breast.
- " Poor *Celia* (guileless was her heart)  
 " Each specious sigh, each vow believ'd,  
 " And stranger to insidious art,  
 " From her own feeling was deceiv'd.
- " In Lust's fell policy complete,  
 " (The hour unguarded when he came)
- M 3
- " He



“ He ruin’d—and as lightning fleet,  
 “ Bore her to infamy and shame.

“ Ah! where were then a mother’s cries,  
 “ To pierce the base insidious foe?  
 “ But can a mother’s tears and sighs  
 “ The Vulture make his prey forego!

“ In vain I flew the country round,  
 “ In vain did weep and wildly rave,  
 “ Nor my poor hapless Lambkin found,  
 “ ’Till I beheld her recent grave.

“ Grief, like a canker-worm at heart,  
 “ Had ravag’d from his inmost cell;  
 “ Despair had pierc’d her with his dart,  
 “ And Hope had sigh’d a last farewell.

“ Weary’d with tears and ceaseless moan,  
 “ *Derville*—(may heav’n the fiend repay!)  
 “ Left her, all helpless and unknown,  
 “ To dark Remorse a dying prey.

“ She, who from wond’ring gaze was wont,  
 “ Blushing, within herself to hide,  
 “ Modest and feeling as the plant  
 “ The slightest touch that cannot bide.\*

“ Ah, how cou’d she the distant sneer,  
 “ The barbed sting that mocks all cure,  
 “ From happier Pride the taunt severe,  
 “ Ah, how the Wanton’s curse endure!

“ For

\* The Sensitive Plant,

- “ For Me incessant was her cry,  
“ By Me she pray’d to be forgiv’n,  
“ Then laid her down—and with a sigh,  
“ Her contrite soul resign’d to heav’n.
- “ Heart-rending thought !—No mother near,  
“ In that dread hour to close her eyes,  
“ To breathe her soul upon the bier,  
“ And make for both one grave suffice !—
- “ Has not, O *Derville*, to your care,  
“ A Sister gracious heav’n assign’d ?  
“ On this reflect, then, Murd’rer, dare  
“ To hope your crimes will mercy find.
- “ Shou’d you that Sister dear behold,  
“ The public infamy and scorn,  
“ To Lust’s fell brood a prey for gold,  
“ To Want abandon’d and forlorn,
- “ Wou’d not your instant rage pursue  
“ (Tho’ guarded by a sov’reign Throne)  
“ The wretch—such *Derville*, such are You—  
“ By whom your darling was undone ?
- “ Can Man, by heav’n all just and kind,  
“ Ordain’d our Guardian, Lover, Friend,  
“ With coward heart and wiles refin’d,  
“ *Destroy* what *Nature* bids *Defend*.
- “ The Tyger fawns not when he bears  
“ To certain fate his destin’d food ;  
“ The honest Wolf a foe appears,  
“ And boldly howls his thirst for blood.
- “ My

“ My days that erst so chearful past,  
“ Like Autumn sunshine, mildly bright,  
“ With wint’ry clouds are now o’ercast ;—  
“ Ah ! when comes Death and friendly Night ?”

More she had said, but choaking sighs  
Her fault’ring accents quite suppress ;  
With broken heart she homeward hies,  
*Looks* her last pray’r, and sinks to rest.



The LAMENTATION of a MOUSE  
in a TRAP.

“UNHAPPY Maid! within this wiry cave,  
“Death’s certain summons doom’d, alas,  
to wait!

“Shall curst *Grimalkin*’s guts prove *Muzzy*’s grave?  
“So young!—In Pleasure’s Spring to meet my fate!

“These jet-bead eyes that fir’d Beholders’ hearts,  
“This velvet skin, small ears, and needle claws!  
“Those whiskers, (often stil’d Love’s keenest darts)  
“Must they be crush’d within a Murderer’s jaws?

“Was it for this, with daintiest morsels fed  
“From the scoop’d cheese, or bacon’s tasteful side?  
“*Mamma* with tenderness her *Muzzy* bred,  
“Clasp’d me, and call’d me still her *Little Pride*?

“Oft wou’d she cry—“My dear, my best-lov’d care,  
“Touch not your prey, ’till well the place you scan;  
“*Grimalkin*!—Of that monster, oh beware!—  
“And that more savage two-legg’d monster *Man*.”

“I—wretched I—unheedful of her love,  
“My duty’s forfeit now untimely pay;  
“Be warn’d by me, nor thus rebellious prove,  
“Ye Mice!—but ah!—your Parents’ Lore obey.

“To



- " To poor *Papa* had this sad hour been giv'n,  
 " How wou'd the sight his tender bosom wound!  
 " But poor *Papa*—(such the high will of Heav'n!)  
 " Last *April*-day was in a cream-bowl drown'd.  
  
 " Where now those gay coquettish breezes?—where?  
 " That erst so many youthful hearts have won?  
 " In swarms to *Muzzy*'s hole wont to repair,  
 " And swear her beauties far outshone the sun.  
  
 " They call'd me Goddess:—Said, " My frown or  
     " smile  
 " Cou'd save or doom to death the nibbling breed;"  
 " Ye mortal Goddesses of *Albion's* Isle,  
 " Oh! think!—Ev'n Goddess *Muzzy*'s doom'd to  
     " bleed.  
  
 " And must I die? No more *Squeakero's* strain  
 " (*Squeakero!* loveliest youth of youthful mice!)  
 " Shall flatt'ring homage pay—in hopes to gain  
 " That heart whose worth, he swore, surpass all  
     " price.  
  
 " His lengthen'd tail!—but, ah, that tail no more,  
 " Nor hero's form again shall bless my sight;  
 " His wit, which set the table on a roar,  
 " Poor *Muzzy's* soul shall ne'er again delight.  
  
 " How oft, *Squeakero*, have you vow'd—" No pow'r  
 " On earth from your embrace shou'd *Muzzy* tear!"  
 " Let not *Grimalkin's* spiked jaws devour,  
 " But from this horrid cave your *Muzzy* bear.

" Me-

“Methinks the fell devourer I espy,  
 “With eyes, like fiery suns, that flash forth dread;  
 “And tail, like threat’ning comet, rais’d on high,  
 “And giant paw prepar’d to strike me dead.

“No Parent, Lover, Friend, at that sad hour,  
 “On Lightning’s wings to fly with vengeful aid!  
 “And can ye—can ye let the Fiend devour,  
 “Ah me! your Darling!—your poor *Little Maid*?

“*Squeakero*! Parent! Friends!—like Lightning fly,  
 “Bring armies—quick—tear, rend this hated jail:  
 “No Parent, Lover, Friend, alas, is nigh—  
 “Nor cou’d whole armies in this case avail.

“The Bait, which but a few short minutes past  
 “So tempting!—now how hateful to mine eyes!  
 “Repentance oft attends a liquorish taste;  
 “From *Muzzy*’s fate learn, Maidens, to be wise.

“A certain Judgment (such Heav’n’s wise decree)  
 “Attends the Wretch who not a Parent hears;  
 “But hark—the dreadful latch is rais’d!—and see!  
 “Have mercy, Heav’n!—a Two-legg’d Fiend  
 “appears.”

She said—and trembling sweeps the wires;—when lo!  
 Murd’rous *Grimalkin*, darting baleful fires,  
 Enters the Room:—*All Nature feels the blow*;  
 Poor *Muzzy* squeaks—and with a nip expires.

*The*

*The* LAST SPEECH *and* DYING WORDS of  
WILLY a PET-LAMB,

Who was executed by the Hands of a Common Butcher,  
*For tearing and murdering one of Miss D——'s lac'd  
Ruffles.*

(QUIS TALIA FANDO, TEMPERET A LACHRYMIS ?)

“ **A**ND must I die? Must your poor *Willy* bleed?  
“ From Life, nay more, from *You* unpity'd  
“ cast!

“ Oh, spare your little Lambkin, and indeed  
“ This my first witless crime shall be my last.

“ That ornament around your ivory arm  
“ So often grac'd, I saw,—and-with a glee  
“ Extatic kiss'd; perhaps I was too warm,  
“ *My Lips tho' guilty, yet my Heart was free.*

“ With my wild gambols pleas'd, can you forget  
“ How oft the fleeting hour you've smil'd away?  
“ Kiss'd me, and call'd me your *noun* little Pet,  
“ And vow'd my breath was sweet as new-mown  
“ hay?

“ Have you forgot how oft-times by your side  
“ Fearless along the plain I joyous sped?  
“ Have you forgot with what a conscious pride  
“ I baa'd, whene'er you patted *Willy's* head?

“ When

" When *Cupid* bark'd, with Envy stung and Spite,

" To you I ran to save me from my foe ;

" You, instant, banish'd *Cupid* from your sight,

" And kissing, call'd me your sweet *Willio*.

" How oft upon your knee my head I've laid !

" Proud from your hand to take my destin'd food ;

" Favours from others were in vain display'd,

" No sweets, save from your hand, I counted good.

" And when at morn from bed undress'd you sprung,

" Have you not clasp'd me in your snowy arms ?

" While I, all rapture, lick'd you with my tongue,

" Nor once disclos'd the secret of your charms.

" Let Innocence and Love for Mercy plead ;

" For Mercy on my marrow-bones I fall ;

" *Tho' some few errors to my share's decreed,*

" *Look in my face, and you'll forget 'em all.*

" Can black Revenge lodge in so fair a breast ?

" Can such a trifle warp an Angel's mind ?

" How must each sighing Lover prove distress,

" To find such fickleness and beauty join'd !

" Bak'd in my blood, convuls'd in every part,

" Quivering in death cou'd you poor *Willy* view ?

" And from my breast torn forth my little heart,

" That heart whose latest throbblings beat for You.

" Cou'd you behold my mangled carcase rise,

" Smoaking upon your board to tempt the taste ?

N

" The



“ The tear, I’m sure, wou’d straight empearl your eyes;  
 “ You cou’d not on your murder’d *Willy* feast.

“ If I must die—Oh, grant this last request,  
 “ Let form of gloves my little lamb-skin grace;  
 “ Then shall poor *Willy* ev’n in Death be blest,  
 “ To think your dear-lov’d arms he shall embrace.

“ And from the wool that curls o’er *Willy*’s skin,  
 “ Wou’d you two snowy, posied garters make;  
 “ This favour too, dear Lady, let me win,  
 “ Wear ’em, ah, wear him for poor *Willy*’s sake.

“ Each day and night when these remains appear,  
 “ Shou’d to your mem’ry rise my hapless shade,  
 “ And your relenting heart give one kind tear,  
 “ My suff’rings will be more than overpaid.

“ But see!—the murd’rer whets his bloody knife,  
 “ Eager he grins, as ready for the blow;  
 “ If nothing can atone but *Willy*’s Life,  
 “ Ah, let my Lady’s Hand the stroke bestow.”

Distant and deaf to *Willy*’s plaintive moan,  
 Madam, distressful, o’er her Ruffle stood;  
 The Butcher plung’d his knife;—and with a groan  
 Poor *Willy*’s Life came rushing in a flood.



G O D W I N *and* L U C Y.

**T**HE midnight bell had freedom knoll'd  
To Ghosts, an hour or more,  
When black Despair to *Lucy's* tomb  
The youthful *Godwin* bore.

Scarce sixteen Springs the lovely maid  
Had seen bedeck the plains ;  
Scarce twice ten Summer suns had warm'd  
The blood in *Godwin's* veins.

All gentle she as is the dove,  
Not Beauty's self more fair ;  
In manly virtues with the youth,  
No youth might then compare.

Her cruel Sire—hard was his heart !——  
Upon their passion frown'd ;  
Poor *Lucy* pin'd, and soon she lay  
In shrouded vestment bound.

Can Parents Being give, yet rend  
Their Children's hearts in twain ?  
Of Parent Heav'n, ye Parents learn,  
*There* Love and Mercy reign.

The cloister'd Aile sad *Godwin* seeks,  
Where *Lucy* breathless lay ;  
The cloister'd Aile aloud repeats  
Poor *Godwin's* sad dismay.

Mid crowds of gliding pale-ey'd Ghosts,  
 Fearless he pass'd along;  
 The screech-owl tunes her boding throat,  
 To hail the airy throng.

A darklin cloud of bluish gleam  
 Inwraps each sheeted sprite;  
 Save *Godwin's*, sure no breast had then  
 But thrill'd with cold affright.

"Why thus with pitying looks, a wretch  
 "Like *Godwin* do you view?—  
 "A few short moments more, and I  
 "Shall be as one of you.

"My journey's end is *Lucy's* tomb,  
 "There by her clay-cold side  
 "I'll breathe my last, in death at least  
 "*Lucy* shall be my bride."

He saw his *Lucy* all bestrew'd  
 With flow'rs of fragrant breath,  
 Sweet tho' each flow'r,—yet sweeter far  
 The Lily cropt by Death.

In Fate's pale livery clad, yet still  
 She on her *Godwin* smil'd;  
 "Ah, cruel Sire, whose flinty heart  
 "Cou'd murder such a child!

"Cou'd you that face, where Heav'n was seen,  
 "All ghastly now behold?

"That

“ That breast, whose pulse for you beat warm,  
“ Now motionless and cold ?

“ Those eyes, which like the orient sun,  
“ All mild, yet heav’nly bright,  
“ Cou’d you—Oh, cou’d you see ’em set  
“ And hid in endless night.

“ Those lips, whence truth and sweetness flow’d,  
“ Cou’d you without a groan  
“ Here view,—and, like your flinty heart,  
“ Not straight congeal to stone ?”

Trembling he knelt, where *Lucy*’s corps  
For worms a banquet lay ;  
He prest her lips, but felt ’em not  
Cold as the lifeless clay.

Her ling’ring soul, by Love detain’d,  
Still flutter’d round her heart,  
Loath from that spot, where *Godwin*’s form  
Was graven, to depart.

Surpriz’d, again her lips he prest,  
To life renew’d she wakes ;  
Amazement wild from forth her lips  
In half-form’d accents breaks.

“ Where am I ?”——“ Here in *Godwin*’s arms,”  
The youth enraptur’d cries,  
And to a place of safety straight  
Snatches his new-wak’d prize.



Low at her wond'ring Parent's feet  
Next morning *Lucy* kneels ;  
And *Godwin's* constancy and love  
With tears of joy reveals.

" Oh, Mercy ! Mercy ! honour'd Sire,  
" Heal your poor *Lucy's* woes ;  
" Nor let again the dark cold tomb  
" Your shrouded child inclose."

Hanging on *Lucy's* neck, her Sire  
Repentant now appears ;  
Eager he clasps her, and his joy  
Scarce speaks for gushing tears.

" Long, long may these Time-bleached locks  
" To native dust return,  
" 'Ere on my *Lucy's* Second Tomb,  
" Her Children's Children mourn.

" All good and duteous as thou art,  
" How cou'd I prove unkind !  
" How to your tears and pray'rs be deaf,  
" As the unfeeling wind.

" To make my Darling henceforth blest,  
" I'll every wish confine ;  
" *Godwin* is your's, and you are his,  
" And both——ye both are mine."

He bent his knee, he rais'd his eye,  
To Heav'n in grateful pray'r ;

And

And to the shrine enraptur'd waits  
The happy, destin'd pair.

The hoary Priest, who but yestreen  
Lucy's sad *Requiem* sigh'd ;  
With tears of joy his blessing pours  
On *Lucy*, now a Bride.

Scarce had the Sun one circling course  
Thro' the horizon sped,  
'Ere *Lucy* deep intomb'd it saw,  
And in her Bridal Bed.



## W O M A N.

AH! why with every charm is Woman grac'd?  
 Why strongest feelings to our lot assign'd?  
 Like Pageants why aloft by Flatt'ry plac'd?  
 Is it to make our chains more galling bind!

With hearts to give, and souls to taste delight,  
 Of Love and all the gentler passions fram'd,  
 Soft as young Pity, cheerful as the Light,  
 Why at our Peace is Man's fell dagger aim'd?

If we are weak, 'tis for our souls are kind,  
 We ne'er suspect a guile our hearts disdain;  
 If we are frail, our passions like the wind,  
 From Us why crave what *Manhood* can't attain?

In Childhood, when by Wisdom bent with Care,  
 The supple twig to Virtue shou'd incline,  
 Merit, we're taught, consists in being fair,  
 Our study—Dress alone wherein to shine.

From school that cloister'd prison soon as freed,  
 Where Ignorance with birchen Pride bears sway,  
 To bonds more harsh our servile lot's decreed,  
 A jealous Sire or Guardian to obey.

There each unguarded word, each harmless look,  
 (The cheerful blood then dancing in our veins)  
 Dark *Calumny* within her venom'd book,  
 The leaves of snake-skin form'd, makes foul with  
 stains.

As

As children painted butterflies pursue,  
Which caught, with cruelty they soon destroy,  
Our fated sex thus men enraptur'd view,  
When won, our ruin all their boasted joy.

How can we shun, alas, those thousand snares,  
By artful Man for Virgin Pity wove,  
And all those quicksands treacherous Love prepares?—  
Man's Hate is far less dangerous than his Love.

Of ev'ry kind the Male protects his Mate,  
Whether on earth, in air, or in the main,  
Whilst Woman—Ah, how wretched Woman's fate!  
In her Protector meets her flattering Bane.

At *Hymen's* shrine shou'd they announce their flame,  
Where mutual vows a mutual love attest,  
Unwarp'd fidelity from *Us* they claim,  
Of their own vows, yet scornful, make a jest.

Falshood from *Us*, tho' to our Lordlings due,  
In all its blackest dies is blazon'd forth;  
Falshood from *Them*—(how few, alas, are True!)  
The partial Tyrants colour o'er with Worth.

Forbid to taste what Learning's banquet shows,  
Or quaff the streams that Wisdom's fount supplies,  
Yet for those very wants themselves impose,  
The tyrant Sex our hapless Sex despise.

No Sex bright *Genius* boasts: In *Us* it beams  
With equal glow if nourish'd at the roots;



Fed by the All-inspiring Muses' stream,  
Above the heavens the Female Laurel shoots.

Of joy our little portion's but a gleam,  
A flash of sunshine in a wint'ry day;  
That gone, we wake from our bewitching dream,  
And all around is darkness and dismay.

Unhappy Sex! tho' here depriv'd of rest,  
Some future state shall full reward extend,  
With Freedom's Manna where we shall be blest,  
And (Earth's black Ordeal past) Joys know no End.



DAMON *and* SYLVIA.

FROM forth the church, all blithe and gay,  
 The youthful *Damon* came,  
 Handing his bride in trim array,  
 A fair and wealthy dame;  
 Whilst poor forsaken *Sylvia* stood,  
 Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood.

" Oh, *Damon*, *Damon*, perjur'd youth,  
 " But for a moment stay,  
 " Are all your vows and boasted truth  
 " Like Gosmore blown away?  
 " Give, give me back my heart again;—  
 " You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain.

" Did you not swear for Me alone  
 " Each vow to heav'n did rise?  
 " Did you not swear a Monarch's throne  
 " Without Me you'd despise?  
 " I, witless, thought you true as dove,  
 " And by my own weigh'd *Damon's* love.

" But Wealth, that bane of Constancy,  
 " Lur'd *Damon's* heart away,  
 " On swallow-wings false Riches fly;  
 " True Love can ne'er decay:  
 " Had I the world to give,—you know,  
 " That world on *Damon* I'd bestow.

" Was

“ Was there a pain touch’d *Damon*’s breast,  
“ But *Sylvia* doubly knew ?  
“ Was there a joy to make *Me* blest,  
“ But took its rise from *You* ?  
“ Was there a wish (Why heaves this sigh !)  
“ Of *Damon*’s—*Sylvia* cou’d deny ?

“ Behold the face you once so prais’d,  
“ With grief how pale, how wan !  
“ Those eyes, on which you so have gaz’d,  
“ How dim !—how woe-begone !  
“ Cou’d you my inmost bosom bare,  
“ You’d *Damon* see—and black Despair.

“ But hold—I came not to upbraid,  
“ I hither came to die ;  
“ Beneath the turf when *Sylvia*’s laid,  
“ Give but one tender sigh ;  
“ ’Tis all I ask, ’tis all I want,  
“ Happy if this small boon you grant.”

She said, and straight a dagger aim’d,  
It quaff’d her bosom’s gore ;  
That bosom, which with Love inflam’d,  
Despair had pierc’d before :  
Inconstant *Damon* felt the blow,  
And all his future days were woe.

From LUCIO, in BEDLAM, to FULVIA.

IN this short *Interval* that Reason knows,  
 When sad remembrance but augments my woes,  
 Once more Truth's faithful mirror let me hold,  
 And your soul's portrait in these lines unfold:  
 Read;—and if thought dare backward glance an eye,  
 Think, if e'er wretch was half so curst as I!—  
 This clotted straw—ah me!—the only bed  
 Where wretchedness like mine can lay its head;  
 These plaster'd walls spread o'er with nauseous stains,  
 Bar'd windows, cobweb'd roofs, and iron chains,  
 The only objects that present to view!  
 Are these returns for Love like *Lucio's* due?  
 Cou'd *Fulvia* thus!—For pity hold, my Brain,  
 'Till I have stabb'd th' Adultress thro' each vein.

Yes, Syren, yes, if black Ingratitude,  
 (That rankest Fiend of Hell's detested brood,  
 That pestilential prop of *Satan's* throne,  
 In whom all vices are compriz'd in one,  
*Legion* of Sin! in Smiles delusive drest,  
 Whose loathsome Cell's the grand Deceiver's breast)  
 Has not already stamp'd you more than Fiend,  
 These lines shall your polluted heart-strings rend,  
 Shall make ye groan, nay howl in sad despair,  
 While Hell's remotest Damn'd shall trembling hear.

Have you forgot the day, when languid, pale,  
 Like a fair Lily frost-nipt in the Vale,  
 You droop'd,—your vernal bloom scarce yet reveal'd,  
 While hopeless Love, deep-rankling, lay conceal'd?

O

With



With dart, high-threat'ning, Death hung o'er your  
 head,  
 And friends despairing, wept around your bed ;  
 At length the secret from its prison flew,  
 You sigh'd, and wish'd from *Lucio* an Adieu,  
 No sound from forth your lips save *Lucio* came,  
 Your fault'ring voice still dwelt on *Lucio's* name ;  
 Your Parents, doubtful, trembling, begg'd my aid  
 To save, if possible, their darling Maid,  
 From me one smile, they urg'd, but one kind word  
 Might Hope recal, and lenient balm afford :  
 Unnotic'd to that instant *Fulvia's* flame,  
 A stranger to your beauty—rank—ev'n name ;  
 Fortune had plac'd Me in a sphere above  
 That humbler walk where You was wont to move,  
 Yet, pitying, quick I flew at their request,  
 And whisper'd comfort to your anguish'd breast ;  
 Pity first op'd the portal of my heart,  
 When Love, triumphant entering, fill'd each part,  
 Possess'd me all, inchain'd my very soul,  
 And, Reason banish'd, sway'd without controul :  
 I sooth'd, caress'd, recall'd your flitting life,  
 Nay more, ungrateful, hail'd you *Lucio's* Wife ;  
 Before the sacred Altar seal'd my vows,  
 And thought me happy in so fair a spouse ;——  
 Her throne deserted Health once more resum'd,  
 Your dying features with a glow relum'd :——  
 What vows, with tears enrich'd, from *Fulvia* flew !  
 “ How grateful, kind, how loving, and how true !  
 “ My Saviour ! my Preserver ! ” was your cry,  
 The speaking moisture starting from your eye,  
 “ To you my life—yet more—my love is due ;——  
 “ I owe 'em all—and much, much more to you ; ”  
Whilst

While I, unhappy, ev'ry vow believ'd,  
I read you in myself, and was deceiv'd.

Ah! why will tears adown my furrow'd cheek,  
Spite of disdain and rage, my weakness speak?  
Why with a soul so feeling was I curst?  
Why with soft Pity's milky streamlet nurst?  
Had *Lucio's* heart been callous as your own,  
*Fulvia* had dy'd unlov'd, unwept, unknown.

Was there a wish—Oh, let your heart declare,  
If still that mark of humankind you bear,  
Was there a wish, but lightning-like I flew,  
Nor, till your wish enjoy'd, Contentment knew?  
Was there a thought of mine but teem'd with love?  
Joy was not Joy, did *Fulvia* not approve:  
Pass'd there a day, an hour throughout the year,  
But brought new proofs my passion how sincere?  
And when disease threw o'er your charms a shade,  
Unnerv'd your soul, and made your roses fade,  
Did I not weary Heav'n with constant pray'r,  
And tend you with a more than Nurse's care?  
While You—Oh Heav'n! in angel softness drest,  
*Seem'd* to repose your soul in *Lucio's* breast;—  
Upon Delusion's happy shore I stray'd,  
'Till Chance, in one curst hour, my golden hopes  
betray'd.

Unus'd to absence from your Syren Charms,  
And dragg'd by hated Bus'ness from your arms  
A few sad days—(how heavy then my heart!  
From Love—from *Fulvia* destin'd to depart)

I, wistful, bade Adieu:—Your ev'ry look,  
 Your glist'ning eye, your broken accents spoke,  
 They spoke—yes, *Dalilah*, they spoke Despair;  
 But ah! each word, each look, how unsincere!—  
 Hanging upon my neck, how did you pray  
 From *Fulvia* short wou'd be her *Lucio's* stay!  
 How did you sigh!—How did your bosom heave!  
 And to my trembling lips your kisses cleave!  
 How often call your *Lucio* back!—Again  
 Your *Lucio* to your panting bosom strain!  
 Again, with lips close prest, (that balmy seat  
 Where, veil'd in roses, lurks the Fiend Deceit)  
 How beg, if *Fulvia* e'er your love possest,  
 Quick my return to ease her widow'd breast;  
 Ev'n to the last how did your eyes pursue,  
 And every straining look, pronounce Adieu,  
 'Till distance hid me from your aking view.

Oh, Woman! Woman! All your tears, your sighs,  
 Your vows—what are they but hyena lies?—  
 The curling smoke that as it mounts dissolves,  
 More stable than your love, more fix'd than your  
 resolves.

Each tedious hour of absence was a year,  
 No friend but Hope my anxious soul to cheer;  
 Ah, flattering smiling Hope, thus to deceive!  
 Ah, foolish Man, Hope's Lurements to believe!—  
 When free, with wild impatience I reflow,  
 Lightsome as air, to fancy'd Bliss and You:  
*Love* bore me on his wings, as if to show  
 How far *his* joys transcend all joys below;

But

But hurl'd from thence, with such dire force I fell,  
I burst earth's bounds, and plung'd to deepest hell.\*

'Twas early Morn, Night's Shadows newly fled,  
When to my *Fulvia*'s chamber quick I sped,  
A master-key a ready entrance gave,  
And all was silent as the mirky grave,  
My swelling pulse in quicker currents flow'd,  
My bosom with unusual transports glow'd,  
To think what joy in *Fulvia* wou'd appear,  
To see her "Bosom's Lord," her *Lucio* near;  
To hear her in soft dreams perhaps repeat  
Her *Lucio*'s name, in accents angel-sweet:  
Your curtain drawn, on tiptoe soft I stole,  
Love, Hope, and Fancy sporting in my soul;  
I look'd and saw—the thought awakes my pain,  
Stabs my poor heart, and fires my heated brain,  
I saw my Slave clasp'd in your warm embrace,  
While Pleasure slumb'ring glow'd around your face;  
Upon your arm, that o'er his neck was thrown,  
A bracelet rich with eastern jewels shone,  
Which, few days since elaps'd, with sportive pride  
And thousand kisses on your wrist I ty'd;  
No other use for treasur'd store I knew,  
Bewitching Sorcerers! but to pleasure You:  
I stiffen'd; clammy chilness stopt each pore,  
I scream'd, and lifeless dropt upon the floor.

Oh, had it pleas'd kind Heav'n, of sense depriv'd,  
I ne'er to curst Remembrance had reviv'd,  
But *Fulvia*, Love, Ingratitude forgot,  
The friendly Grave had been my happy Lot,

O 3

I

\* Loquitur Phreneticus.

SCRIBLERIUS.



I then had peaceful sunk through Death to rest;  
 From Life, from Thought releas'd were to be blest;  
 But now no common misery's my share,  
 Ev'n Fiends are strangers to the pangs I bear:—  
 Far as Love's Joys all other Joys excel,  
 Love's Torments distant throw the Pains of Hell.

By Friends officious dragg'd to hated Light,  
 I heard, Adult'refs, of your hasty Flight;  
 Heard, that with Jewels and with Treasure fraught,  
 (Heedless of *Lucio*, whom you lifeless thought)  
 On Guilt's dark pinions far conceal'd you flew;  
 But, ah! you cannot fly from Heav'n's all-searching  
 View.

Madness ensu'd, while Reason fled her Throne,  
 By Intervals, alas! now faintly known;  
 Shut out from air and from the cheerful day,  
 (Wou'd I were shrouded a cold lump of clay!)  
 No Friend to share my Grievs, or soothe my Care,  
 My sole Companions Madness and Despair;  
 When maddest, happiest; Mem'ry then in vain,  
 Lost in a labyrinth, darts the venom'd pain;  
 Ev'n Death, half-scar'd to hear my uncouth cries,  
 At distance grins, and friendly aid denies.

Oh, *Fulvia*!—but I pray not heav'n to pour  
 Upon your guilty head the vengeful shower;  
 May you repent, and may—the pray'r how vain!  
 Sweet Mercy's Fount were gracious Heav'n to drain,  
 'Twou'd not suffice to wash away your stain.

In ev'ry corner of my cell is view'd  
 The stabbing marks of your Ingratitude;

For

For painted roof this den !—For downy bed  
 This beggar straw ! no Hope !—All Comfort fled !  
 While from the neighb'ring cells each shriek and groan,  
 In sounding *their* despair, proclaims my own,  
 And menial wretches, wolf-soul'd, thro' my grate  
 Sport with my ravings and deride my fate ;  
 Ev'n midnight Owls and Dogs (more kind than they)  
 My shrieks with shrieks, and howls with howls repay :  
 Nay more, a Wretch beneath my notice late,  
 With lash erect, now tyrant of my fate,  
 With barb'rous phrase, and yet more barb'rous hand,  
 And blows—ev'n blows enforcing his command :—  
 Can it be Justice, Heav'n, on me to pour  
 Of Vengeance such a complicated store ?  
 'Tis Justice—and your wise decree I own,  
 My crime was Love to Hell's worst offspring shewn,  
 To *Fulvia* :—At the very sound Fiends grin,  
 Half-pleas'd to find themselves outdone in sin.

Cou'd you, O *Fulvia*, cou'd you view those eyes,  
 That gloated on you with such extasies,  
 Now rolling fierce, with frightful wildness strain'd,  
 And in their blood-ring'd sockets scarce contain'd ?  
 Cou'd you behold those lips, to yours when join'd,  
 On which our flutt'ring souls, you swore, entwin'd ?  
 Cou'd you behold 'em quiv'ring, sordid, pale,  
 Frothing wild rage, my gnashing teeth reveal ?  
 Those hands you oft with tears of love bedew'd,  
 Tearing my shaggy beard, and stain'd in blood ?

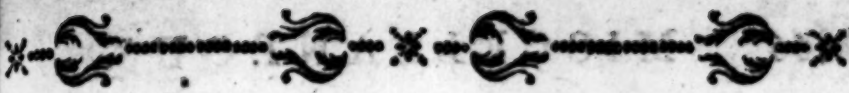
Cou'd

\* Persons of all ranks, till within these few years, were, on paying a trifle, occasionally admitted into the long Gallery at Bedlam, where they often made a *cruel* use of this indulgence.

Cou'd you these lines—this farewell, last Adieu,  
 Without one sigh repentant, careless view?  
 The *Helen* smiles, with scorn she skims 'em o'er,  
 Then gloating, clasps her dirt-sprung Paramour:—  
 Seize her, Infernals, drag her quick below,  
 Heap on her all your quintessence of Woe;  
 They seize her!—See! her tender limbs they tear!  
 Her yell!—her dreadful screamings rend my ear!  
 And lo!—her heart is marble—and her veins  
 Spout forth th' ungrateful Adder's inky stains:  
 She still is *Fulvia*——Spare her, and on me  
 Turn all your vengeance—Set poor *Fulvia* free;  
 See!—See! she shuns me, and with mangled charms  
 For shelter flies to her base Minion's arms:  
 This to the Villain's"——(Desunt Cætera.)

---

NOT all the Beauties fancied Rapture feigns,  
 Of grove-clad Hills, and flow'r-enamell'd Plains,  
 Of Chrystal Streams, and Amaranthine Bowers,  
 Ambrosial Fruits, and soft refreshing Showers,  
 Not Music's Warblings, or a Zephyr'd Sky,  
 Nor variegated Scenes to feast the Eye,  
 Form'd the glad *Eden* of the Primal Pair;  
 Where dwells *True Love* all *Paradise* is there:  
 But ah! when banish'd *Innocence* and *Love*,  
 No longer please, Hill, Dale, or tuneful Grove;  
 To *Be* torments,—all Nature wears a Gloom,  
 And fell Despair and Hate the Reins assume;  
 No more with Heav'n's *First* Joys our *Souls* swell,  
 What erst was *Paradise* becomes a *Hell*.



# MISCELLANEOUS.

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## EVE'S LEGACY *to her* DAUGHTERS.

IN TWO CANTOS.

### C A N T O I.

**E**IGHT Centuries and some odd years,  
(From Jewish *Talmud* as appears)  
*Eve* had with *Adam* led a life  
Of joy, of pain,—of love and strife;  
When in the socket Nature's flame  
Expiring, hopeless lay the Dame;  
Around her couch, a numerous brood  
Of Daughters and Grand-daughters stood,  
Wives, Widows, Maids;—Tho' given to stray,  
*Eve* had been careful to obey  
That strict command sent from on high,  
Which bids *Encrease and Multiply*:  
She sigh'd,—she shook her palsied head,  
And thus in feeble accents said:

“An



" An ear attentive, Daughters, lend,  
And to my last advice attend,  
The only *Legacy* that *Eve*  
To her sweet Girls has power to give.

" But what in *Eden* erst besel,  
By way of Prologue let me tell;  
*Much may in Little be exprest,*  
*Few words to me seem always best.*

" My Life, since first I tasted air,  
Has been a Life of Toil and Care;  
No sooner scoop'd from *Adam's* side,  
At once his Daughter and his Bride,  
But I was taught without delay,  
'Twas his to *Rule*, mine to *Obe*y:  
A note so harsh, so vastly queer,  
At first struck oddly on my ear:—  
" All things on earth, my Goodman said,  
" Were for *his* use and pleasure made,  
" And I, it seems, among the rest,  
" But born to stoop to his behest;  
" My province (he averr'd) was Home,  
" Whilst lordly Man at will might roam,  
" Nor shou'd a faithful Wife appear  
" Abroad, unlicens'd by her Dear."  
Thus in the groves while he was walking,  
With Angels gossiping and talking,  
*My* hours, insipidly content,  
No pleasure known, at home were spent;  
My sole employ to cull the fruit  
Which best his appetite wou'd suit;

Or to prepare a fragrant bed  
Of choicest flow'rs to lay his head,  
Of which he thought it was but fair  
To let his Bedmaker have share.

“ One day my toil domestic done,  
I stole abroad at setting sun  
To take the air ;——Serene the Sky,  
The Wind a gentle lullaby  
Just breath'd, as sinking down to rest,  
The Birds their ev'ning hymn address ;  
The Beasts their wanton frolics play'd,  
Thirstless of gore, along the glade ;  
The western sky around the sun,  
In azure, streak'd with crimson, shone ;  
The breathing flowers along the mead,  
A soul-reviving lustre shed,  
The groves, the plains, the wood-rob'd hills,  
The dales, the slope-descending rills,  
All join'd, all grateful join'd, to pay  
Their thanks in Nature's sweetest lay ;  
And music with enchanting sound,  
Re-echoed harmony around,  
While Angels hov'ring on the wing,  
The concert join'd in airy ring.

“ A deep impression on my mind,  
This Farewel Scene has left behind ;  
Such scenes we no where now can boast,  
With Paradise such scenes are lost.

“ Enraptur'd as I mov'd along,  
I join'd the universal song,

When

When Destiny—or God knows what—  
 Brought me to that sequesterd spot  
 Where Wisdom's Tree majestic grew,  
 Loaded with fruit of golden hue;  
 I, playful, with the mountain cat,  
 Beneath its spreading branches sat,  
 Not in the least, as God's my guide,  
 Suspecting what wou'd soon betide;  
 When, all amazement and surprize!  
 Another *Adam* met my eyes,  
 But far surpassing my Good Man,  
 As to the Raven is the Swan;  
 Tripping he came along the road,  
 His looks a passion straight avow'd,  
 He smil'd, he ogled, and he bow'd;  
 Bow'd with an air and such a grace,  
 As flush'd the colour in my face;  
 His tresses on his shoulders spread,  
 A wreath of flow'rs adorn'd his head,  
 His face!—in short no modern Beau  
 Cou'd half so fair and lovely show;  
 I wou'd have fled, but 'twas in vain,  
 What Nymph cou'd fly so sweet a Swain?  
 He seiz'd my hand, and with a tongue,  
 Where more than angel sweetness hung,  
 Thus spoke——

“ Fairest of creatures Heav'n e'er made,  
 “ In whom all beauty is display'd,  
 “ Perfection's Self! For Heav'n in You  
 “ Blazon'd the utmost Heav'n cou'd do,  
 (And sooth to say, no Female since  
 Had to like honour such pretence,

For

For *Eve* was then beyond compare,  
Of all her *Daughters* the most fair ;)

" Did you, he smiling cry'd, but know  
" The raptures which from Knowledge flow,  
" Upon the fruit divine you'd feast,  
" And be a Cherubim at least.

" Can Knowledge be a crime, fair *Eve* ?

" How weak such Doctrine to believe !

" 'Tis all a trick, my worthy Madam,

" Contriv'd for his own ends by *Adam* ;

" Here many a time, or I'm a sinner,

" While you're at home, preparing dinner,

" Slyly he steals—I've seen him do't—

" To smuggle the Forbidden Fruit ;

" Nor fear to die ;—'tis all a cheat,

" Unhurt you see me safely eat."

" He said, and from the loaded tree,  
(Whose arching boughs, with fragrancy  
And golden apples spread around,  
Kissing the wide-encircled ground)  
Fearless of Death or future pain,  
He pull'd—he eat—and eat again :  
Amaz'd I saw him still survive,  
And scarce my senses could believe ;  
For *Adam* oft with anxious look,  
And dreadful threat'ning, thus had spoke ;  
" Whene'er the *Fruit Forbid* you taste,  
" That hour, O *Eve*, shall be your last."  
His eyes now shone with heav'nly fire,  
Which mortal food cou'd ne'er inspire ;

P

He



He look'd so kind, such wonders told,  
 I cou'd, in truth, no longer hold ;  
 I thought 'twas hard—'twas wond'rous hard—  
 From Knowledge *Eve* thou'd be debarr'd,  
 While *Adam*, like a greedy elf,  
 Monopoliz'd the Fruit himself :  
 The Prohibition too to eat,  
 Made me more eager for the treat.  
 Now tell me, Daughters, which of you  
 Wou'd not *have done*, or wou'd not *do*  
 The very same ?——These words scarce spoke,  
 An universal chorus broke  
 Instant, from each bright Miss and Dame,  
 “ Indeed, Mamma, you're not to blame,  
 “ We all had done the very same.”

“ Who cou'd suspect so sweet a Youth,  
 So angel-like, devoid of truth ?  
 In masquerade he came : Ye Fair,  
 Of masquerading sparks beware ;  
 I stretch'd my hand, but fell along,  
 Sure omen I was doing wrong ;  
 A cackling hen, with furious cries,  
 Peck'd at her husband's comb and eyes ;  
 Three times I sneez'd ;—and stranger yet,  
 The sun seem'd bloody as it set.

“ Yet maugre all these Omens sent,  
 An apple from the tree I rent,  
 And eat ;—when, like a rapid flame,  
 The passions shot thro' all my frame ;

*Adam*

*Adam* forgot, I glowing ey'd  
The Youth, and wish'd to be his bride,  
When a loud clap of thunder straight  
(Dire signal of my fallen state)  
Arous'd me:—At the awful sound  
Th' impostor Fiend dropt to the ground,  
And lo! to my affrighted eyes,  
A Serpent roll'd of monstrous size,  
That breath'd forth flames, and blackest smoke  
From his infernal nostrils broke;  
Beneath the bushes straight he fled  
Hissing, to hide his frightful head;  
I scream'd, and quick as lightning flew,  
Instant the noise my husband drew,  
Who missing me,—a case uncommon—  
Was searching round for his lost Woman,  
His flutt'ring pulse beating alarm,  
As if foreboding future harm;  
Trembling I told the dismal tale,  
He, like a ghost, all wan and pale,  
Poor soul! a while as rooted stood,  
A speechless, senseless stick of wood;  
At length, heaving a woe-fraught sigh,  
And darting wild to heav'n his eye,  
"Death is your doom, unhappy *Eve*,  
"Depriv'd of you I cannot live;  
"No second *Eve* my heart can move,  
"My soul disdains another love."  
Thus said, he pluck'd the fatal tree,  
And join'd to mine his destiny:  
What from that hour to this befel,  
Your very Catechiz can tell.

“ ’Twas then from the broad fig-leaf’s shade,  
A decent covering first I made,  
To veil what now we’re taught to hide  
’Till pretty Miss commences Bride ;  
Nor peacock cou’d more pride express  
Than I in my new-fangled dress ;  
With most becoming air and taste  
The leaves I planted round my waste,  
And instant from my Fall, became  
A flaunting, jaunting, dressy Dame.

“ But ah ! I find my strength decay,  
My eyes begin to shut out day,  
*Brief*, my dear Children, let me be,  
In giving my last *Legacy* :

*“ Few words to Me seem always best,  
Much may in Little be express’d.*

## C A N T O II.

“**Y**E budding Virgins not full blown,  
 Who scarce a Century have known,  
 Whose little hearts now flutt’ring beat,  
 For what you barely guess at yet,  
 Tho’ nature-taught, you send Love’s dart  
 Up to the feather in Man’s heart,  
 To victory ’ere you pretend,  
 First learn this lesson,—*To Defend.*

“When Nature first begins a riot,  
 And naughty Man disturbs your quiet,  
 Assume the mask,—seem tim’rous, shy,  
 And what you wish, pretend to fly;  
 This seeming coolness will inflame,  
 And make Men eager for the Game:  
 The Hen when by her Mate gallanted,  
 Screams, tho’ indulg’d with what she wanted;  
 The dappled Hind her Stag denies,  
 And, but to be o’ertaken, flies;  
 Thus Maidens, not averse to billing,  
 To draw Men on shou’d seem unwilling,  
 For Men, believe me, in their natures  
 Are contradictory strange creatures;  
 An easy conquest they disdain,  
 Pleasure must be enhanc’d with pain:  
 Yet fly not with so quick a pace,  
 To leave ’em distant in the race,  
 But dodge and double like a hare,  
 ’Till they are netted in the snare,



Then to their prowess *seem* to yield,  
Yourselfes the victors in the field :  
But, oh, be cautious how ye run,  
For shou'd you fall, you're sure undone.

“ Ye Wives, who've more experience got,  
And know for certain—what is what,—  
Whose Curiosity appeas'd,  
Are with the thirst of ruling seiz'd,  
Wou'd ye despotic pow'r attain,  
Various the paths your wish to gain ;  
For Gudgeons, Trout, and Tyrant Pike,  
At baits of diff'rent colours strike.

“ *Love*, to enslave some Husbands' hearts,  
Must use a thousand little arts,  
While *Fear*, with all his spaniel train,  
Must others bend to wear the chain :  
By *Love* or *Fear* we fix our throne,  
Let not *Indifference* once be shown ;  
From bed and board that snow-broth banish,  
Or, rainbow-like, your pow'r will vanish.

“ When Misers, who shou'd never wed,  
Or take aught else save gold to bed,  
Usurp the Husband's honor'd name,  
Let wild profusion guide each Dame ;  
When at the sacred altar ty'd,  
The Husband *worships* his fair Bride,  
And with *his wordly goods endows*  
(And fit he shou'd) his Lawful Spouse :  
Shall Man then, with rebellious might  
Deprive his Sov'reign of her Right ?

No

No—let the miser Earth-worm see  
His *All* is yours by Heav'n's decree;  
Teaze him at least, till he advance  
His Dear a separate maintenance;  
If that shou'd fail, try every art  
(’Tis just)—to break his reptile heart,  
And give him back to that vile Earth,  
From whence his Gold and He took birth.

“ If fulkiness your Mates display,  
To teaze such teazers still be gay;  
Nor when Sir *Mule* is in the pet,  
Your features by his visage set;  
Laugh, dance, and sing, and with disdain  
Treat all his arts to give you pain:  
If humor’d, he will grow past bearing,  
Whene’er he fulks,—take you an airing.

“ Shou’d Heav’n a husband, fraught with sense  
In kindness to your share dispense,  
His knowledge, wit, and parts admire,  
You fool him to his heart’s desire,  
(The wisest Men, or they’re bely’d,  
Have, maugre Wisdom, their blind side)  
Tickle the trout, he’s in your hand,  
Seem to obey, and you command:  
Who figure first in Wisdom’s Schools,  
Are Women’s most distinguish’d fools.

“ When drest in winning smiles or tears,  
Beauty omnipotent appears;  
Distress will often much avail,  
When other artifices fail:

If

If to their passions you apply,  
 What heart of *Feeling* can deny?  
 But blocks with *pebbled* hearts demand  
*Corrosive* med'cines from your hand.

“ Or shou'd it prove your hapless fate  
 To meet with an inconstant Mate,  
 One who his bosom'd Wife can leave,  
 That Wife to whom Heav'n bids him *cleave*;  
 If, spite of Justice, he *will* ramble,  
 You too abroad can frisk and amble,  
 For 'tis but fitting Men receive  
 A *kind* return for what they give.

“ *Few words to Me seem always best,  
 Much may in Little be exprest.*

“ Shou'd *Jealousy*, that baleful guest,  
 Begin to squint in Hubby's breast,  
 Where from a gnat of pigmy size,  
 She causes giant hydras rise,  
 (Not but that Women, by the bye,  
 Are *sometimes* given to tread awry;  
 At least this wonder I've been told,  
 The Lover young, the Husband old)  
 To clear her fame, each cunning elf  
 Shou'd rear the jealous flag herself;  
 A few well-season'd accusations,  
 With fits, tears, swoonings, objurgations,  
 Will stagger Goodman's cheated sense,  
 His thoughts employ'd in self-defence,  
 And *Cunning* with her Lynx's eye,  
 all hoodwink peering *Jealousy*.

“ To

“ To rule in every age and station  
Is Female *Universal Passion*;  
Divided pow’r is all a joke,  
Or We or They must bear the yoke;  
Then let dull Man the harness wear,  
While Woman drives as charioteer,  
“ For Husbands born to be controul’d,  
“ Stoop to the forward and the bold.”\*

“ Our flutt’ring souls restraint despise,  
We’re demi-tenants of the skies;  
Angels in every sense, had Heaven  
But angel-wings for flutt’ring given,  
We then had birds of passage flown,  
And made the universe our own;  
Like Swallows, thro’ each varied sphere  
Playfully darted here and there,  
Whilst earth-chain’d Man, from his low station,  
Had humbly paid us adoration.

“ Your Angels, tho’ so highly priz’d,  
Are only Women Spiritualiz’d.

“ In body too as well as mind  
Our angel-sex is more refin’d;  
Man, a meer earth-worm, owes his birth  
To a poor dirty clod of earth,  
Whilst Woman, better bred, ’tis known,  
Had for her fire good flesh and bone.

“ With

\* *Waller* has stolen this Couplet from *Eve*, and has made it his own, by changing the Word *Husbands* into *Women*. SCRIBLERIUS.



“ With what fervility they bend,  
And on the Fair One’s nod attend !  
To lure us down to their embraces,  
They call us Goddesses and Graces ;  
But when we once so far demean us,  
To throw aside the bar between us,  
When to *their* level Females stoop,  
The Things wou’d ride us cock o’ hoop ;  
Ungrateful wretches ! to forget  
How infinite to us their debt !  
To Us,—by gracious Heav’n appointed  
Their queens, and sovereigns anointed.

*“ Few words to me seem always best,  
Much may in Little be express’d.*

“ Shou’d petty altercations rise,  
Which contradiction still supplies,  
Little avails the wrong or right,  
Clamor, not Reason, wins the fight ;  
Let not the hostile trumpet cease,  
’Till they petition for a peace ;  
Cautious again to face your rattle,  
Wisely they’ll shun the field of battle :  
The Cock from dunghill fairly beat,  
Never provokes a fresh defeat ;  
But trembling sees his conqu’ring foe  
Clap his exulting wings and crow.

“ But when no longer they contend,  
And at your feet for mercy bend,

When

When humbly they avow obedience,  
 And to their sov'reigns swear allegiance,  
 For their past crimes pay tribute due,  
 And what we *will* consent we *do* ;  
 Let mercy to the slaves be shown,  
 Mercy shou'd grace the female throne ;  
 Tho' slaves, consider they are Men,—  
 Smile on the *Creatures*—now and then.

“ These Recipes, to one 'tis ten,  
 At first will disagree with Men ;  
 But Men, like Horses, may be broke  
 By *perseverance* to the yoke ;  
 Forc'd, spite of struggling, to *submit*  
 (If wives prove Jockies) to the bit.

“ Ye Widows,—but to you as vain  
 Advice, as to the Ocean rain ;  
 To such I only beg to say,  
*Indulge*, my Girls, while yet ye may ;  
 Old age brings on with hurrying pace,  
 The hours of abstinence and grace.

“ A thousand things, alas, remain,  
 To teach, relate, advise, explain,  
 But ah ! too late—for chilly Death—  
 I feel the scoundrel—stops my breath.

“ Adieu—farewel—my precepts scan—  
 And be as virtuous—as *you can*.”——

With talking spent, life on her tongue  
 (Its dernier lodgment) fault'ring hung :

“ *Few*

"*Few words are always best,*" she cry'd,  
She cou'd no more, but instant dy'd.

Her weeping Daughters—all distress,  
Flew—to bespeak their Mourning Dress.

---

E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this Stone, now peaceful and at rest  
Lies *Eve*, the first of Mothers and the best;  
A wife so meek, so loving, and so true,  
Time ne'er again to time's last hour shall view;  
Her children and her husband all her care,  
For them, more than herself, her daily pray'r:  
No idle Curiosity possess  
The spotless mansion of her Angel-breast;  
Free from all pride, her tongue was never known  
To falsehood, malice, or to slander prone,  
But softest music on each accent hung,  
To calm her husband's soul, when anguish-stung;  
Her form was beauty's self, thro' which refin'd  
Shone, like a jewel chrystal-clos'd, her mind;  
"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
"And all her soul was love and dignity."  
To count her numerous virtues were as vain,  
As count the stars in yon ethereal plain:  
'Ere nine short Centuries below were given,  
Too good for earth, her soul was snatch'd to heav'n.  
Poor weeping *Adam* to her honor'd shade  
Has caus'd this monument to be display'd,  
As an Example to succeeding times,  
That Truth shou'd reign in monumental Rhimes.

ORIGIN

ORIGIN of a METHODIST, with his  
Missionary Charge.\*

A Madman, Knave, and motley Fool,  
Downward once took their way;  
To *Satan* brought, he ey'd them cool,  
And thus was heard to say,

"A thought just strikes my royal pate,  
"That these Three blended well,  
"Wou'd make a Fiend as truly great,  
"As any Fiend in Hell."

He *fang'd* 'em up with eager speed,  
He blended 'em in haste,  
Just as a Pastry-Cook wou'd knead  
A Parcel of puff-paste.

Of zealot Pride he added store,  
To make the Mass ferment,  
Of dark Hypocrisy yet more,  
And Temper violent.

When finish'd, on his Face a gloom  
He stamp'd with black Despair,  
Sure Mark which *Demons* (such their doom)  
Must ever—ever wear.

Q

"Hence,

\* This and the following Hymn were occasioned by a violent Attack on the Stage in the *Leeds Papers*, 1771, by a Trio of the *New-born*, who did Honor to the Learned Professions of Law, Physic and Divinity.



“ Hence, hence, cries *Satan*, hence to Earth,  
“ With winged Vengeance fly,  
“ Sworn Foe to Chearfulness and Mirth,  
“ *Reason* and *Truth* defy.

“ Let Fear the hellish Agent prove  
“ To awe the vulgar Crew,  
“ And paint the Power that rules above  
“ In my Infernal Hue.

“ The Sheeps’ Obstetrix first proclaim  
“ Yourself to aid *New-Birth* ;  
“ Then blind, and by the nose lead tame  
“ Those *Chosen Sheep* on Earth.

“ When Ignorance and Phlegm unite  
“ To muddify the Brain,  
“ You may persuade ’em black is white,  
“ And Common Sense profane.

“ Tell ’em for You, th’ Almighty keeps  
“ His boundless vast Domain,  
“ And all his other Children sleeps  
“ In everlasting Pain.

“ Their Hides fleece well, and grunt and groan,  
“ As if your Soul were sick,  
“ And give all Worship but your own,  
“ A Present to Old Nick.

“ To make ’em favourite Pets on high  
“ Tell ’em ’twere always fit,

“ Some

" Some swinging Sin of blackest die,  
" They first of all commit.

" That darker than the darkest night,  
" Tho' all their Deeds shou'd prove,  
" Tell 'em that *Faith* will wing their Flight  
" To endless Joys above.

" But void of *Faith*, each Deed tho' pure  
" As e'er from Angel fell,  
" Their Soul's Loss will the more ensure,  
" And plunge 'em deep in Hell.

" By Melancholy's Road allure,  
" To Suicide Mankind,  
" For few the Torments can endure  
" Of a despairing Mind.

" Yet Mirth and Laughter tho' arraign'd,  
" As glaring Marks of Sin,  
" Let private Love-Feasts be ordain'd,  
" To draw new Converts in.

" And from th' unletter'd lank-hair Breed  
" Your Fellow-Labourers chuse,  
" For he who can nor write nor read,  
" More plain his Mission shows.

" How easier far for such to bawl  
" In coarse and vulgar Phrase,  
" Within the Tabernacle's Wall,  
" Than cross-leg'd spend their days.

- “ Let Females too, with zealot skill  
“ By Me Inspir’d, dispute;  
“ For sure those Tongues that ne’er lie still,  
“ Must evermore confute.\*
- “ Gainst Balls and Concerts with wild Rage  
“ And Noise incessant cry;  
“ But chief against our Bane, the Stage,  
“ Zeal’s hottest Battery ply.
- “ Veil’d in Religion’s Mask, aloud  
“ Preach Brimstone, Fire, and Flame,  
“ And when you’ve poison’d all the Crowd,  
“ Return—from whence you came.”

So said, Old *Nick* with horrid grin,  
His *Janus* Darling kist;  
Dubb’d him Ambassador from Sin,  
And hail’d him METHODIST.

\* *Yorkshire*, I suppose, is not the only Place in the Kingdom where Lady-Errant Apostles may be met with, who travel the Country in Search of Adventures, and who preach, exhort, dispute, labour in the Vineyard, combat the Flesh, and overthrow the Fiend.



*A New HYMN, in Imitation of WESLEY'S  
Inimitable Hymns.*

**B**EHOLD thy Sheep, thy *Chosen* Train,  
Assembled here to bleat to Thee;  
Our Bleatings, Lord, do not disdain,  
But listen to our Harmony.

Careless of all that *Satan* can,  
Armies of Fiends we will not fear,  
While General *Whitfield* leads the Van,  
And General *Wesley* guards the Rear.

Full well we know that *Zion's* Keys,  
The Keys of *Zion's* Gate are given  
To Us, to let in whom we please,  
Thro' the strait Turnpike Gate of Heaven:

Where all who *Shibboleth* can say,  
With Accent Orthodox of *Judah*,  
Admitted are without delay  
To sing Eternal Hallelujah.

Give Us, O Lord, thy *Chosen* Sheep,  
Rich Meads and Pastures here on Earth,  
But in Misfortune's Pickle steep  
All who are Strangers to *New-Birth*.

And for those Reprobates who go  
To see lewd Plays,—their eyes put out;



And at Assemblies Mercy show  
In giving all who dance—the Gout.

Behold thy Sheep, thy *Chosen* Train,  
Assembled here to bleat to Thee;  
Our Bleatings, Lord, do not disdain,  
But listen to our Harmony.

---

### A S K E T C H.

**N**IPWEIGHT, a Grocer of the *Chosen* Few,  
At night from Shop and worldly Cares withdrew,  
And having, for his Soul's Edification,  
A Chapter por'd thro' in the *Revelation*,  
He clos'd the Book, unspectacled his nose,  
And calling to his 'Prentice as he rose,  
"Have you the Currants treacled well, good *John*?"  
"Yes, Sir."—"The Sugars flower'd too?"—  
" 'Tis done."—  
"Tobacco wet?"—"I have;"—Then come  
up stairs,  
"And like good Christians let us go to Prayers."



## IN SESE VOLVITUR ANNUS.

“ **W**ITH sprightly mein and visage bland,  
 “ In order first throughout the land,  
 “ **SPRING** smiling comes, and where she treads  
 “ With sweets revives the sickly meads,  
 “ Strews flowers as she sports along,  
 “ And blossom’d sprays resound the song :  
 “ Playful as Kids, amid her train,  
 “ Are seen the Village Maid and Swain ;  
 “ The fields with daisies are bespread,  
 “ And ev’ry tree’s a nuptial bed,  
 “ While Man, Beasts, Birds, and Fish combine  
 “ In praise of genial *Valentine* :—  
 “ The *Loves* and *Graces* at her sight,  
 “ Whom *Winter*’s chill had put to flight,  
 “ From Heav’n accompanied by *Mirth*,  
 “ Again revisit *Spring* and Earth ;  
 “ And *Nature* with a gladsome eye,  
 “ Beholds her Darling passing by.

“ Next with that majesty and pride  
 “ By which Heav’n’s Queen is dignified,  
 “ **SUMMER** succeeds ;—whose pow’rful sway,  
 “ Earth, Seas, and kindling Air obey ;  
 “ A crown upon her head she bears,  
 “ And Nature’s richest garment wears,  
 “ While hills, dales, groves, and woods around,  
 “ The *Seasons*’ **QUEEN** with joy resound :  
 “ The Sun from *Cancer* darts his rays,  
 “ Pouring an all-commanding blaze ;

“ Im-

“ Impregns with life the fruitful Earth,  
“ And all Creation bursts to birth :  
“ Upon her Left, with glowing face,  
“ *Heat* slowly moves :—With gentle pace  
“ *Favonius* on her Right is seen,  
“ Compress’d by whom the melting Queen  
“ Produc’d fair *Health*, a lovely boy,  
“ Whom all admire, yet few enjoy.

“ She passes on—and in her rear,  
“ AUTUMN, sheaf-crown’d, behold appear ;  
“ In garment drest of motley hue,  
“ His aspect grave, yet pleasing too ;  
“ And *Plenty* with a buxom face,  
“ And *Cheerfulness* with smiling grace,  
“ Dance hand in hand, and o’er the plains  
“ *Trip to EUPHROSINE’s light strains* :  
“ Their treasur’d wealth the fields display  
“ In stacks, straw-bonnetted, of hay,  
“ And sheaves like marshall’d armies stand,  
“ Embattled o’er the stubble land,  
“ Memento blest, that God t’adore,  
“ Who guards from hostile rage our shore :  
“ With echoing horns the hills resound,  
“ The hare flies o’er the shaven ground,  
“ The loaded waggons strip the fields,  
“ The circling flail the Thresher wields,  
“ The Peasant fills the flowing bowl,  
“ And *Pleasantry* inspires each soul ;  
“ O’er harvest-supper gay presides,  
“ And, mirthful, shakes his lusty sides ;  
“ While *Spleen*, self-banish’d, takes her flight,  
“ Conceal’d in darkness, gloom, and night.

“ From

" From the bleak North, in fables drest,  
 " Crawls WINTER last—with age oppress'd;  
 " Blear-ey'd,—his back ybent like bow,  
 " His bald head deeply cap'd in snow;  
 " With shrunk-in cheeks, and frightful beard  
 " Of icicles:—His voice is heard  
 " In howling tempests,—and his train  
 " Compos'd of fogs, winds, snow, and rain,  
 " With scanty light obliquely given  
 " From the remotest part of Heaven:—  
 " His Visage wrinkled and severe,  
 " Strikes *Nature* with a chilly fear;  
 " Languid her pulse and spirits beat,  
 " And frighted to her heart retreat:  
 " Where'er he moves, wild Horror reigns,  
 " He spreads destruction thro' the plains,  
 " 'Till *Hope* once more on Cherub-wing  
 " Points the return of youthful *Spring*,  
 " At whose approach the Tyrant flies  
 " To cheerless *Patagonian* skies;  
 " While, as before, in order due,  
 " The passing Seasons we review.

" Thus *Nature* annual life resumes,  
 " And with fresh life and beauty blooms;  
 " But all the changes Mortals know,  
 " From one poor single round must flow;  
 " For wounded once by *Winter's* sting,  
 " Man never hails return of *Spring*."

Beneath a spreading shade reclin'd,  
 Thus *Lucius* sung with pensive mind;

When



When blest with Music's sweetest lay,  
A heav'nly voice was heard to say ;  
" Can Man, ungrateful, thus despair,  
" Man, who is Heaven's peculiar care ?  
" Reason and Revelation show,  
" That Man, Heav'n-favour'd Man, shall know  
" Another Spring above the skies,  
" There *Phœnix*-like again to rise,  
" Where gloomy *Winter* never comes,  
" But *Spring* unfading always blooms ;  
" And He who *Virtue*'s mount can climb,  
" Defiance bids to murdering Time :—  
" The Seasons that in Orbits run,  
" The Earth, and Heaven's great eye, the Sun,  
" Yon azure Vault, and starry Host,  
" Shall fade,—again in Chaos lost ;  
" Ev'n Time itself shall be no more,  
" While *Virtue* shall immortal soar.

" The Stream of Virtue never dies,  
" Which God's Eternal Fount supplies."



*On Reading some EASTERN TALES,  
lately published.*

THESE *Eastern Tales* so prettily exprest,  
Effusions from the Goose-quills of the *West*,  
Those frigid Nothings, speak their mud-sprung birth,  
Their Parents mole-ey'd Gnomes, incor'd with earth,  
While *Hawksworth's*\* Eagle Genius soaring high,  
Wings to the Eastern Chambers of the Sky,  
There the enraptur'd Bard the God inspires,  
And with his *Oriental* Magic fires ;  
His Pow'r, Sprites, Demons, Genii, all confess ;  
He paints—and *Fancy* wears her richest dress ;  
The *Talisman* his Pen that charms at will,  
Not *Salomon* cou'd use it with more skill ;  
Invention glows—while Virtue guides each line ;  
We read—we feel the Magic all divine :—  
Ye paltry Scribblers hide your feeble rays,  
*Hawksworth* alone can pour the *Eastern* blaze.

\* Author of the *Adventurer*, *Almorán* and *Hamet*, &c. &c.

*The*

*The* W R E A T H.

**N**EAR the *Castalian* Fount the God of Day  
Met *Shakespeare* warbling a melodious Lay,  
More trilling sweet than all the labour'd notes,  
*Gallia* can boast refin'd thro' artful throats ;  
Upon the Poet's Brow no Laurel shone,  
Yet blithsome as the Lark he journey'd on ;  
The God stop'd short, amazement in his look,  
And, eager, thus his favourite Bard bespoke :  
" What sacrilegious Wretch has strip'd thy Brow ?  
" Quick on the Fiend due vengeance let me show."  
Smiling the Bard replies—" The Laurel Crown  
" From my own Brow I took—nay never frown—  
" And on my darling *Garrick's* Head have plac'd  
" Those Honors, by the Actor not disgrac'd."  
The God grew calm, and instant thus replies,  
" Your *Garrick* well deserves the hallow'd Prize ;  
" And you, my other Self, wear this :"—So said,  
With his own Wreath he crown'd the Poet's Head.

S H A K E.

## SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN *Nature* to *Athens* and *Rome* bade adieu,  
 To *Britain* the Goddess with extasy flew;  
 So tempting she look'd, and so blooming her charms,  
*Jove* quitted his sky, and indulg'd in her arms.

On *Avon's* fair banks, now the subject of Fame,  
 She brought forth a boy, and *Will Shakespeare* his name;  
 Not egg was to egg more alike, than in feature  
 The smiling young rogue to his parent dame *Nature*.

Of all her sweet prattlers she lov'd *Willy* best,  
 She nurs'd the young smiler with milk from her breast;  
 And as he grew older she nothing conceal'd,  
 But all, all her secrets to *Willy* reveal'd.

She fed him with honey from *Hybla's* sweet store,  
 The same which had feasted her *Homer* before;  
 A Swan on the *Avon* first taught him to sing,  
 While the Loves and the Graces danc'd round in a ring.

An Eaglet from *Jove's* feather'd hobby was given,  
 On which the young Genius oft frolic'd to Heaven;  
 And when *Willy* sung, all the Deities swore,  
 They ne'er heard such warblings, such wild notes before.

With envy just bursting, and impotent lies,  
 Old *Momus* bespatter'd the Bard of the Skies,  
*Jove* kick'd the foul Critic from heav'n's azure Round,  
 And, venting his spleen, now at *Ferney* he's found.\*

R

To

\* *Voltaire's* Seat near *Geneva*.



To govern, and lead as he pleas'd in a string,  
*Jove* gave him the Passions; they hail'd *Willy* king:  
 The Muses, as handmaids, were doom'd to attend him,  
 And *Phœbus* with Wit's brightest ray did befriend him.

A pow'r to create *Jove* to *Willy* assign'd,  
 This pow'r was to Fancy's bright regions confin'd,  
 Or *Willy* all Chaos with life had endu'd,  
 And *Jove* for Creations had wanted new food.†

*Jove* next gave the boy from his thunder a shaft,  
*Will* grasp'd it, and fearless play'd with it, and laugh'd;  
 Not *Jove* cou'd his lightning dispatch with more art,  
 Or send the wing'd vengeance more sure to the heart.

The Goddesses show'd their fond love for the boy,  
*Minerva* gave wisdom, and *Venus* gave joy;  
 But *Juno* quite jealous, with insolent pride,  
 To *Jove*'s love-begotten all favours deny'd.

Fresh pluck'd from his wing *Cupid* gave him a quill,  
 Which *Willy* long flourish'd with magical skill,  
 He penn'd with it strains that enchanted the spheres,  
 And drew from the soul of stern *Pluto* salt tears.

The harp when he sounded, Vice instant grew pale,  
 While Virtue triumphant rode high on the gale;  
 Each note to our heart's inmost pulse found its way,  
 Nor, like mortal notes, on the surface did play.

The

† In the Heathen Mythology *Jove* was supposed to form Creation out of Chaos.

The light-tripping Fays still awaited his nod,  
Oft with them he danc'd on the green-circled sod;  
Sylphs, Demons, and Witches, straight flew at his call,  
And his Magic the Mob of the air cou'd enthrall.

Ye Bards of all ages, yield *Shakespeare* the bays,  
What star can be seen 'mid the sun's dazzling blaze?  
Let *Britons* enraptur'd, their thanks swell on high,  
One *Shakespeare* on earth,—and one *Jove* in the sky.



On Mrs B—'s safe DELIVERY of a DAUGHTER.

1766.

AS *Jove* on high *Olymp.* was quaffing  
Nectar, and 'mong his Godlins laughing,  
(For Gods and Godlins now and then  
Can laugh and drink as well as Men)  
Petitions 'gainst the trap-door——thump——  
As if from cannon shot, came——plump;  
And with such force, that *Jove* amaz'd  
Order'd the Trap-door to be rais'd \* :  
Which done; without the least decorum,  
Pray'rs jostling pray'rs, burst in before 'em,  
And with such noise,—*Jove* 'gan to stare,  
And thought all *Billingsgate* was there;  
For Mortals, in their pray'rs, 'tis said,  
Are often strangely underbred,  
Nor to the Gods that Reverence show,  
'That's due from clay-built folk below :——  
Some pray'd for Fame, and some for Health,  
Some for a Wench, some pray'd for Wealth;  
Thro' fear of Hell some Wretches pray'd,  
Some pray'd—for praying was their trade;  
For Wives some pray'd,—but well-a-day!  
More pray'd to take their Wives away;  
Some pray'd for this, and some for that,  
And many—for they knew not what :

But

\* See the Story of *Menippus* in the *Spectator*, No. 391;—in which Prayers are said to enter Heaven thro' a Trap-door, occasionally opened and shut as *Jupiter* happens to be in the humour.

But what struck *Jove* more than the rest,  
 Were some short pray'rs so warmly prest,  
 They spoke the Suppliants quite sincere,  
 Which made *Jove* kindly lend an ear ;  
 For *Jove* (fly rogue !) knows—from the tongue  
 Or from the heart, if pray'rs are sprung.

“ Great *Jove*, (the Suppliants loud exclaim)  
 “ Kindly assist the pregnant Dame,  
 “ Guard *Bellamira* from disaster,  
 “ And safely guide—or Miss or Master :  
 “ No common cause demands our pray'r,  
 “ In *Bellamira* thousands spare.”

This and much more his Godship heard  
 From many Suppliants preferr'd ;  
 But none more clam'rous seem'd than one,  
 An odd droll-looking Simpleton,  
 Who *Jove* in blund'ring terms addrest ;  
 (He own'd—This was his first request)  
 And swore, if *Jove* wou'd kindly save her,  
 He ne'er wou'd ask another favour.  
*Jove* smil'd, and casting down an eye,  
 On marrow-bones poor *Scrub* did spy,  
 Which plain as sun at noon-day, spoke  
 Th' affair to *Scrub* had been no joke.

But what *Jove* thought was most observant,  
 Ev'n her own Spouse in pray'r was fervent ;  
 For Husbands seldom now-a-day,  
 For their Wives' Preservation pray ;



He long to Peace had been a stranger,  
Joyless his dearest *Bell*. in danger ;  
And wou'd have sacrific'd his life,  
Unfashion'd thing ! to save his Wife :  
*Jove* smil'd, and thought it somewhat strange,  
(For *Jove* himself is given to change)  
That Mortals shou'd the Gods excel,  
And from their betters bear the bell ;  
For be it spoken to *Jove's* shame,  
Nor he, nor any of his name,  
To *Dinmow* Flitch cou'd e'er lay claim.

To Constancy a perfect stranger,  
*Jove* in his heart's an arrant *Ranger* ;  
In snug disguise he often quits  
*Olymp.* to feast on mortal bits ;  
And Flesh and Blood prefers, by th' bye,  
To all the Beauties of the Sky ;  
For which Dame *Juno* scolds and hectors,  
And pays him off with curtain lectures.

Yet *Jove* himself, tho' Buck complete,  
As e'er frequented *Russel-street*,  
To Mortals has forbid such jokes,  
And threatens all your naughty folks,  
If they'll not mend and say their pray'rs,  
Old *Nick* shall carry 'em down stairs ;  
Hard case ! that *Jove* shou'd laws ordain,  
Which *Jove* himself treats with disdain ;  
But Laws were made to rule the throng,  
Your Gods and Kings are never wrong.

“ My

" My Friends, quo' *Jove*, stroaking his face,  
 " In troth this is no common case;  
 " Thousands, you see, in sad contrition,  
 " For yon good Wife i'th' Straw petition;  
 " And *viva voce* all aver,  
 " Their Happiness depends on her:  
 " The knocker ty'd, the straw thick spread,  
 " The Nurses hobbling round the bed,  
 " The throbbing breast, the tearful eye,  
 " Speak grim-fac'd Danger to be nigh;  
 " Then fly this instant,—downward speed,  
 " To aid her in this hour of need;  
 " In *B——*'s shape, *Lucina*, shew  
 " All that *Obstretic* art can do;  
 " You, *Phæbus*, quick to *Hull* repair  
 " Assume your brother *C——*'s air,  
 " And Med'cine's utmost skill impart,  
 " To soothe her pains, and cheer her heart;  
 " While I her lov'd Lord's tender breast,  
 " With Hope's sweet balsam calm to rest.

" And now, hear *Fate*—hear *Destiny*;  
 " By *Styx* I swear—'Tis *Jove*'s decree——  
 " Soon shall a Cherub see the light,  
 " As *Venus* from the ocean bright;  
 " And with a wonder-working smile,  
 " Her fondling Mother's pangs beguile:  
 " Her welfare shall be Heav'n's own care,  
 " As Father wise, as Mother fair;  
 " Like both in one, replete with Spirit,  
 " Good-nature, Wit—in short, all Merit.

" The

“ The Parents’ virtues to requite,  
“ Wing’d be their days with true Delight ;  
“ Health shall her choicest blessings shed,  
“ The Loves shall crown their genial bed,  
“ Fortune with smiles shall still befriend ’em,  
“ And, Heav’n’s best gift, Content attend ’em ;  
“ Blessing and blest, they long shall show  
“ Example to mankind below,  
“ That *Happiness is Virtue’s prize*,  
“ *And to be good, is to be wise.*

“ And when Death summons, as all must  
“ From whence they came return to dust,  
“ One single grave, one friendly mold,  
“ In union shall their clay infold ;  
“ Their souls as one shall still unite,  
“ And endless feast in Realms of Light ;  
“ On earth their virtues too survive,  
“ And in their lovely Offspring live.”

*Jove* spoke, and awful gave the nod,  
While *Fate* submissive own’d the God.

An EPISTLE to R— B—, Esq;  
On TRIFLING.

FOR want, good Sir, of something better,  
I send you here a Trifling Letter;  
To Trifling I was ever prone,  
A Secret to my Friend long known.

The Man who's so amazing wise,  
A little Trifling to despise,  
Tho' for a *Solomon* he pass,  
Is Trifle-better than an Ass,  
That on dry prickly thistles mumbles,  
And cheerless ever, brays and grumbles:  
Without it what is Life? a feast,  
Where Man wou'd fit a humdrum guest;  
But Trifling, blythe and full of glee,  
With Health to bear her company,  
Enters;—at once dispels our gloom,  
And kicks Spleen headlong from the room.

Trifling to Wisdom's near ally'd,  
Altho' by Pedants 'tis deny'd;  
And in Truth's maxims 'tis a rule,  
The graver still the greater Fool:  
Like Master *Stephen*\*, Sons of Folly  
Are *vastly given to Melancholy*;  
And wise Men oft thro' Trifling's road,  
Arrive at Wisdom's snug abode:  
Aided by that, they Truths discern,  
And Mankind's inmost Passions learn.

The

\* A Character in *Every Man in his Humour*.



The greatest Men, relax'd and gay,  
With Folly's bells can trifling play.

*Cromwell*, altho' he was no Fool,  
Wou'd often romp like Boy at School ;  
And *Prussia's* King sometimes descends  
To Blind-Man's Buff among his Friends :  
On Gravity when Monarchs trample,  
Courtiers will follow their example ;  
No longer then their thoughts they stifle,  
Men's souls are honest when they trifle,  
Hypocrisy aside is thrown,  
And, for a time, Truth fills the throne.

*Scipio* the wise, in days of yore,  
Oft trifled on *Cumea's* shore ;  
With *Lelius* laugh'd, indulg'd his freaks,  
And play'd (boy-like) at ducks and drakes :  
Great *Julius Cæsar*, as we read,  
Was a true Buck of the first head ;  
And Bucks, I'm sure, must be allow'd  
To van it in the Trifling Crowd.

Ev'n *Solomon*, the man most wise  
That ever breath'd beneath the skies,  
Had long thro' Pleasure's magic rov'd,  
And all the joys of trifling prov'd :  
When he had got his *quantum suff*,  
Or rather more than was enough,  
He wisely said—"That Life, alas !  
"Was *Vanitatum Vanitas* :"  
But when he conquer'd mawky Spleen,  
He wisely trifled on again ;

And

And in old age, as records show,  
He kept a large *Seraglio* ;  
And all the Pleasures he found there,  
Were *Trifling*, we may safely swear.

May I aver, without offence,  
*Trifling's* a thing of consequence ?

Poets and grave Logicians own  
That all the world's to *Trifling* prone ;  
We see what crowds dispute and jar  
On Politics, on Peace and War ;  
Or give a positive decision  
On *Patagonians*, or Religion ;  
On Inward Grace, or *Cock-lane* Ghost,  
On *Nabobs*, or some fav'rite Toast,  
On Op'ras, or on Matter's Essence,  
On Farces, or the Soul's Quintessence,  
On *Chatham*, *Bute*, or Patriot *Wilkes*,  
On Cookery, or Price of Silks,  
On Faith, that anchor of salvation,  
Or such-like *Trifling* disputation ;  
What are they all but trifling Jokes ?  
(At least made so by *Trifling* Folks)  
And yet those Trifles give enjoyment,  
By finding *Trifling* minds employment.

Your Graduates of *Gresham* College,  
Maugre their gravity and knowledge,  
Have lately to the world approv'd  
How very much they *Trifling* lov'd ;  
For Trifles they can scold and prate,  
And fight like Wives at *Billingsgate* :

Such

Such Trifling we'd excuse,—but when  
 They raise the death-denouncing Pen,  
 Pluck'd from the boding Raven's wing,  
 It then becomes a serious thing;  
 "In pops grim Death, th' arresting Serjeant,  
 "With—" *Sir, your most obedient Servant.*"

Ev'n at St *Stephen's*, some Folks say  
 That Trifling bears a mighty sway;  
 And yet I doubt the truth,—for who  
 A Trifling Member ever knew?

Your Ever-overwise appear,  
 At very best but very queer;  
 And gravity's a trifling veil,  
 That marks the Folly 'twou'd conceal.

Love, by experience, we find  
 Chief source of Pleasure to mankind;  
 And Lovers' actions always prove,  
 Trifling's the very soul of Love.

Women are call'd, in ridicule,  
 The Trifling Sex by ev'ry Fool;  
 But Fools destroy their Spleen's intent,  
 By paying them a compliment;  
 What gains our wonder and our praise?  
 Their thousand pretty Trifling ways:  
 By Trifling only they maintain  
 Their empire and despotic reign;  
 And Female Wit, which so surprizes,  
 From Trifling evermore arises.

But

But of all Triflers under Heaven,  
Rhymesters are most to Trifling given ;  
They spin in Trifles their poor Brains,  
And get but Trifles for their pains ;  
And what particularly shews 'em  
Coxcombs, to every soul that knows them,  
They boast with more than fronts of brass  
Favours from Misses of *Parnass*.  
When ev'ry living mortal knows,  
Each Muse is still an unpluck'd rose.

Rhymesters howe'er may boast their Use ;  
The Trifling Nothings they produce,  
Serve Triflers on a rainy day,  
To *while* an idle hour away.

The Gossip Press, for our repose,  
With Trifles daily overflows ;  
And, Gossip-like, it still supplies  
For ev'ry Truth a thousand Lies ;  
Were it not for Romances, News,  
Museums, Magazines, Reviews,  
And others of that Trifling Class,  
How tedious many an hour wou'd pass !

These few, in short, may serve as samples,  
Among ten thousand like examples,  
That Trifling is a real ingredient,  
And to our happiness expedient.

But after all, good Sir, I deem  
We shou'd not use it in extreme :

S

'Tis



'Tis but a seas'ning at the best,  
 And gives to life a pleasing zest;  
 But salt by mouthfuls taken, sure  
 No man of taste can well endure.

Thinking and Trifling help each other,  
 As friend helps friend, or brother brother;  
 Ev'n as the human body tires,  
 And Sleep's recruiting balm requires,  
 Trifling the same effect produces,  
 And fits the Soul for noblest uses:—  
 In this the truest Wisdom lies,  
 "Still to be Merry and be Wise."

As Humor dictates, grave or gay,  
 Its various impulse I obey;  
 Yet tho' I love the Muse as life,  
 She's but my Mistress, not my Wife;  
 And with a Mistress, now and then  
 To trifle's common with most Men.

Excuse, my Patron and my Friend,  
 Those Trifling Cramboes which I send;  
 You're tir'd of Trifling by this time,  
 And so I'll end my Trifling Rhyme.

With love to friends, I'm your most Fervent,  
 Obedient, Trifling, Humble Servant.

---

May 6,—the day extremely fine,  
 Seventeen hundred sixty nine.

ALEX.

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT.

AS *Alexander* (all the World subdu'd)  
 Amid a throng of circling courtiers stood,  
 "In Me, he cry'd, Great *Ammon*'s offspring view,  
 "To mighty *Jove* my origin is due;  
 "Let favour'd monarchs swell young *Ammon*'s train,  
 "My Father's Viceroy, godlike, here I reign;  
 "Whate'er I will's the will of mighty *Jove*,  
 "On Earth I rule, as he commands above."  
 He spoke:—Adoring courtiers prostrate lay,  
 When a poor *Crow* whom chance had brought that way,  
 As high in air he o'er the monarch sped,  
 Croak'd loud disdain—and *thrust* upon his head.

---

The M E R C I F U L.

A Butcher with a heart as hard as stone,  
 And callous to an orphan Lambkin's moan,  
 Seizes his fated prey with horrid grin,  
 And whistles while the knife he plunges in;  
*Nell* who the scene beheld, with piteous look  
 And shrugg'd up shoulders, thus her Feelings spoke:  
 "Thou barb'rous monster! unprovok'd to spill  
 "So sweet a creature's blood that ne'er did ill!  
 "See how it struggles, how it pants for life!  
 "The murd'rer's jaws clasping the reeky knife:  
 "To do a deed like this, were I to gain  
 'The universe—ev'n such a bribe were vain."  
 Thus *Nell* with tenderness exclaims and feels;  
 While all the time—good soul!—*She skins live Eels:*

*The* CLEANLY SPARROW.

NEVER was Sparrow half so blest,  
As lovely *Cloe's* fluttering *Phil*;  
She gives her bosom for his nest,  
Of Pleasure to indulge his fill.

Richer than nabobs, dukes, or kings,  
He chirps from his *Elysium* thanks;  
Expands his little quivering wings,  
And shows a thousand wanton pranks.

And when a cobweb veil of gauze  
Covers the heaving liliated skin,  
*Philly* with eager bill and claws,  
Unpins the shade, and nestles in.

The chirping language of his heart,  
Sweet as the sky-lark's warblings prove,  
For *Cloe* knows such sounds impart  
True marks of gratitude and love.

Partaker of each choice repast,  
The sugar'd tea well cream'd he sips;  
Or pecks with wanton eager taste,  
The honey'd morsel from her lips.

But from her mouth as he conveys  
The prize more sweet than nectar'd pap,  
He cocks his tail above her stays,  
And drops a *Something* in her lap.

Be not offended, lovely Fair,  
Phil knows his home your downy breast,  
And ancient proverbs well declare,  
*A cleanly bird ne'er fouls his nest.*

---

On our MODERN COMEDIES. 1769.

Shakespeare and Johnson, with the learned corps  
Of poets, much admir'd in days of yore,  
From Nature drew their characters like fools,  
Our modern Play-wrights follow wiser rules;  
Pictures from life they scorn to let you see;  
Not Nature—but what Nature *ought* to be:  
The Comic Muse, no more all life and whim,  
They veil in sombre garb and visage prim;  
While doz'd with opiates yawns her Sister Queen,  
Nor scarce a difference 'twixt the Two is seen.

Your low-liv'd humor, wit, and such poor stuff,  
In times of ignorance did well enough;  
In this *refin'd*, this novel-reading age,  
They've banish'd all such nonsense from the stage:  
No wonder Playwrights swarm in those blest days,  
Sermons, they find, are easier *made* than Plays.



*The DELICATE, or MODERN LULLABY.*

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

O Muse, Inspirer of those placid Lays  
 That charm in modern Novels, Odes, and Plays,  
 Whose gently-soothing Opiates shou'd be read  
 By sleep-imploing patients in their bed,  
 Give to thy Poet's fashion-warbled strains,  
 In lulling Lullabies to lull the brains,  
 Of pretty Misses, and of Miss-like Swains.

The Moon majestic moves her bright career,  
 While Darkness from her presence shrinks for fear;  
 Unrival'd now she journeys Heav'n's vast plain,  
 The subject Stars and Planets form her train,  
 Her globose front now bares, of beauty proud,  
 Now chaste peeps from forth a fleecy cloud;  
 While Silence tiptoe'd, cautious seems to creep,  
 All Nature's feather'd tenants sunk in sleep,  
 Save *Philomela*\*—On the sharpen'd thorn  
 Her bosom pillow'd till returning morn,  
 In plaintive trills to *Dian* swells her song,  
 How plunder'd of her virtue and her tongue;  
 The pitying Goddess listens to her moan,  
 And dewy tears sheds from her silver throne;  
 For, Goddess tho', her pow'r can ne'er restore  
 The rose when pluck'd, to what it was before:  
*Echo*† still love-sick for her fribblish Swain,  
 Repeats each warble to the list'ning plain;

The

\* A young Lady, who was ravished by her Brother *Tereus*, and afterwards, as *OVID* relates, changed into a Nightingale. SCRIB.

† A Nymph whose advances were slighted by a Lady-like Gentleman called *Narcissus*. SCRIBLERIUS.

The Rivulet in prattling concert floats,  
The Grove remurmurs to the various notes;  
And Zephyr wafting on piano breeze,  
In softest music whispers thro' the trees.

The village clock had knell'd the midnight sound,  
And shrouded Phantoms burst the sacred ground,  
Beneath a druid oak when low reclin'd,  
*Strepson* woe-bosom'd, sighing to the wind,  
Pour'd forth in chastest strains the chastest love,  
Melting and soft as notes of cooing Dove.

“ Oh, *Lindamira*, quintessence of all  
That Man can virtuous; fair, and lovely call,  
Sweet as the sweetest flowers that grace the Spring,  
Soft as the Down new drop'd from Angel's wing;  
Comet of beauty, fountain of desire,  
Who, cold yourself, can set the world on fire,  
(Thus thro' an icy medium *Phæbus*' rays,  
Collected to a point, bids Nature blaze)  
Not rosy-finger'd *May* by *Flora* drest,  
Not *Venus* to her wishes Avarice blest,  
Breathes half those sweets, nor half the beauty shows,  
On *Lindamira*'s cheeks that blushing glows:  
Some smiling rays of pitying comfort shed,  
'Tis yours to save or mark me with the dead.  
Witness, thou Moon, who oft hast heard my moan,  
Witness, ye Stars, who twinkle round her throne,  
Witness, ye echoing Hills, ye leafy Groves,  
And—if awake—witness ye Turtle Doves,  
No Fair, save *Lindamira*, e'er possessest,  
Nor shall—the faithful mansion of my breast.”

He

He said, when lo! across the dewy mead,  
 A Nymph appear'd with silent cautious tread;  
 As she advanc'd, a Goddess seem'd to move,  
 Onward she came, and sought the neighb'ring grove,  
 His *Lindamira*'s form now shone confest,  
 Her garments loose, and more than half undrest;  
 Beneath a cloud the Moon withdrew, to shun  
 The sight of charms superior to her own;  
 No Stars, save her bright eyes, cou'd *Strephon* spy,  
 Her eyes eclips'd the twinklers of the sky;  
 To meet her steps each amorous flow'ret rose,  
 And with new-tinted lustre livelier glows;  
 The Lark, sweet Herald of the morn, awakes,  
 And for the East th' approaching Fair mistakes;  
 Young Zephyr with his luscious banquet blest,  
 Feasts on her coral lips, and lili'd breast,  
 And trembling ghosts to church-yards speed away,  
 Scar'd at the sudden burst of hated day.

*Strephon*, amazement all, to see the Fair  
 Thus brave the perils of the midnight air,  
 Exclaims—"Am I awake, Almighty Power!  
 Can *Lindamira*, at this dangerous hour  
 To midnight damps expose her Angel breast,  
 A stranger to her pillow and to rest?  
 Can Love—But hold, Delusion, nor thus cheat  
 My fluttering bosom with a hope so sweet:—  
 Can she for me!—Heav'n, how the thought inspires,  
 And with a more than transport wildly fires!—  
 I'll fly, and breathe such raptures, that her heart  
 Shall in her blush announce her mutual smart;

I'll

I'll instant at her feet—But oh, beware,  
 Fond Youth,—lest while your passion you declare,  
 You wound those feelings which her bosom guide,  
 And strike a dagger in her virtue's pride!  
 For ah! what tales wou'd Envy's snakes proclaim,  
 To stain with Falshood *Lindamira's* name,  
 Shou'd it be whisper'd that the midnight plain  
 Saw at her feet an amorous sighing swain!  
 Forbid it, Delicacy, spotless Saint,  
 Whose charms, all wond'rous, modern Novels paint,  
 Forbid it, Chastity, whom Hermits hoar  
 And Beaus, and *Josephs*, and *Old Maids* adore;  
 Shall I, who *K—'s* Drama so admire,  
 E'er give a loose to sensual desire?  
 I, who with *Lollius'* soothing music blest,  
 Have oft, in Pain's despight, been lull'd to rest,  
 (Thus nurses on *Hibernia's* coast are said  
 With opiate notes to lull the aking head)  
 Shall I not curb my passion with a rein,  
 And tho' my heart shou'd break, my love restrain?  
 I will:—Temptation's pow'r I thus defy,  
 And, flying, gain a glorious victory;  
 Some distant hour my spotless hopes may crown,  
 When, Honor-sanction'd, I my Love dare own."

Ended his Complaint, poor *Strephon* stole away,  
 Trusting the fortune of some future day;  
 While virtuous *Lindamira* sought the grove,  
 To meet a Swain—*less delicate* in Love.

*The*



## The PATRIOTS.

**I**N seventeen hundred forty-five,  
 When guant Rebellion was alive,  
 And with a Giant stride came forth  
 From her bleak Den the stormy North,  
*Jack*, who by Creditors unkind  
 Had long in Prison been confin'd,  
 At Window Bars, half-starv'd, half bare  
 Standing, to breathe the wholesome air,  
 Who shou'd pass by in martial Geer  
 But swagg'ring *Tom* the Grenadier :—  
 “Hollo—now *Thomas*, what's the Crack?”  
 “*Why worse than bad enough, Friend Jack ;*  
 “*They say—(damn him)—the young Pretender*  
 “*Bids fair to be our Faith's Defender ;*  
 “*And Rebels now are brim with hope,*  
 “*To bring in Charley and the Pope.*”  
 Quo' *Jack*, with lengthen'd rueful face,  
 “Good Heav'n forbid :—If that's the case,  
 “Our *Liberty's* for ever gone,  
 “And poor Old *England* quite undone :”—  
 “Our *Liberty*,” cries *Tom*, “*what's worse,*  
 “*A thousand times a greater Curse,*  
 “*If the Pretender mounts the throne,*  
 “*Damme—Our dear Religion's gone.*”

Thus *Jack* in Jail exclaims and fears  
     *Freedom* will be abolish'd ;  
 While swagg'ring *Tom*, Soldier-like, swears  
     The Church will be demolish'd.

T E M.

## T E M P E R A N C E.

THOSE Powers prolific that reside  
In *Bladud's* stream, while crowds confess,  
And Matrons with a grateful Pride,  
Their wonder-working Magic bless,

No more a Prodigy we deem,  
When to *Olymp.* our eyes we move,  
Of TEMP'RANCE there the crystal stream  
Impregnated Almighty *Jove*.

By quaffing the nectareous sweet,  
And bathing oft within its tide,  
The God with Embrio grew replete,  
And quicken'd like a three-months Bride.

But when impregnate Gods become,  
(Thus Bards inspir'd of old relate)  
Conception's parsley bed, the Womb,  
Is ever fix'd within the Pate.

Nine months elaps'd,—in vigour full,  
Arm'd cap-a-pee, a blue-ey'd Maid  
Like lightning darted from his Skull,  
And *Wisdom's* Goddess stood display'd.

"To every Quarter of the Earth,  
"Let *Fame*," cries *Jove*, "aloud resound,  
"To TEMP'RANCE *Wisdom* owes her Birth,  
"In that clear Spring is *Wisdom* found.

"And

" And thou, best treasure of my heart,  
 " Dear Offspring ! Source of lasting Joy !  
 " Thy Blessings unto Man impart,  
 " Blessings like thine can never cloy :

" To Mortals who for Wisdom kneel,  
 " (Without which Life how vain a prize !)  
 " From TEMPERANCE Fount some Portion deal,  
 " Sweeten'd with Dew of EXERCISE.

" Health to the Body and the Mind  
 " This heav'nly *Nostrum* will procure,  
 " While Folly and Disease *They'll* find  
 " Whom *Gluttony's* gross Wiles allure."

Fair *Wisdom's* Queen th' *Olympic* Corps  
 All hail'd,——save *Bacchus* and his Crew,  
 Who turn'd their backs, and reeling swore,  
 " With *Wisdom* they'd have nought to do."

*On Mr P——'s MARRIAGE with Miss H—c—le.*

"MAY Heav'n this boon in mercy grant,  
 "'Tis all I wish, 'tis all I want,  
 "A youthful Bride to grace my bed,  
 "In Honor's strictest precepts bred;  
 "Sweet temper'd, gentle as a dove,  
 "'Till now an alien to love;  
 "With beauty to direct the dart,  
 "And virtue to secure my heart,  
 "Above coquetting, blest with sense,  
 "Whose ev'ry look is eloquence;  
 "From pride and scandal always free,  
 "And from disgustful prudery;  
 "In habit neat, in person clean,  
 "A stranger to corroding Spleen,  
 "A voice to charm my soul to rest,  
 "Whene'er by wordly cares oppress;  
 "No fiery Zealot in Religion,  
 "A soul despising Superstition;  
 "Whose sense directs her how to blend  
 "The wife, the lover, and the friend;  
 "In ev'ry shape above disguise,  
 "Her soul depictur'd in her eyes;  
 "A fortune easy and secure,  
 "Tho' that shou'd be my smallest lure;  
 "Ent'ring my doors, I'd have her-meet me  
 "Smiling,—and still with welcomes greet me:  
 "Wou'd *Jove* in pity hear my pray'r,  
 "And bless my days with such a Fair,

T

"I'd





" I'd never quit so rich a treasure,  
 " To roam abroad in search of pleasure,  
 " But use my ev'ry pow'r and art,  
 " To win, and to preserve her heart."

Thus P—— pray'd ; and father *Jove*  
 Heard ev'ry syllable above.

Quo' *Jove*—" A modest, droll *quelque Chose*,  
 " He'll nought for want of asking lose ;  
 " Suppose for once the whim I try,  
 " And with the Youth's address comply ;  
 " He's been a loose young spark, I'm sure,  
 " Who knows but this may work a cure ;  
 " He don't want sense, he may amend,  
 " Long is the lane that knows no end :  
 " Here, *Hymen*, take your torch and fly,  
 " Quick, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 " Fly to Miss *H—s—ls*, of *Y—k*,  
 " You'll find her busy at her work ;  
 " She don't, like other ladies, kill  
 " Her time in Scandal or Quadrille,  
 " Or reading paltry dull Romances,  
 " To fill her brain with foolish fancies ;  
 " Tho' full of cheerfulness and spirit,  
 " She scorns to misemploy her merit ;  
 " In useful sort her hours she spends,  
 " In working, chatting with her friends,  
 " Or reading, where she's sure to find  
 " A banquet worthy of her mind ;  
 " In walking, or at church in pray'r,  
 " (She's not ashamed of going there)

" Present

" Present her as a gift from *Jove* ;  
 " And you my little God of *Love*,  
 " Just at the instant take him slap,  
 " As you know how—beneath left pap,  
 " And on the Fair, with twanging bow  
 " The self-same compliment bestow.

" But shou'd the Youth ungrateful prove,  
 " And cease to *Cherish* and to *Love*,  
 " Tell him—with punishments I'll teaze him,  
 " A thousand pains and aches shall seize him ;  
 " And in *Terrorem* to bad spouses,  
 " I'll burn his pictures, books, and houses :  
 " But hold, I'm rather too severe,  
 " To threaten thus 'ere faults appear ;  
 " For *Gratitude* with *Sense* and *Truth*,  
 " Have ever harbour'd in the Youth ;  
 " And *Honor*, cement to the whole,  
 " Is rooted in his inmost soul :  
 " Tell him, in short, he may depend  
 " On *Jove*—if constant—as his friend."

The message giv'n—quick from the sky  
 To *Y—k* the winged couriers fly ;  
 And to the wishing Youth convey  
 The yielding Maid (like fragrant *May*  
 Blushing, when doom'd her glowing charms  
 To her belov'd *Zephyrus*' arms)  
 Kneeling, the blessing he receives,  
 And scarce his ravish'd sight believes :  
*Cupid*, fly Rogue ! with barbed darts,  
 Transfixes both the Lovers hearts,

The *Gordian* knot while *Hymen* frames,  
His torch ne'er sent forth brighter flames ;  
Nor has it since been trimm'd, they say,  
But livelier burns each sitting day ;  
And *Jove* upon his honor swears,  
(I mean, 'pon honor he declares)  
He ne'er a happier Couple knew,  
More kind—more loving—and more true.

---

## N E C T A R.

**F***RIENDSHIP* and chaste *Desire*, two streams that flow  
Than crystal purer, in the Realms above,  
Mix'd, and *sublim'd* by *Truth*, all sparkling glow,  
And form that Soul-enchancing NECTAR *Love* :  
To whom on Earth some scatter'd drops are given,  
Blest Mortals ! antedate the Joys of Heaven !

## F I D E L I A.

THE rolling year again brought on the day,  
That snatch'd from *Lucius* half his soul away ;  
That day on which he mournful vigils kept,  
And o'er *Fidelia*'s tomb in anguish wept :  
*Fidelia* gone ! life is to him no more,  
" Than a lone walk upon a dreary shore."

Deep silence reign'd, the midnight hour was past,  
And darkness o'er the globe her veil had cast ;  
In vain the peaceful bed invites to rest,  
No room for peace in woe-fraught *Lucius*' breast :  
Sigh follows sigh, and groan responses groan,  
Nor wonder, since from earth *Fidelia*'s flown ;  
When sudden, quick as lightning, to his sight  
(Darkness dispell'd) a Vision heavenly bright  
Stands at his feet ; the smiling form he knew,  
And all *Fidelia* brightens to his view ;  
His pulses flutt'ring beat, he would have spoke,  
But Passions wild his half-form'd accents choak ;  
When thus, in sounds which long had bless'd his ear,  
The Vision strives her *Lucius*' breast to cheer.

" Can sight of me, the lovely Phantom said,  
" And smiling spoke, in *Lucius* raise a dread ?  
" At my approach pleasure was wont to rise,  
" And speak a bosom'd welcome thro' your eyes ;  
" In Me the same *Fidelia* now you view,  
" As loving, gentle, friendly, and as true.



" That hour, that long-wish'd hour, which kindly gave  
 " My soul to heaven, my body to the grave,  
 " To hear the groans that rent your throbbing breast,  
 " My pulseless clay yet warm with ardor prest ;  
 " While fix'd on me alone you groan'd despair,  
 " My pitying soul, still hov'ring in the air,  
 " Almost reluctant flew to joys above,  
 " For *Lucius* shar'd with Heav'n *Fidelia*'s love.

" Your sighs, your pray'rs, by me convey'd to heaven,  
 " Have once again to earth *Fidelia* given,  
 " The healing balm of lenient Hope to pour,  
 " And Peace, long banish'd, to your soul restore.

" Did Mortals know their Maker, they'd revere,  
 " All adoration, love, and void of fear ;  
 " That fear excepted, which with ardent glow  
 " From Gratitude's warm spring must ever flow,  
 " Lest they offend that Pow'r by whom they move,  
 " Their Being's Author, Fountain of pure Love ;  
 " No bug-bear Tyrant thirsting after blood,  
 " But a kind Father, merciful and good.

" How then can Man ungratefully presume  
 " To paint th' Almighty with a Demon's gloom ?  
 " How can he impiously a Tyrant call  
 " That God who into Being *smil'd* us all ?  
 " How with a jaundic'd eye to Heav'n impart  
 " A cheerless picture from a cheerless heart ?  
 " Or with mean selfish views the world deceive,  
 " Or force with *Threats* weak vot'ries—to believe.

" When

“When Death my *Lucius* from his chains shall free,  
“And give him to immortal joys and me,  
“ (Oh ! let not Death with shadowy terrors fright,  
“Death is our Angel-guide to realms of light,  
“Man’s truest Friend, whose ever-smiling face  
“A cypress veil conceals from *Adam’s* race)  
“With love seraphic shall *Fidelia* tend,  
“And lead to raptures which shall never end ;  
“Thro’ fields of Ether infinite to rove,  
“New scenes of ever-varying bliss to prove ;  
“But what those joys, or from what fountains flow,  
“Must never, so Heav’n wills, transpire below ;  
“If known, mortals wou’d burst their chains of clay,  
“And rush, unbidden, to the realms of day.

“Let *Lucius* then with resignation wait,  
“Till Death to joys immortal shall translate ;  
“And when Heav’n calls to a celestial birth,  
“And bids release from cares, from pain, and earth,  
“Boldly launch forth : Fear nothing ; hope the best ;  
“By me Heav’n thus commands,—*Hope and be blest.*”

She smil’d, she wav’d her hand, and sudden Night  
Conceal’d the lovely image from his sight :  
Her words to peace his anxious soul restor’d,  
And Heav’n with Gratitude he straight ador’d.

On

*On a ROBIN's singing near my Window in  
November.*

ON yonder tree with warbling note  
The little *Red-breast* swells his throat,  
In silence while the feather'd throng,  
Lift to his more melodious Song\*;  
Did not the Sun the truth reveal,  
You'd swear it was the Nightingale.

Autumn's sweet Bird! From woods and groves,  
His Summer haunts, he now removes,  
To Man for friendly shelter flies,  
A pittance *Robin's* meed supplies;  
Our warmest Love he well repays,  
All grateful, with his melting Lays.

Upon my Window's ledge each day,  
The scatter'd Crumb shall court your stay;  
Or shou'd the Cold's unfriendly spell  
Within my Sash your flight impell,  
A plenteous Welcome shall be shown,  
And boundless Freedom still your own.

*Fidelia* erst wou'd raptur'd bend,  
And to your soothing Lay attend,  
Her Soul in tuneful softness drest,  
Congenial Harmony exprest;  
Sing on, while list'ning to your strain,  
Entranc'd—I view *her* Charms again.

MAY.

\* Few Birds, if any but the *Robin*, are heard to sing towards  
the Close of Autumn.

## MAY - MORN.

## A PASTORAL.

THE Sun just peeping o'er the hills was seen,  
 The Birds all caroll'd, and the air was sheen;  
 Garlands, of Daffodils and Tulips made,  
 With Cowslips, gather'd from the unforc'd glade,  
 O'er ev'ry cottage door, in trim array,  
 Spoke a glad welcome to the wish'd-for *May*;  
 Dight in their gayest Cloaths, each Shepherd Swain  
 And Village Nymph trip'd o'er the green-sward plain;  
 While *Cupid* made such havock among hearts,  
 His full-stor'd quiver scarce supply'd him darts:  
 In ev'ry breast Joy revell'd this glad morn,  
 Save *Deborah's*—She, hapless Maid, forlorn,  
 With eyes brimful, beneath a Yew reclin'd  
 Sat,—dulling with her sighs the passing wind;  
 When *Margery*, light tripping o'er the grass,  
 Stop'd short, and (wond'ring) thus accosts the Lass.

## MARGERY.

Am I awake? Is't *Deborah* I see  
 With blubber'd cheeks?—Quite lost her wonted glee?  
 What, *Deb*?—That erst so frolicksome was seen,  
 The blitheest maid that danc'd upon the green!  
 Up, up, for shame, no longer dowly fret,  
 Around the pole the Lads and Girls are met;  
 Blind *Giles* his fiddle scrapes in notes so sweet,  
 You'd think, for sure, he witch'd their puppet feet:  
 Have you forgot this is the First of *May*?  
 When dight in newest robes the fields look gay;  
 On



On ev'ry hedge the scented Blossoms spring,  
 The Birds their sweetest Carols joyous sing;  
 The Cuckow, dumb 'till now, this Morn essays  
 In mellow notes his summer song to raise;  
 Up, up, for shame, and to the sports repair,  
 Our Sweethearts both, believe me, Girl, are there:  
 Whence comes this change?—what sad misfortune, say,  
 Can cause those tears, and looks of wild dismay?

## DEBORAH.

Ah, hapless Maid!—when you my griefs shall hear,  
 Too soon, alas, you'll answer tear for tear;  
*Tummas*, the lad to whom I gave my heart,  
*Tummas* and I for ay must henceforth part;  
 He and thy Sweetheart *Hodge* both lifted are,  
 And now to fight with *Frenchmen* must prepare.

## MARGERY.

You fright me, *Deborah*;—nay, dearest Maid,  
 Joke you? or is it earnest what you said?

## DEBORAH.

Too true, alas, the news!—for Farmer *John*,  
 Saw the Lads strutting with their red coats on.  
 The Serjeant dizen'd in his copper lace,  
 (Woe with his oily tongue and brazen face)  
 Last night entic'd him to the *Fox*, and there  
 First made 'em drunk, and then—they lifted were.

## MARGERY.

My Roger Lifted! *Margery's* undone,  
 With Roger ev'ry Joy and Comfort's flown;

Was it for this such sugar'd words you spoke,  
When the bent sixpence lovingly we broke?  
Was it for this, by Gypsies I've been told,  
That blest with *Roger's* love I should grow old?  
Nor *Sieve* or *Sheers* I'll henceforth e'er believe,  
Nor shall *St Agnes' Fast* again deceive;  
For all my hopes—woe's me! are overblown,  
Since Sweetheart *Roger* for a Soldier's gone.

## D E B O R A H.

The bride-cake which I got when Farmer *Hale*  
Married the buxom Widow of the dale,  
Beneath my bolster plac'd in kerchief white,  
I dreamt of nought but *Tummas* all the night;  
I thought—but *Margery*, you oft have known,  
And well my dreams may guess at by your own:—  
Nor dreams or bride-cake henceforth I'll believe,  
For dreams and bride-cake both alike deceive.

## M A R G E R Y.

The dew, which I this morn with so much care  
Gather'd from yon green field to make me fair,  
I'll fling away—Nor henceforth, well I ween,  
This blubber'd face ought else save tears shall clean;  
For what avails a comely face to boast,  
Since all I prize, ah me! in *Roger's* lost.

## D E B O R A H.

When *Tummas* cut his hand—upon the wound,  
To stop the blood a cobweb straight I bound;  
Next day he told me I had heal'd the smart,  
And, smiling, bade me heal his bleeding heart;

I blush'd—he kiss'd me ;—and with sugar'd words,  
 And tongue as soft and smooth as unbroke curds,  
 He made me plight my troth ; and on a book  
 Swear to be his : The oath we jointly took :  
 He swore my *True Love* he would live and die ;  
 Are lovers true—who from their *True Loves* fly ?

## M A R G E R Y.

Last *April*-tide—(I little thought so soon  
 Last *April*-tide, to part with my dear loon)  
 Like *Roger* none such matchless wit cou'd show,  
 Or make so many *April* fools, I trow.

## D E B O R A H.

A few days gone, (how tender *Tummas'* breast !  
 From a rude lad he sav'd a Linnet's nest ;  
 He swore, and swore aloud—"It was a shame  
 To murder birds of any sort but *Game* :"  
 How can a heart, so tender and so good,  
 Then make a Trade of shedding Christian blood ?

## M A R G E R Y.

In Wrestling no one lad can *Hodge* excel ;  
 At Cudgels too he always bears the bell ;  
 And but last Wake, when a rude fellow swore  
 He'd have a kiss, and my lac'd kerchief tore,  
 I scream'd :—*Hodge* flew like lightning to my aid,  
 And at his feet the brute was quickly laid.

## D E B O R A H.

In dancing, who with *Tummas* can compare ?  
 Or foot it on the green with such an air ?

At

At Church on Sundays none so loud can sing,  
 He shakes and quavers so, he makes all ring :  
 And then to hear him chaunt Bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Or *Marg'ret's* grimly ghost, what hours I've stood !  
 And when he whistles, *Margery*, I swear,  
 Nor flutes nor black-birds can with him compare.

## MARGERY.

Hag *Marian*, who like Death all ghastly grins,  
 And makes young Children vomit crooked pins,  
 As o'er yon hill I sped at close of day,  
 Her prayers fast mumbling backwards, crost my way ;  
 I knew some dire Mischance wou'd soon befall,  
 But little dreamt of this, the worst of all.

## DEBORAH.

The other night,—to think on't makes me weep,  
 When cocks, hens, pigs, and christians were asleep ;  
 Into our barn the crafty *Reynard* stole,  
 He made his way thro' yonder tiny hole ;  
 The hens, all flutt'ring, with a piteous cry  
 Proclaim'd aloud the murd'rous Fox was nigh ;  
 Wak'd with the noise, I started in my smock,  
 And scream'd aloud—"My cock ! my ginger cock !"  
 I came too late—my ginger cock was gone ;  
 "My cock !" I cry'd—and fell into a swoon :—  
 Crafty the Fox, the Serjeant craftier far,  
 Who in his clutches thus can *Tummas* bear :  
 Another *Ginger* I may get again,  
 But never, never get so sweet a Swain.



## MARGERY.

No more shall bees to flowery meads resort,  
 Nor with their willing mates cock-sparrows sport;  
 No more in the *Red Sea* shall Ghosts be laid,  
 Or midnight Fairies pinch the flattern Maid;  
 The lambs shall cease to bleat, the cocks to crow,  
 When tears for my poor *Roger* cease to flow.

## DEBORAH.

Sooner the heavy ox shall flit thro' air,  
 Sooner with turtles rav'nous kites shall pair,  
 The hog shall sing in soft melodious notes,  
 And nightingales shall, grunting, stretch their  
 throats;

Sooner the 'Squire his rent when due refuse,  
 Or smallest sheaves, in tithing, Parsons chuse;  
 Sooner than—Break thou stubborn heart in twain,  
 Sleeping or waking I forget my Swain.

Thus wail'd the Maids, when on the plain appear'd  
*Tommas* and *Roger*, whom the 'Squire had clear'd;  
 The welcome sight at once dispell'd their fears,  
 Kisses and *May-day* fare dried up their tears,  
 The Swains their wishes had, the longing Maidens  
 theirs.

The

## The MAY-SPRIG.

## A SONG.

A Sprig with earliest blossoms gay,  
 I gather'd from the fragrant *May*,  
 To deck *Emira's* sweeter breast,  
 In lilies robed, where *Cupid's* nest.

She mark'd the flower with speaking eye,  
 Like *Patience* smil'd, then heav'd a sigh,  
 While down her cheek a tear that stole,  
 Announc'd the feelings of her soul,

"Oh, *Edwin, Edwin*," cry'd the Fair,  
 "Behold your sex's emblem there:  
 "Tho' flattering to the sense it shows,  
 "Beneath,—the *Thorn* unkindly grows.

"Like this fair flow'r, *May's* boasted sweet,  
 "Does *Love* the witless *Virgin* cheat;  
 "We lodge the traitor in our heart,  
 "But feel too soon the rankling smart."

She said;—Remembrance, all unkind,  
 Gave treach'rous *Damen* to her mind:  
 My heart now throbb'd with friendly pain,  
 Nor cou'd the social tear refrain.

## JOVE's CHARGE to VENUS.

FROM Ocean's deep and coral bed,  
 When *Venus* first uprais'd her head,  
*Jove* snatch'd her to the skies;  
 The Gods with rapture all were seiz'd,  
 The Goddesses, not quite so pleas'd,  
 View'd her with jealous eyes.

But *Jove* within her ev'ry feature,  
 Marking a wild and shandy nature,  
 Summon'd the Sister *Graces*,  
 With orders on the Maid to wait,  
 Nor quit their charge at any rate,  
 On hazard of their places.

"Hence, to the Earth with this bright train,  
 "And there with pow'r despotic reign,  
 "With pow'r full great as mine;  
 "Ev'n Sages shall adoring bend,  
 "And hailing you the world's best friend,  
 "Fall prostrate at your shrine.

"But keep this strict command at heart,  
 "Nor from the *Graces* dare depart;  
 "Shou'd e'er befall that day,  
 "Your reign's no more;—the Good and Wise  
 "Your wither'd influence will despise,  
 "And none but Fools obey."

High



High seated on th'Empyrean throne,  
 His Grand Behest the God made known,  
 From whence lies no appeal;  
 His Grand Behest no sooner given,  
 Than Fate, Lord Chancellor of Heaven,  
 Fix'd to it the Great Seal.

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### SORTE CONTENTUS.

**A**MBITION fires the active mind,  
 Gold tempts the reptile miser-kind;  
 Nor Power I wish, or Nabob-store,  
 Mine be Content, I ask no more.

He who in Rank or Reputation,  
 Orbits in a superior Station,  
 Shou'd far more circumspectly tread,  
 Than he who lower holds his head.

A Person may from Joint-stool tumble,  
 Yet find no weighty cause to grumble;  
 But let him from a Steeple roll,  
 The Lord have Mercy on his Soul.

Tho' poor, yet cheerful, grant *me*, Heaven,  
 To range Life's Wild the Moments given;  
 And when Death comes with—*How d'ye do?*  
 Content I'll give the Knave his Due.



*Miss SALLY and the REDBREAST.*

**B**ANISH'D by Winter's churlish sway,  
 The feather'd Songsters fly,  
 Nor longer from each waving spray,  
 Resounds sweet Melody.

To *W—l—n Grainge*, with hunger pin'd  
 A *Robin* journey'd straight,  
 Where *Hospitality* refin'd  
 Sits smiling at the gate.

The window open, in he flew,  
 Miss *Sally* ey'd her Guest;  
 Not *Robin's* self more sweetness knew,  
 Or a more spotless breast.

A cake well-plumb'd fair *Sally* eat,  
 Playful upon her stool;  
 Her little heart with wishes beat,  
 To kiss the Red-breast Fool.

With cautious hop and look askance  
 The Stranger ey'd the room,  
 'Till *Sally's* smiles bade him advance,  
 And pick the scatter'd crumb.

Embolden'd now he comes more near,  
 And feasts beneath her feet;  
 From looks so kind, what can he fear,  
 Or Innocence so sweet!

That

That "Fate oft gilds his baited snare,"

Wife was the Man who said;

A Cat fierce springing from a chair,

Mark'd *Robin* with the Dead.

Miss *Sally* scream'd; the gushing tide

Pour'd down her Angel cheek;

Her little bosom heav'd,—she sigh'd,

As tho' her heart wou'd break.

Banish'd for ever from her sight,

*Grimalkin's* doom'd to fly;

Nor fav'rite *Doll* can now delight,

Or stop the rising sigh.

When pearl-ey'd Pity and soft Love

With Infant Beauty join,

Such Virtues must, when ripen'd, prove

A Being all Divine.

*The*

## The UNFORTUNATE DAMSEL'S RESOLUTION,

## A SONG.

**N**EAR a beck-side, with willow fring'd  
 The mournful *Dolly* lay;  
 And thus the Nymph was heard to sing,  
 Or rather heard to say.

" 'Twas here, on this accursed spot,  
 " That *Tummas* of the mill,  
 " With speeches fine first stole my heart,  
 " And got his wicked will.

" A thousand sugar'd vows he swore,  
 " His *Dolly* he wou'd wed;  
 " Ah, *Tummas*, keep those vows, or give  
 " Me back my maiden-head.

" Upon this willow will I hang,  
 " In pure revenge and spite;  
 " And if the wretch dare lie alone,  
 " I'll haunt him ev'ry night.

" I'll shake his curtain—(but in sooth  
 " His bed does curtains lack)  
 " And plague him, till the morning cock  
 " Obliges me to pack.

" Or thro' the church-yard shou'd he go  
 " By night,—my ghost shall rise,  
 " And, like a *headless* horse appear,  
 " With *frightful saucer eyes*:

" Upon



"Upon this willow will I hang,  
 "Ev'n here beneath this tree;"  
 She said, and flipt her garters twain  
 From just above her knee.

The fatal noose poor *Doll* prepares;  
 Her lover springs the beck!  
 "Ah, *Tummas*, art thou there," she cries,  
 And hangs—upon his neck.

From this example learn, ye Swains,  
 Nor henceforth perjur'd prove,  
 For girls *undone* are apt, you see,  
 To hang themselves for Love.

On seeing a LAW BOOK bound in uncolour'd  
 Calf, and white Edges:

WITH unstain'd Edges, and in spotless Calf,  
 A Law Book bound must make a Stoic laugh;  
 For in that flattering emblem you may see,  
 Not what Law *is*, but what the Law *shou'd* be:  
 A Law Book thus in the Law Livery drest,  
 Is like a Jesuit in a Layman's vest;  
 'Tis like a Strumpet cloath'd in spotless White;  
 'Tis like a bitter Apple, fair to sight;  
 'Tis like a simple Quaker, plain and neat,  
 That with his Yeas and Noes is apt to cheat;  
 'Tis like a Pirate, that false colours shows,  
 Or *Hecla's* flames conceal'd in virgin snows;  
 'Tis like—in short, 'tis like *Dan Milton's* Sin,  
 All fair without, but *somewhat* foul within.

On



On Miss T——'s fanning herself:

PANTING with heat from Sol's unnerving rays,  
 A Fan unfurl'd the lovely Nymph displays;  
 The flutt'ring toy awakes the dormant breeze,  
 And to her bosom wafts refreshing ease:  
 The waying Brussels, wind-impell'd—(Oh Heav'n!  
 Wou'd to my lot that bliss supreme were given!)  
 Playfully wanton, now with kisses greets  
 Those lily-cover'd hills of breathing sweets;  
 Now flowing back, to the charm'd gazer shows  
 A fairer Heav'n than ev'n *Elysium* knows;  
 The heaving mounds alternate fall and rise,  
 And our fir'd souls impress 'em thro' our eyes;  
 While *Cupid* laughing, from his slopy vale  
 Pours flaming arrows thick as storms of hail;  
 Above the battery of her flays now peeps,  
 Flackers his wings,—then downward nestling, creeps  
 To purling streams and consecrated groves,  
 The hallow'd birth-place of his Mother's doves;  
 Where lies, conceal'd from vulgar eyes, *Love's* seat,  
 His *Sans Sauci*, his favourite retreat.

In mercy, heav'nly Maid, our pains redress,  
 And kindly give us more, or shew us less.

A CARD, from Master CUPID to Miss VENY.\*

TO fair Miss *Veny*, *Cupid* sends  
 His Compliments, and lowly bends;  
 If she's this afternoon at leisure,  
 And disengag'd from other pleasure,  
 He'll gladly do himself the honour,  
*En Cavalier*, to wait upon her,  
 Having a secret of some weight  
 And moment to communicate,  
 And which, he's certain, will bestow  
 Much pleasure upon Miss to know:  
 The Ladies talk of being by,  
 (Ladies, she knows, are giv'n to pry)  
 But that, he hopes, will never place  
 A blush upon his Charmer's face,  
 Since 'tis no more than, *Tit for Tat*,  
 Having oft seen — but *Mum for that*.

His Lady by disaster odd  
 On his Paw *Dexter* having trod,  
 He has prevail'd on her, by bribe  
 Of kisses three, to be his Scribe.

His Chair will be, soon after four,  
 (If Miss is willing) at her door.

On

\* Being desired by a Lady to send a Card from her *Cupid* to a four-legged Playfellow of his, the above was written and sent.

*On Mrs POWELL's appearing in the Character of  
Rosalind, at York, 1767.\**

**T**HALIA ever drole and gay,  
Took an odd whim the other day,  
To fly from Mount *Parnass* to *York*,  
(Her Ladyship's as light as cork)  
Strange things she'd heard from Madam *Fame*  
Of *Powell*, a young sprightly Dame,  
The Sock who lately had put on,  
And with *Eclat* uncommon shone;  
*Fame* swore,—“She beat ev'n *Barry*† hollow;  
“She heard it vouch'd so by *Apollo*.”

But Miss *Thalia* knew full well  
That *Fame* would sometimes fiblets tell,  
And therefore thought it far more wise  
To trust to her own ears and eyes:  
To *York* like lightning thro' the air  
She darts, and having call'd a chair,  
Straight to the Muses' Temple goes,  
Where crowds of well-drest Belles and Beaus  
Their offerings tender at the shrine  
Of *Phœbus* and the Sisters Nine,  
And where they laugh, chat, curtsy, bow,  
As well-drest Folks in churches do.

When

\* This Lady, by too intense an Application to the Stage,  
brought on a Disorder which a few Years after occasioned  
her Death.

† The present Mrs *Crawford*.



When seated till the Play began,  
 She chatted, bow'd, and play'd her fan;  
 So sensible, and smart her look,  
 For pretty *Sterne*\* she was mistook,  
 And each pert Beau and Buck around her,  
 She with her wit struck flat as flounder;  
 For what are Beaus to such a sly Lass?  
 No more than was to *Herc'les Hylas*.  
 That night, as luck wou'd have it, *Powell*  
 Who like a man can strut or bow well,  
 The breeches was ordain'd to wear,  
 And *Rosalind's* fair semblance bear:  
 Her first appearance when she made,  
*Thalia* with amazement said,  
 "A noble form as I'm a sinner,  
 "There's something devilish clever in her;  
 "Tall, well-shap'd, handsome, debonnaire,  
 "A fine complexion,—charming hair,  
 "A voice most pleasing,—and a grace  
 "That speaks her of no vulgar race."—  
 Attention all, she lent an ear,  
 And scarce refrain'd the falling tear,  
 To see poor *Rosalind's* distress,  
 (What gentle bosom cou'd do less?).  
 For chiefly, tho' to mirth inclin'd,  
*Thalia* has a feeling mind;  
 And *Powell*, with her magic art  
 A fluttering rais'd in Miss's heart:—  
 "Pooh! pooh! (she cry'd) I plainly see  
 "Her favourite walk is Tragedy;  
 "To you, grave Sister, I resign  
 "This Treasure;—she is wholly Thine."

X

But

\* *Tristram's* fair Daughter; now the ingenious Mrs *Medalle*.



But when with manly grace and mein  
 She saw her variegate the scene,  
 With all that whim and spirit blest,  
 That mirthful *Pritchard* e'er exprest,  
 Join'd to that graceful form and ease,  
 In *Woffington* so wont to please,  
 She smil'd—she laugh'd—she clapp'd amain,  
 She-clap'd, she smil'd, and clap'd again;  
 Her sex forgot, she even swore,  
 She ne'er was better pleas'd before:  
 “*Shakespeare* a *Powell* had in view,  
 “I'm sure, when *Rosalind* he drew;  
 “Mark her but now, she shines confest  
 “Like *Venus*, by the *Graces* drest;  
 “Again behold her, and you'd take  
 “My female *Proteus* for a Rake;  
 “In short, in petticoats or breeches,  
 “With thousand charms she still bewitches,  
 “Voluble, lively, whimmy, smart,  
 “The Part fits her, she fits the Part:”  
 And when the Epilogue was ended,  
 Which she with rapturous looks attended,  
 She join'd the universal roar;  
 “Bravo! Bravissimo!—*Encore*.”

“Let *Fame* (she cry'd) her wings expand,  
 “Like lightning fly thro' every land,  
 “And trumpet loud to all mankind,  
 “*Powell*'s my favourite *Rosalind*.”

## The C O N T E S T.

## A V I S I O N.

AS late in *Morpheus'* arms I folded lay,  
 And Fancy govern'd with unbounded sway,  
 Methought I stood near *Helicon's* fair stream,  
 (The Poet's daily wish, and nightly dream)  
 Where *Tragedy*, with slow and stately pace,  
 And keen-ey'd *Comedy* with smiling Grace,  
 Two Sister Muses,—seem'd in warm debate,  
 Who best deserv'd Pre-eminence of State.

“ With *Jove's* own Bird as well the Wren may  
 “ vie,

“ And perch on Heav'n's high Palace in the Sky,  
 “ (Exclaims *Melpomene*) as You with Me  
 “ Contest presume in Rank and Dignity;  
 “ Courts, Heroes, Kings, my Verse sublime require,  
 “ You distant gaze, nor dare so high aspire;  
 “ Ev'n in the inmost Chambers of the Soul,  
 “ The fiercest Passions own my vast controul,  
 “ While *You* in lightsome strains, with tickling smart,  
 “ Play round the head, but seldom touch the heart:  
 “ In a superior Orbit, lo! I shine;  
 “ Think not, vain Girl, your Merit equals mine.”

“ Cloud-hawling Sister, quit your high abode,  
 “ And, if you can, descend to Reason's road,”  
 (Cries *Comedy*, and curtsy'd as she spoke)  
 “ My Laughter, not my Anger, you provoke;

" Our Stations Father *Jove* fix'd here below,  
 " In Virtue's cause to combat every Foe ;  
 " Our Mirrors to erect, and teach mankind  
 " Self-knowledge in the portrait of the mind ;  
 " *Vice* to unmask, and *Folly* to expose,  
 " And shew them as from Hell they naked rose ;  
 " Your province *Vice*,—mine *Folly*,—our success  
 " The different Aspects of our foes confess :  
 " Courts, you avow, is your peculiar sphere ;  
 " What mighty wonders has your glass wrought there ?  
 " Are Kings and pension'd Courtiers more inclin'd  
 " To Virtue, than the Rest of humankind ?  
 " Ah, Sister, if the World I truly read,  
 " Courts are unfriendly soils for Virtue's seed :—  
 " To no one sphere confin'd, I hunt my game,  
 " Or City, Country, Court—to me the same ;  
 " 'Tis mine, with this keen lash of Ridicule,  
 " Tickling to probe each Folly-govern'd Fool ;  
 " Ev'n in the *Verge*, where Vice with front of brass  
 " Laughs at her own black image in the glass,  
 " Shou'd rainbow Folly there assail my eyes,  
 " The smarting monster from th'encounter flies,  
 " Nor can, tho' veil'd in Wisdom's garb escape ;  
 " I strip him, and the World beholds an Ape.  
 " Equal with you too, thro' the vaulted sky  
 " On sounding pinions at my will I fly\* ;  
 " Yet never soar so high, to Reason true,  
 " But land-mark Nature still I keep in view :  
 " Your vain Pre-eminence, sweet Girl, resign ;  
 " If any—that Pre-eminence is mine."

All

\* *Interdum Vocem Comædia tollit.*



All this fly *Opera* heard, and with a trill  
 Which *Echo* answer'd from *Parnassus'* hill;  
 Her claim preferr'd:—"In vain your pow'rs ye boast,  
 "Know, Sisters, that 'tis *Opera* rules the roast;  
 "Mortals by me possessest, now laugh, now cry,  
 "Expire, revive,—and all they know not why:  
 "On Music's wings my Votaries are caught  
 "To heav'n, freed from the galling chain of thought.  
 "That *Music's* charms can soothe a savage breast,  
 "Among your favourite *Britons* stands confest;  
 "Let your own Fanes, *Drury* and *Covent* tell,  
 "Whether or You or *Opera* bears the bell:  
 "The mountain-nurtur'd *Swiss*, whose callous souls  
 "Not all Your *Pathos* or Your *Wit* controuls,  
 "To Me submissive, humblest homage pay,  
 "And live or die obedient to my sway\*;  
 "But what my influence proves beyond compare,  
 "Castratoes now are Favourites of the Fair."

*Melpomene*, with looks of cold disdain,  
 (Looks which yet more than words her thoughts  
 explain)

Just glanc'd contempt, nor farther deign'd reply,  
 When thus, with mirth replete, brisk *Comedy*:  
 "Thou meer Vacuity! Thou Thing of Air!  
 "In Merit shall *Sol fa* with Us compare!

X 3

"Hence,

\* As a striking Instance of the Power of Music, the *Swiss* who are not a People of the quickest Sensation, are said to have at this Time a Tune, which when played upon their Fifes, inspires them with such a Desire of revivintg their native Country, that if prevented, they languish and die of Grief. This Tune is therefore, under severe Penalties, forbidden to be played by the *Swiss* Regiments in foreign Service, as it would infallibly cause them to desert.



" Hence, and thy distance know, and thank kind  
 " Heav'n,

" If in our Train an humble lot is giv'n :  
 " At best, the outward Flourish you dispense,  
 " To deck and ornament Dramatic Sense ;  
 " Shall Truth and Nature"——

More she had said, but *Phœbus* from his throne,  
 Thus stopt debate, and *Jove's* high will made known :  
 " Sisters, for shame ! your ill-judg'd strife forbear,  
 " Muse against Muse is most unnatural war\* :  
 " To combat Giant *Vice*, to mend the heart,  
 " To draw forth *Virtue's* tears, and joys impart  
 " Which none but Good and Feeling Souls can know,  
 " Be Yours *Melpomene* :—While Folly's Foe  
 " *Thalia* stands confest ; and Heart and Head  
 " Frees from those weeds, too apt to overspread  
 " The human Soil : Oft-times the richest ground  
 " Will, if neglected, most in weeds abound ;  
 " Large and alike extensive either field,  
 " Equal the mutual benefits they yield ;  
 " Equal be then your Rank :—'Tis *Jove's* decree,  
 " Henceforth ye live in kindred Amity,  
 " Nor either claim unjust Precedency.

" By *Sense prepar'd*, to raise the Soul on high  
 " To Heav'n, upon the wings of Harmony,  
 " *Opera*, that task be Yours : But *Unprepar'd*  
 " By *Sense*, in vain the Strain delusive's heard,

" For

\* Duncce against Duncce is most unnatural War. POPE.

“ For Music, void of Sense, to all intent  
“ Is but a Sweetmeat without Nourishment ;  
“ Whereas the mirror’d Sisters to the mind  
“ Banquets present salubrious and refin’d :  
“ Your Province is to see your pleasing Aid  
“ Dependent, at your *Sisters’* Call display’d ;  
“ Aided by You, they sooner shall controul,  
“ And pour the Balm of Virtue in the Soul ;  
“ But for the *Lead!*—to that drop all pretence,  
“ *Sound* still must yield Precedency to *Sense* ;  
“ They never in the Vanguard shou’d appear,  
“ Whose Station’s fix’d by Heaven in the Rear :  
“ Friends all ! henceforth like Brethren kindly love,  
“ And Heav’n and Earth the Union will approve.”

To *Jove’s* Award the Sisters lowly bow’d,  
And close embracing, mutual friendship vow’d ;  
Link’d like the *Graces* hand in hand they sped,  
The Watchman call’d the hour,—the Vision fled.

BEE.

## BEELEZEBUB OUTWITTED.

1779.

SLY *Beelzebub*, with Wealth and Pride,  
Had long our Fall been brewing,  
And Luxury with whelming tide,  
Mark'd *England's* sad undoing.

But now, our Rulers wise, 'tis known,  
Have Commerce driv'n away;  
And with it since our Wealth is flown,  
Luxury must decay.

What thanks are to those *Worthies* due,  
This happy Change who wrought!  
They've sav'd our Souls' and Bodies too,  
Nor left us——scarce a Groat.

How then can *Patriots*, void of Grace,  
With Language most uncivil,  
Abuse those *Machievals* in Place,  
Who have outchem'd the Devil.

WHO'S

## WHO'S AFRAID?

AS Father *Time*, in his career  
Flits swiftly onward, in my ear  
He whispers,—“ Youth’s delights are flown,  
“ Life’s flowery *Spring* no longer known,  
“ When sportive innocence bears sway,  
“ And pleasure hails each coming day;  
“ When even *Grief*, a stranger rude,  
“ If chance he on their sports intrude,  
“ His transient stay but serves to show,  
“ In brighter tints, wild *Pleasure*’s glow,  
“ As in the Spring soft pattering showers  
“ Enrich the fields with sweets and flowers;  
“ For scenes less pleasing now prepare,  
“ A Family and household care,  
“ Where Joy is checker’d deep with Sorrow,  
“ And Prudence teazes with—*To-morrow*.”  
Kind *Hope* now taps me on the shoulder,  
“ Pleasures encrease as you grow older,  
“ Enchanting Beauty, sparkling Wine,  
“ With Friendship shall their roses twine,  
“ Your active powers have ample play,  
“ And Nature pour her kindest ray;  
“ Encircled by a crowd of joys,  
“ *Variety*, that never cloy,  
“ In rainbow vest adorn’d, invites  
“ To ever-pleasing new delights:”—  
While thus cheers *Hope*, in smiles array’d,  
To *Time* I’ll echo—“ WHO’S AFRAID?”

Ano-



Another visit pays Old *Time*,  
 "You've pass'd the noon-day of your prime,  
 "You now descend Life's destin'd hill,  
 "(I never let my glass stand still)  
 "Grey hairs and wrinkled age apace  
 "Move on, to stare you in the face."  
 Blithe *Hope*, who never quits my room,  
 Prompts me to smile at faded bloom;  
 "You've had of Manhood's summer-store  
 "A *Quantum suf.* or rather more;  
 "Who feast on Pleasure till replete,  
 "To others shou'd resign their seat;  
 "Your Autumn days, serenely bright,  
 "Shall, calmly grave, now wing their flight,  
 "And down the hill to walk, we know,  
 "Is easier far than upward go;  
 "In Autumn too, fair Wisdom's root  
 "Still yields its kindlyest, richest fruit,  
 "Which less maturer days, in vain  
 "May wish, but seldom can obtain."—  
 While thus cheers *Hope*, in smiles array'd,  
 To *Time* I'll eccho—"WHO'S AFRAID?"

Once more comes *Time*,—"My good old Friend,  
 "You're verging to your latter end,  
 "Chill Winter freezes in your veins,  
 "Nor Health, scarce Memory remains;  
 "No longer now you flit the wing,  
 "Like wild Papilios in the Spring;  
 "Nor like the Summer Eagle fly,  
 "To dare the Sun with tearless eye;

"Nor

"Nor like th'autumnal Red-breast move  
 "With plaintive tales of former love;  
 "The moulting Season now is come,  
 "You now must drop the jaded plume,  
 "Within the grave your shell to rot,  
 "Uncertain of your future Lot;  
 "From Children, Friends, and all you love,  
 "Alas! how irksome to remove!"—

Here *Hope*, my constant Cheerer, cries,  
 "That old Dry Nurse's Threats despise;  
 "Who wou'd not with a journey's end,  
 "To meet a Father, and a Friend?  
 "Whose loving Mercy will bestow  
 "Those Joys we vainly seek below:—  
 "Who form'd us Beings frail, will ne'er  
 "Or Tyrant prove, or Judge severe."

While *Hope* thus comforts, undismay'd  
 In Death I'll eccho—"WHO'S AFRAID?"

---

*On reading an Account of the Action at Bunker's  
 Hill, 1775.*

**B** RITANNIA's conquering arms to grace,  
 While shouting crowds appear,  
 The Goddess turns aside her face,  
 To hide the falling tear.

## CUPID'S DECISION.

**T**HE Bench my Lord Chief *Cupid* grac'd,  
 A full-coif'd learned Judge, I wifs;  
 Poor *Strepbon* at the Bar was plac'd,  
 For robbing *Celia* of a Kiss.

The charge well prov'd, the Culprit cast,  
 With *Hardwick's* air and *Murray's* tongue  
 My Lord this dreadful Sentence past,  
 Around while mute attention hung;

"The Court decrees for Crimes like this,  
 "Since *Lawful* Kissing won't content ye,  
 "The Culprit for each *ravish'd* Kiss,  
 "Shall Retribution make of Twenty."\*

*Strepbon* to meet his Sentence flew;  
 When, kneeling, thus the blushing Maid;  
 "My Lord, I beg, if such my Due,  
 "The Debt in *Private* may be paid."

The

\* The Culprit, at the time of committing the Fact, had been but three weeks married to a most amiable young Lady.



*The* FAIRY VISIT.

**N**EAR *Bootham* Walk, where City Belles and Beaus  
On Sundays flock, to show themselves—and  
Cloaths,

At that still hour when thro' Heav'n's concave space,  
The Moon had, cloudless, journey'd half her race,  
When midnight chimes to Spectres freedom hail'd,  
And Sleep's dark mantle half Creation veil'd,  
Upon a neighb'ring Green with daisies spread,  
Where *May* with lavish hand her fragrance shed,  
Instant as Polar Lightning start to view  
The Fairy Sov'reign and her subject Crew;  
Erect the Queen, superior to the rest,  
Her look, mien, garb, a royal worth confest;  
Her robe the down of unfledg'd doves supply'd,  
Wove in the Moon, and in the Rainbow dy'd;  
The shining drops that in her ear-rings play'd,  
Of tears from fam'd *Lucretia's* eyes were made,  
Which *Chastity* with icy fingers froze,  
Memento of her honor, truth, and woes;  
A Moth's meal-silver'd wing a Fan bestow'd,  
To cool her Beauties when her visage glow'd;  
Her Crown a Topaz, powder'd from the sky  
With sparkling treasures of the Galaxy:  
Of finest Gosmore was her Linen made,  
Her Chariot by six Humming Birds convey'd,  
Not such as in *Columbus'* climes are bred,  
But fledg'd on *Pindus*, and by *Fancy* fed;  
And threescore Fays, to guard her, Lances bore  
Which fierce Grimalkins erst as Whiskers wore;

Y

Guards



Guards more for Dignity than Service known,  
A Guard each Subject to secure her Throne.

Upon a Cowslip Bank, reclin'd at ease,  
Whence odours wafted with each passing breeze,  
*Bona* (while smiles benevolent her face  
Play'd round) beheld her sportive subject race;  
In mazy tanglings some trip o'er the plain,  
And foot it to the Cornpipe's lively strain;  
In martial tournaments some take delight,  
On insect coursers waging harmless fight;  
Arm lock'd in arm here faithful lovers rove,  
No hearts than Fays more soft, or fram'd for Love;  
Others the Glow-worm's fiery torch display,  
While Moths around the blaze uninjur'd play;  
Some from the Bees comb'd store, or Clover sweet,  
And Heav'n-still'd Dew indulge a nectar'd treat,  
While to the Lunar Orbit some advance,  
And round the Moon a circling Halloo dance.

To see her Train thus innocently blest,  
*Bona* indulg'd the Patriot in her breast,  
When flitting thro' the air, before her Queen  
A Maid of Honor bow'd with graceful mien,  
*Totty*, than whom no Fay was more belov'd,  
Or more for try'd Fidelity approv'd;  
When *Bona* thus——

“To yonder Mansion (where a lovely train  
Of budding Virgins own a Matron's reign,  
Whom, Lustrums flown, her Pupils will revere,  
And *H—ß—e* when nam'd, the grateful tear

Shall

Shall drop)—I sent you Lessons to impart,  
 And plant in Dreams fair Virtue round the Heart;  
 We Fays our nightly Visits gladly pay,  
 To rouse young Maids when Passions warp astray,  
 And win 'em back to Honor's radiant way;  
 Say, what is done?—The Matron and the fair  
 Young Bevy, trusted to her guardian care,  
 Have long (her goodness claims it) been possess'd  
 Of a warm place within our Royal Breast."

With lowly rev'rence *Totty* bent the knee,  
 And thus bespoke her gracious Majesty:

## T O T T Y.

To yonder favour'd Dome I trip'd,  
 And thro' the key-hole nimbly skip'd,  
 All silent was the bedded house,  
 Silent as the tread of mouse,  
 Save where House-maid *Bridget* keeps  
 Snoring Orgies as she sleeps,  
 And the Cricket's tender throat,  
 Gives a shrill, unvaried note;  
 In ev'ry room all neat and clean,  
 Nor dust nor dangling cobweb seen;  
 A Tester—Elfin Tribute due,  
 I dropt in Housewife *Bridget's* shoe;  
 To *Lucy's* chamber then I sped,  
 And perch'd upon the Fair One's bed,  
 The little Nymph, in sleep compos'd,  
 Cherub-like most sweetly doz'd;  
 On her Toilet standing nigh,  
 Lay a wingless Butterfly,

Y 2

That

That *Lucy* the preceding day,  
Had caught, destroy'd, and thrown away;  
To wake that Feeling in her breast,  
Which want of thought alone suppress,  
(For, oh! within her dwells a Mind  
As Turtle soft, as Pity kind)  
And place the Deed in proper view,  
To her Mind's Eye this Scene I drew.

Fancy again the spot renew'd,  
Where the *Papilio* first she view'd,  
Struck with its Rainbow wings, the Fair  
From flow'r to flow'r with watchful care  
Eager pursu'd, till with a blow  
The wish'd-for prize she levell'd low;  
The prison'd Flutt'rer now she views,  
Enraptur'd with its brilliant hues,  
When with a plaintive, piteous moan,  
Its Griefs the Insect thus made known.

“ Ah, gentle Maid, your looks bespeak  
A bosom merciful and meek,  
What crime to me, alas! is laid,  
That thus a captive I am made?  
From flow'r to flow'r I harmless flew,  
Their sweets my food—my drink the dew;  
In you my Fancy strong display'd  
A bright *Papilio* Sister-Maid;  
Fearless of injury or wound,  
As you pursu'd I flutter'd round,  
'Till from that Angel hand, a blow  
Like lightning sped, and laid me low:

Cou'd

Cou'd Cruelty impel the deed ?  
From want of thought it must proceed ;  
For Cruelty in one so kind,  
So gentle, ne'er can dwelling find.

“ We Insects feel—in sooth we do,  
Pain's pungency as keen as You ;  
The loss of leg or mottled wings  
To Us Sensation painful brings,  
And gives as racking an alarm  
As loss to You of leg or arm.

“ To see a Chick or Sparrow slain,  
Your feeling bosom throbs with pain,  
The sight of blood or tragic tale,  
Can lily-spread your cheek with pale ;  
Why to Papilios deny'd  
That Pity shown to all beside ?

“ 'Twas Beauty caus'd my hapless fate,  
(What woes does Beauty not create !)  
Think, think, dear Nymph, how soon, alas !  
What's mine may prove your destin'd case :  
Beauty ! th' alluring fav'rite game,  
At which destructive Men take aim ;  
You the Papilios they pursue,  
Ensnare, and wantonly undo ;  
When gain'd, the treasure they despise,  
And languish for some newer prize :  
Then as you hope yourself to find  
A Fate more fortunate and kind,



Such Mercy to your Flutt'rer show,  
From Heav'n as you wou'd wish to know."

Young *Lucy* heav'd a pitying sigh,  
And freed the Captive Butterfly :  
She wak'd ;——her eyes soft Pity dew'd,  
Her Sighs repentant Feeling shew'd ;  
And that the Lesson may remain,  
Fix'd in the volume of her brain,  
Resolv'd she is with speed to trace  
Upon her Sampler's various face,  
A Butterfly of richest hue,  
Her *Feelings* daily to renew.

From *Lucy* to her kindred Fair  
I sped, and with a friendly care  
'Gainst Idleness, Pride, Envy, Lies,  
And all those Vices apt to rise  
When Passion unexperienc'd steers,  
I whisper'd Lessons in their ears,  
And to their Fancy Scenes display'd,  
Will wake, I trust, each thoughtless Maid,  
And thro' the flowery maze of Youth  
To Honor guide, and peaceful Truth.

B O N A.

Well have you done, my Fay:—But lo! a Ray  
From *Phæbus*' Car peeps o'er yon Eastern Way ;  
Assemble All,——your Queen will lead you on,  
Far to the Westward from the garish Sun ;  
In distant climes to sport the hours away,  
And by the Moon's enlivening Radiance play.

Hence,

Hence, my merry Sprites, away!  
Thro' the Welkin sport and play!  
Fiends at our approach, through fear  
Skulk as *Phæbus*' Self were near;  
Ravens black and shrieking Owls,  
Hide within their pitchy holes:  
Hark! the Hornet Trumpet sounds;  
Hence, o'er yon wide liquid bounds,  
Where her full-orb'd charms with pride  
*Dian* views within the tide,  
Whilst the Seamen on their watch  
(Shipmates hammock'd 'neath the hatch)  
Thwart the Moon's Orb as we glide,  
Westward think the Cloudings ride;  
O'er green *Neptune*'s briny flood,  
And his scale-arm'd *Tritons* scud  
To Savannas smooth,—where soon  
We shall orgye to the Moon;  
And to other Nymphs, in Dreams  
Breathe fair *Virtue*'s pleasing Themes;  
Task delightful! Angel Food!  
Thus to feast in doing Good:—  
Sleep's Recruit we not implore,  
Wasted Spirits to restore;  
Sleep! for Earth-shell'd Sons intended,  
Beings daily to be mended:—  
Ever wakeful, ever gay,  
Let us cheerful sport and play,  
Hence! my merry Sprites, away.

## R E F L E C T I O N S.

**T**HOU Cherub with a smiling face,  
*Religion*, child of heav'nly grace,  
 What Demons, wrapt in horrid gloom,  
 Thy name blasphemously assume!

Thro' jaundic'd eyes Enthusiasts see  
 The Image of the Deity;  
 A Portrait false, held up to view  
 By a designing, impious crew: |  
 But no *Tartuffe* or strolling widgeon  
 Shall be *my* cat'rer in Religion;  
 By Reason's chart for Truth I'll steer,  
 Nor *Gorgons* or *Chimæras* fear.

In spight of *Whitfield* and of *Rome*,  
 I'll laugh at Superstition's gloom;  
 For modes of Faith will ne'er dispute,  
 Nor damn a Man for his Surtout;  
 Deist or Atheist let 'em call me,  
 And with Cathedral pellets maul me,  
 Threaten with brimstone, fire, and hell,  
 My cry is—*Vive la Bagatelle!*

Our heav'nly Father never fram'd  
 Children elected to be damn'd;  
 Wou'd *earthly* Parent thus decree?  
 Can GOD?—the thought were Blasphemy;  
 That God, whose goodness unconfin'd  
*Smil'd* into Being all Mankind;  
 Whose Mercies never can condemn  
 For Frailties frail Papilio Men;

But

But knaves and fools paint the Almighty  
A *Mumbo Jumbo*\*, to affright ye.

When nerves relax'd are weather-shaken,  
Spleen for Religion's oft mistaken ;  
Then comes *Despair* with *Stygian* frown,  
Impelling fools to hang or drown ;  
But *true* Religion soothes the breast,  
And makes her willing vot'ries blest ;  
Conducts them with a chearful air,  
And banishes the fiend *Despair*.

Happy the Man, whose feeling breast  
Hails soft *Benevolence* a Guest !——  
Grant, Heaven, I never may forget  
From Man to Man that social debt,  
Nor Mercy's Manna, ev'n in thought  
Or wish, confine to one small spot ;  
For this I hold Religion's Test,  
“ Who most resembles, serves God best.”

Nor should *Benevolence* alone,  
A debt from Man to Man be shown,  
The tenants of the field and air,  
Birds, beasts, and insects claim a share ;  
To them, as brethren of the dust,  
Man shou'd be merciful and just,  
Not tyrant-like, destruction deal,  
But still remember *All can feel* ;

Some

\* The Name given by the Negroes on the Coast of Guinea to their frightful Image of the *White Devil*, whom they worship through Fear.



Some pity, ev'n in death shou'd show,  
 And lightning-like direct the blow :——  
 What Spleen must in that bosom reign,  
 That can delight in giving pain !

The heav'ns above, the earth below  
 One great benign Creator show ;  
 Author of life, our parent, friend,  
 Without beginning, time, or end ;  
 Blest Revelation ! unconfin'd,  
 And legible to all mankind ;  
 Not given to a *petted* Few,  
 But shed on *All*, like Heav'n's rich dew :——  
 Who *partial* paint the Pow'r supreme,  
 Our universal Sire blaspheme.

God's Will can never be conceal'd,  
 Religion Natural is Reveal'd.

From hence a Second Axiom springs,  
 Which Hope presents on Angel-wings ;  
 If God there is, as *God must Be*,  
 It speaks Man's Immortality ;  
 For cou'd the Author of our fate  
 A Thinking Being e'er create,  
 An *Alfred*, *Newton*, *Socrates*,  
 And others similar to these,  
 Into existence but to *peep*,  
 Then—drop into eternal sleep ?  
 The thought were impious and profane,  
 'Twere Heav'n's high justice to arraign,

'Twere

'Twere Vice triumphant to enthrone,  
While Virtue at her feet lies prone.

Full well has Wisdom's Bard exprest,  
"Man never *is*, but *to be* blest ;"  
For God wou'd never Hope implant,  
And not *Hope's Fruit* Enjoyment grant.

*Infants* when born, what are we more  
Than *Children* when we Death explore ?  
The longest Lives but flit away,  
Papilios of an *April* day,  
Whose motley minutes, changeful, show  
Joy's Sunshine, and the Rain of Woe ;  
Like Meteors into Life we start,  
"As shadows come, and straight depart :"  
Ere we acquire the art to live,  
Our farewell summons we receive,  
And a like helpless infant race  
A few short days supplies our place :  
Blest proof !—Great moral certainty  
Of a more ripe futurity !  
Where *Manhood's* bloom we shall attain ;  
*Wisdom* can ne'er create in vain.

All Nature's Works this Lesson give,  
"We live to die, and die to live."

But while we sport on this side *Styx*,  
*Children* shou'd ne'er play naughty tricks,  
Or fitting 'tis correction due  
For disobedience should ensue ;—

Such

Such as a *Parent* would confer,  
But not an *Executioner*.

From Earth escap'd, whether again  
We shall refurge in forms of Men,  
With Organs which we then might spare,  
Or flutter, Sylphid-like, in air;  
Or whether to some Star assign'd,  
With senses diff'ring from mankind;  
Or whether Immaterials, free  
To range Creation's boundary,  
We shall exist, little avails,  
Justice Supreme the rest conceals:  
That we shall *Be's* a truth confess,  
To Pow'r Almighty leave the rest.

All Zealots diff'ring tho' in name,  
Are but in fact the very same;  
Like trav'lers, who at setting out  
Take back to back a diff'rent rout,  
Yet in a circle wand'ring, soon  
Meet face to face in unison;  
In one point thus *They* all agree,  
To damn each other heartily.

Enthusiasts a *Postulatum*  
Loudly demand, on which *si datum*,  
A Superstructure they upraise,  
More puzzling than *Dedalian* Maze;  
Shou'd you their *Postulate* disown,  
Their *Pandemonium* tumbles down.

Tho'

Tho' charitable, kind, sincere,  
 Tho' moist your eye with Pity's tear,  
 Tho' social Virtue shines confest,  
 And warms the mansion of your breast,  
 Should you some Tenet disbelieve  
 Which honest Reason can't conceive,  
 That *saving Nostrum* shou'd you lack,  
 To flames eternal you must pack :—  
 This Creed by zealot knaves is fram'd ;  
 Who doubts——undoubtedly is *damn'd*.

Oh, Charity, thou Heav'n-born Maid,  
 In garb of purest white array'd,  
 Within whose eyes, impearl'd with tears,  
 Pity, in smiles adorn'd, appears ;  
 Whose greatest joy is still to see  
 On earth, Peace, Love, and Unity ;  
 Whose goodness, to no Sect confin'd,  
 Like Heav'n's great Concave clasps mankind ;  
 Thy feeling beams into my heart,  
 With all thy heav'nly influence dart,  
 For what were Life by Thee unblest ?  
 A gloomy twilight at the best.

Whether with Bible or with Beads,  
 Or Orthodox denouncing Creeds  
*Enthusiasm* wings,—the fiend  
 Bloodshed and Murder still attend ;  
 'Tis he who in th' Assassin's hand  
 Fixes the dagger and the brand ;  
 Whose fav'rite doctrine is—*Compel* ;  
 Who aims at Heav'n by serving Hell :

Z

Happy



Happy the Realm where Civil Law,  
Keeps the fell Pestilence in awe ;  
In social bonds makes man unite,  
Nor suffers fools to scrat and bite.

Our earliest Faith we shou'd, if wise,  
Most critically analyse ;  
For with our Mother's Milk too oft  
We take in Error's pois'nous Draught ;  
And Habit, partial, warps the Mind,  
And makes to Truth and Reason blind :—  
Our *Bodies* free we boast in vain,  
Our *Souls* in *Prejudice's* Chain.

If Faith to Heaven's the only Road,  
How shall we find the Way to God ?  
A *Flamen* finger-post with hands  
Uplifted, at each Entrance stands,  
Denouncing, " Every other Way  
To Fire and Brimstone leads astray :"  
With Them, against high Heaven 'tis Treason  
To use or Common Sense or Reason.

*Implicit Faith* can ne'er be given  
As a Command from Parent Heaven ;  
The same dull argument may do  
For *Pagan*, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Jew* ;  
It proves——no matter how absurd——  
The *Alcoran* God's Holy Word,  
The Pope *infallible*,—nay more  
Proves him an *Antiquated Whore* :  
*Implicit Faith* ! 'Tis Falshood's Fence  
'Gainst the attacks of Common Sense ;

The specious trick of cox'ning Knaves,  
 To make Mankind their bridled Slaves;  
 To make Fools *fancy* they *believe*,  
 And their own Consciences deceive:  
 Reason discarded, straight the soul,  
 All darklin, grovels like a mole;—  
 Thus snuffling *Jack*\*, with custard fed,  
 'Gainst post and pillar ran his head,  
 Abusing Heav'n with impious lies,  
 Because the blockhead shut his eyes:—  
 Endarken'd thus, no wonder we  
 For *Faith* shou'd hail *Credulity*.

That fear which Heav'n commands to know,  
 From Gratitude's fair Spring must flow,  
 Left by our actions we offend  
 Our God, Preserver, Father, Friend;  
 And not that servile fear which frights  
 With brimstone, flames, and horned sprites,  
 Or such as in the culprit eart,  
 The wretch feels rankling at his heart:—  
 What meanness must debase that breast,  
 Where Fear not Love's the cherish'd guest?

Some hold a Fiddle or an Organ  
 Fit Music for a *Demigorgon*;  
 The Play-house *Belzy's* Fishing-Net,  
 Where gudgeon Sinners are beset;  
 The Players all (dark Spawn of Evil)  
 Recruiting Serjeants to the Devil;

Z 2

And

\* See *Swift's* Tale of the Tub.

And *Shakespeare, Otway, Congreve, Rowe,*  
They gridiron on the coals below.

Meer Works of Superoragation  
Some hold the Turnpike of Salvation ;  
Some fast on Saint Days, some confess,  
Some think 'Religion's seen in Dress ;  
Their Pray'rs devoutly Numbers *chaunt*,  
And quav'ring, *sol-fa* all they want ;  
Some kneeling pray,—some sit, some stand,  
And some gain Heaven by flight of Hand.

To *sublunary* Kings abodes,  
How many hundred diff'rent roads !  
And shall We (partial) judge, but One.  
Must *Worlds* conduct to *Heaven's* high throne ?

With sweet *Benevolence* our guide,  
On future bliss we may confide ;  
May, unabso'lv'd, attend our fate,  
And Death's grand summons smiling wait ;  
On Heaven's just mercy fix reliance,  
And set Old *Nick* at bold defiance.



## EPIGRAMS, &c.

**T**WO Singers of late in contention were warm,  
Which most, when they tun'd up their wind-  
pipes, could charm ;

To a Master of Music they jointly apply'd,  
This often-contested affair to decide ;  
They quaver'd—they shak'd—and such graces were  
shown,

That each took for granted the prize was his own :  
“ Indeed, my good Friend, cries the Judge to the first,  
“ Of all earthly Singers, I think *You're the Worst* :  
“ But as for you, Friend,” (turning round to the  
other)

“ *You can't sing at all*—so must yield to your Brother.”

**W**ITH folded hands and lifted eyes,  
“ Have mercy, Heav'n,” the Parson cries,

“ And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,

“ Thy blessings send in genial rains :”

The Sermon ended, and the Pray'rs,

Sir *Cassock* to be gone prepares ;

When with a look, brighten'd in smiles,

“ Thank Heav'n ! it rains,” cries Farmer *Giles* :

“ Rains ! quo' the Parson,—Sure you joke ;

“ Rains !—*Heav'n forbid—I han't my Cloak !*”

**F**ROM feasting on *Garrick* how often we find  
Fools feast upon *Harlequin* more to their mind !

Thus flies, 'tis observ'd, from a taste as absurd,

On Honey first feed ;—then—indulge on a T—d.



ENTHUSIASTS, Lutherans, and Monks,  
 Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and Punks  
*Voltaire* an *Atheist* call ;  
 While he, unhurt, in placid mood,  
 To prove himself a *Christian* good,  
 Kindly *forgives* them all.

*On Two remarkable ORATORS, who exhibited Lectures of  
 Elocution alternately the same Night at Beverley Theatre.*

WHILE *Fatuus* like a Madman rants and raves,  
 And sleeping Spectres rouses from their graves ;  
*Crassus*, with dull, unvaried, Nurse-like strain,  
 Most kindly *lullabies* them back again.

*On seeing BUFO in the Character of Young BEVIL:*

A Puff'd-up Painter, so says Ancient Story,  
 Aim'd to pourtray an Angel in full glory ;  
 After much toil bestow'd on what he drew,  
 A special Devil stood exposed to view :—  
 Thus *Buso*, in his Portrait of Young *Bevil*,  
 Transform'd *Steele's* CHRISTIAN HERO to a Devil.

*On a Physician and Man-Midwife.*

PHysician and Man-Midwife join'd in One !  
 Both Life and Death his pow'r unbounded own ;  
 This Hand to Life inducts us from the Womb,  
 The other gives us, Pill-struck, to the Tomb.

TO please *Pygmalion*, Heav'n inspir'd with Life  
 A Tongueless Stone, of which he made a Wife ;  
 Wou'd Heav'n, all-gracious, hear *Afino's* moan,  
 His Wife—her Tongue at least—wou'd soon be Stone.

On an odd-temper'd GENTLEMAN.

"NEVER was Man like *Macro* blest,  
 "Learn'd, witty, fortunate, carest,  
 "Rich too in worldly pelf:"——  
 "Indeed, Friend *Will*, you're much mista'en,  
 "A *Trifle* gives him endless pain,  
 "That *Trifle* is—*Himself*."

To a discarded Favourite.

FLUTT'RING within a sunny ray,  
 A shining Mote was heard to say,  
 "In *Me* what glories are display'd!  
 "For *Me* the sun and stars were made;  
 "For *Me*"——The sun his beams withdrew,  
 The *Mote* was lost——and so are *You*."

CLEORA's breasts two hillocks are of snow,  
 On which two little fragrant rose-buds grow;  
 Between those hills lies *Cupid's* down-smooth vale,  
 Where *Jove* enraptur'd might himself regale,  
 And lodg'd within a treasur'd heart is known,  
 Form'd like her sister *Medicis'*——of *Stone*."

FOUR hours *Volusius* spent the other day  
 With three grave learned Fellows of our College,  
 And when he left 'em, thus was heard to say,  
 "Oh, the amazing *Ignorance of Knowledge*."

GREAT

GREAT *Homer's* thunder, old *Anacreon's* wit,  
 The *Mantuan's* blaze, and all that *Plato* writ,  
 With *Horace*, and a thousand *Worthies* more,  
 Whose pens immortaliz'd the days of yore,  
 Had now—(be humble, *Genius*, and be wise,  
 Nor dare ev'n *Folly's* offspring to despise)  
 Had now—in dark oblivion lain asleep,  
 But for *Wit's* truest friends—the *Goose* and *Sheep*\*.

\* Alluding to the *Goose* furnishing Quills, and the *Sheep* Parchment.

### WIT and RICHES.

“THE Man who store of *Wealth* can boast,  
 “ In *Wit* will ever rule the roast,  
 “ His claim who dares dispute?”——  
 “ *Plutus* can purchase *Wit*, 'tis true,  
 “ Can *Phæbus* purchase *Riches* too?”——  
 Truth blushes—and is mute.

### On a MISER.

SCRIPTURES declare, the *Poor in Spirit*  
 Will certain *Happiness* inherit;  
 If so, of Heaven Friend *Gobbo's* sure,  
 For he's in Spirit——wond'rous *Poor*.

“I Ne'er cou'd keep within due bounds,”  
 You often said, when bent to rail;  
 How you're mistaken, *Jack*?—for zounds!  
 I'm close confin'd within a Jail.

To Mr W——, on his Edition of Shakespear.

WHEN Shakespear's tow'ring Genius  
Up to the Heavens wou'd shoot,  
You pull him from his *Pegasus*,  
And make him walk on Foot.

WHEN Willy with toying and playing his jokes,  
A fluttering in each Female bosom provokes,  
Tho' pliant we seem, he ne'er ventures to kiss us;  
We thought him *Adonis*, but find him *Narcissus*.

GREAT George, whose virtues well are known,  
Our Father we with reverence own,  
*Britannia* is our Mother:  
But Truth Impartial must declare,  
The Mother's claim, the Mother's share,  
More certain than the other.

#### CARELESS WILL.

THUS to a Dun, with careless look,  
Cries careless *Will*, and careless spoke;  
"How can you, Master *Dodd*, thus fret,  
"And fume about a paltry Debt?—  
"You want the *Principal*; at least,  
"You wish I'd pay the *Interest*?—  
" 'Tis not my *Interest* at all,  
"Friend *Dodd*, to pay the *Principal*;  
"Nor is't my *Principle*, by G—d,  
"To pay the *Interest*, Master *Dodd*."

"YOU



"YOU keep your Post-Chariot, dear *Galen*, I see."  
 "You mistake, my good Friend, my Post-Chariot keeps me."

A New Disguise *Trophonius*\* wears,  
 The World to entertain;  
 His Cave a Temple now appears,  
 Himself the Great *Romaine*.

\* Vide *Spectator*, No. 599.

"HOW fine the Spring!—How gay the Meadows show!—

"From forth the Ground, all Nature starts to Life:—"

"Forbid it Heav'n, cries *Simo*,—for you know,  
 "But three days since I buried my dear Wife."

"WHAT's Fashionable I'll maintain,  
 "Is always right," cries sprightly *Jane*:—  
 "Ah, wou'd to Heav'n," cries graver *Sue*,  
 "What's right, were Fashionable too."

"THIS splendid Dress was made for Me,"  
 Cries Monsieur *Sugar-Plumb* the Cit;  
 His Neighbour answers—"That may be,  
 "But You was never made for it."

NED calls *Jack* a GAMESTER, and gives him a  
 Damn,  
 But *Ned*'s quite mistaken,—poor *Jack*'s but a LAMB.

YOUR

YOUR Heart is wond'rous *light*, you say,  
This granted, it may follow,  
That what's so wond'rous *light* to-day,  
To-morrow may prove *hollow*.

IF he who is *good* may be said to *live well*,  
And if to *live well* be to keep a *good Table*;  
Then he who *eats best* must in *Goodness* excel,  
And *Virtue* and *Vice* are no more than a *Fable*.

JACK ne'er repin'd at Providence's Care,  
Till *Jack*—poor Soul!—for want of *Shoes*  
went bare;  
*Jack* saw a legless Cripple in the street,  
And *Jack* thank'd Providence that he had Feet.

I Talk in my Sleep, and *Dick* wishes me curst;  
*Dick* sleeps when he talks:—Pray now which is  
the worst?

On a certain ASSEMBLY not far from  
WESTMINSTER.

P—T found 'em *Puppets*, and he made 'em *Men*;  
B—e made 'em *Puppets* with a TOUCH again.



# E P I T A P H S.

On Mrs T—R.

**T**HE Heart that felt for others woe,  
That warm'd with Virtue's sacred glow,  
Is Cold—*Clay cold*:—No more her eyes  
Virtue's pure Fount with tears supplies ;  
All Cold and silent too that Tongue  
Where soft Persuasion ever hung ;  
Those Lips, where Sweetness still repos'd,  
(*Truth's Portals*) now are ever clos'd ;  
The Mother !——may to bless Mankind,  
Children unborn such Mothers find ;  
The tender Wife ! (but words are weak,  
The Husband's Tears her Worth must speak)  
Here lies :——  
Be humble, Mortals, learn your Doom,  
To this *Cold Bed* we all must come :  
Since *Virtue's Favourite* lies here,  
'Twere Virtue now to shed a Tear.

On an *Honest Poor* FARMER.

**L**ET not the Great indulge a scornful Frown,  
When told—"Here lies, what *was* an honest  
Clown?"  
Tho' humble, yet his Pride was often seen ;  
He scorn'd, tho' low, to stoop to what was mean :  
To Virtue if Reward above be given,  
This *Clown* on Earth *Ennobled* is in Heaven.

On

*On a Favourite ACTOR.*

**F**arewell Horror, Rage, and Love,  
 Farewell all the Soul can move,  
 Farewell Humor, Wit, and Joke,  
*Nature's Mirror here lies broke.*

*On Mr F—m—r—e.*

**I**N Quiet may his Dust repose  
 Beneath this friendly Stone,  
 Who living, best was lov'd by those,  
 To whom he best was known.

*On F I D E L I A, 1764.*

**E**Ntomb'd here mould'ring lies a Female Shell,  
 Where Beauty, Wit, and Goodness joy'd to dwell;  
 Sweetness of Soul upon her Visage glow'd,  
 And what her Features spoke each Action show'd:  
*Truth* ne'er a lovelier Trait of Virtue drew,  
 Than in the Muse's Glass she held to view:  
 When those bright Eyes she often taught to shine  
 With Pity's dew, behold her Funeral Shrine,  
 The grateful Tear will straight empearl their eyes,  
 And all *Fidelia* to their Minds arise:  
 'Ere Life's Decline to quit the Stage she pray'd;  
 Heav'n smil'd,—and Cherubims to Bliss her Soul  
 convey'd.

*Written over a Burial Vault.*

**O**NE common Boast attends King, Clown, and  
 Hero,  
 Contain'd in these few Words;—*Sum, Fui, Erø.*





PROLOGUES, &c.

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PROLOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr WILKINSON, on opening the York  
Theatre under the Sanction of his Majesty's Patent.*

**T**OO long the *Thespian* Muse, an Alien deem'd,  
By *Stealth* alone on YORK her Influence  
beam'd;  
Her wings curtail'd—by Law forbid to roam,  
And proud *Augusta* doom'd her partial Home;  
Scorning restraint, yet driven to submit,  
And forc'd, alas! to *smuggle* Sense and Wit;  
But still the Muse was *lawless* and disguis'd,  
Hated by Fools—or worse—by Fools despis'd;  
*York's* ancient Genius griev'd the sight to view,  
His Pride, his Honor rous'd, like lightning flew,  
*Indignant* flew, and kneeling at the Throne,  
To *Britain's* Sov'reign made his sorrows known:  
*Ebor's* complaint our Sov'reign soon redrest;  
Our Sovereign reigns—to make his Subjects blest:  
The Muse exulting clapp'd her magic wings,  
And, after bending to the best of Kings,  
Swell'd her prophetic raptures, while around  
*Ebor's* exulting Vales re-echoed the glad sound.

“ On

" On these bright plains belov'd by ev'ry Muse,  
 " Which *Phœbus* daily blesses as he views,  
 " The Sister Muses, patroniz'd by Laws,  
 " Shall pour their Magic in fair Virtue's cause,  
 " Their Mirror and their Lash aloft shall rear,  
 " While Vice and Folly cringe with coward fear;  
 " And *York* as Second in *Britannia's* Isle,  
 " Shall with *Augusta* share their genial smile.

" Nor shall the grateful Muse forget what's due  
 " To King, to Laws, to Country, and—to You.  
 " Henceforth each circling year, on this glad day,  
 " *Cithæron's* Groves shall swell the festive lay,  
 " And ev'ry Flow'r and Sweet *Parnassus* yields,  
 " The Muse shall plant in *Ebor's* smiling Fields,  
 " Garlands of which, compos'd from Taste's rich  
 bed,  
 " She'll weave in wreaths to grace each Patron's  
 head."

Long have I wish'd for, what with joy I see,  
 The Muse once more restor'd to Liberty:  
 My little All I ventur'd in her cause,  
 And the Reward I wish—is—your Applause:  
 On your known Candor chearful I depend,  
 And hope a Sanction from each gen'rous Friend.

## An EPILOGUE.

**A**CTORS are grown religious now-a-days,  
 And Epilogues are Graces after Plays:  
 I hope our *Opera* prov'd a decent Treat,  
 And Grace, you know, shou'd follow after Meat.

Quite tir'd with singing, cou'd I but prevail,  
 Instead of Epilogue, you'd hear a Tale;—  
 Thank ye, I read your looks, content they seem;  
 A Tale I'll give, and Music be my Theme.

Springing from Earth, a Lark had new begun  
 To hail with Mattins the uprising Sun,  
 When a huge Boar, just tumbling from his Sty,  
 Thus grunted to the Warbler of the Sky:  
 "Zoons! what a hideous noise! that screaming  
 note!

"I wish Old *Nick* was dancing down your throat;  
 "You see me wallow quiet in my dung,  
 "I eat my puddings, and I hold my tongue:  
 "Why can't you live like me?—Cram and be  
 wise;  
 "In cramming—ugh!—the greatest pleasure lies."

The Lark his Music for a moment ceas'd,  
 And thus address'd the Flap-ear'd grunting beast:  
 "Peace, growling Wretch! unfeeling of those joys,  
 "Which Thou and Savages like Thee call noise:  
 "Thoughtless of Earth, I warbling upwards rove  
 "Tow'rs Heav'n, the Seat of Music and of Love:

"Or

" Or if, perchance, my eyes to Earth I bend,  
 " My Carrols for a moment I suspend;  
 " Pitying, I view the *half-enliven'd* throng,  
 " To *Music* callous and the thrilling Song:  
 " 'Tis a sixth Sense, by kind indulgent Heaven  
 " To favour'd Man and feather'd Songsters given:  
 " Where Music's felt, we taste the bliss of Gods;  
 " Without it Larks, like Boars, were breathing  
     Clods:  
 " Roll in your filth, grunt on—nor dare decry  
 " Beings superior,—Tenants of the Sky."

So said, the little Warbler upward sprung,  
 And left the carping Boar in filth and dung;  
 While the gross Savage, from his kindred Mud  
 Stood gaping, nor one Warble understood.

Tho' Boars sometimes the human Form disgrace,  
 Such never yet, thank Heav'n, were seen within  
     this place.



An EPILOGUE,  
In the Character of Lady BRUTE.

**A**S Criminal on Gibbet high suspended,  
A dreadful warning-piece to All's intended,  
Poor Lady *Brute's* uncomfortable fate  
Seems to proclaim—*Beware the Married State.*

But judge not, Ladies, that a wedded life  
Is a perpetual fund of hate and strife;  
When *Hymen* smiles, his blessings are divine,  
Friendship and Love their sweetest flowers entwine;  
Believe me—for of both I've stood the Test,  
A single life is but *half* life at best.

Some Sir *John Brutes*, I own, are to be found,  
But, Heav'n be prais'd, those Monsters don't a-  
bound;  
Yet when to such in wedlock we are given,  
Are we not kind to send the *Brutes* to Heaven?

Search the world thro', in general you'll find,  
That Marriage is a draught of the *mix'd* kind,  
A Cordial bitter-sweet, a pleasing Pain,  
An *April*-day, now sunshine, and now rain;  
A League *Defensive*—and—alas, too true!  
It (sometimes) proves a League *Offensive* too:  
'Tis, in the Jockey's phrase, a *Give-and-Take*,  
Where each some small allowances shou'd make.

The

The Matrimonial Tree all Tastes can suit,  
It yields at once both sweet and acid fruit ;  
The sweet—too luscious—oft-times is amended  
When with a little Dash of Acid blended ;  
And sure the Acid were a sad repast,  
Did not the blended Sweet correct the taste :  
With genuine spirits mix'd in *Hymen's Bowl*,  
A pleasing draught they make to glad the soul.

But oh, this caution let me beg you'd take ;  
Be sparing of the Acid for Love's Sake :  
A *little* Acid gives a pleasing Zest,  
But *Much*—the Cholic breeds, and don't digest.

From Sir *John's* fate learn, Husbands, to be wise ;  
Govern you may, but ne'er should tyrannize :  
If you wou'd have Us *Honour and Obey*,  
To *Love and Cherish* is your wisest way.

An

## AN EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs POWELL in the Character of HYPOLITA,  
in *She Wou'd or She Wou'd Not*.

**T**Here's something surely in this dress inspires,  
And with unusual glee and courage fires;  
For this account'ed—rat me—Who's afraid  
Of blustering Blood or Buck, or ev'n Cockade!  
For a cool Thrust of any are inclin'd,  
Let 'em approach—in Me their Man they'll find;  
Their Man I say;—More Title I can show  
To *Man*—than many a puny, trifling Beau.

Were it a rule—a rule by all agreed,  
That none shou'd pass for Men, but Men indeed,  
How, mighty *Sirs*, wou'd your large numbers dwindle,  
And Swords be chang'd to Distaff and to Spindle!

At public Places with my Opera Glass,  
I cou'd shine out a Buck of the First Class:  
“A fine Piece that, my Lord—a damn'd fine Face;  
“She's quite the Thing—*Bon Soir*—a Girl's the Case:  
“A Bagnio and a Supper:—She's my own:—  
“She has me in her Eye—*Tres humb.*—I'm gone.”

[Sings, *Love and Wine give ye Gods, or take back, &c.*]

Suppose, in time of War, a Female band  
Shou'd for the honor of their native land,  
In Regimental Uniforms appear,  
(Come, come, good *Sirs*, you need not laugh and sneer)

A *British Amazonian Band*, if led  
By Major-General *Powell* at their head,  
Not *Prussia's* King, the Hero of the Age,  
With us, brave as he is, wou'd dare engage.

And at Reviews, there we shou'd doubly shine;  
When dress'd and powder'd we shou'd look divine:  
How graceful to the Fife shou'd we advance!  
Keep time—and step by step—half march—half dance:

[Hums a minuet tune, and takes 'em off in their marching.]

We'd charge, prime, cock, discharge, recharge—then  
Shoulder;  
And like Militia Men look bold—nay bolder;  
Now to the Right—now to the Left—and then—  
We're quicker in our Motions far than Men.

If, my good Female Friends, with me you'll join,  
And a petition to this purpose sign,  
The Parliament now sits,—in *York* fair City,  
We could of Heroines, tho' brave yet pretty,  
A Regiment raise:—Perhaps, as a reward,  
The King may chuse Us for his Body Guard;  
And if he shou'd—(may heav'ns best love attend him!)  
We'd proudly lay our Lives down to defend him.

EPI-



## EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Master **BILLY POWELL**, a Child in his  
fifth Year.

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen, the other day  
My Aunty question'd me, if I cou'd play;  
Not like the little Boys of my own Age,  
But like a Man,—act parts upon this Stage:  
Lord, Aunty, said I, I can act or sing,  
Can play a Hero, Lover, or a King;  
With plume of feathers on my head, I'd strut,  
And look as fierce as King of Lilliput:  
Both *W——n* and *F——m* I'd excell;  
At least, I think, I cou'd do full as well:  
Your Heroes are not always six foot high,  
*Garrick's* a little Man, and so am I:  
In *Richard* I cou'd cry, with thund'ring force,  
'A Horse—a Horse—my Kingdom for a Horse;  
In *Romeo* dash against the flinty stones,  
Careful, however, that I break no bones;  
Rave like *Othello* in my Jealous Fit,  
Nay—on a pinch, I cou'd a Rape commit:  
And in your Comic Parts, you soon should see  
*O——m* and *R——n* both yield to me;  
I'd try in Justice *Woodcock* that old Cat,  
To make *Rosetta* do——You all know what:  
And then in *Scrub*!—[laughs]—Oh, Lord! I'd  
make you split,  
About my Lady's Water—and the Jesuit.

Now

Now, Gentlemen and Ladies,—that's ill bred;  
Ladies and Gentlemen, I shou'd have said;  
If you encourage my fine growing Spirit,  
You'll soon find out, that I'm a Lad of Merit;  
And if you'd make my little heart rejoice,  
You'll all unite in one applauding Voice.

*Spoken by Master BILLY POWELL as Hymen, in a  
Pantomime Entertainment, call'd*

**HARLEQUIN from the MOON.**

**Q**UICK on a Moon-Beam have I hither flown,  
From yon bright Orb where Fancy fills the  
Throne,

In Hymen's flow'ry Bondage to entwine  
Our Moon-sprung Harlequin and Columbine:  
Thus I unite ye, (*joins their hands*)—may ye ever know  
Those Raptures which from Love and Fancy flow;  
Joys as superior to what Mortals prize,  
As to your Earth is our enlighten'd Skies;  
And may your Loves produce a numerous Race  
Of little Harlequins with dingy Face,  
Who long with magic Lure shall Britons sway,  
While giddy Millions joyous shall obey:  
With Song and Dance their Union celebrate,  
While Earth, Moon, Fays, and Genii hail their hap-  
py State.

## A PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr POWELL at the Opening the New Theatre  
in HULL, October 3, 1768.

**T**O check the Growth of Folly o'er the Mind,  
To banish Vice and to reform Mankind,  
The Muse descended from her native Skies,  
And bad (her fav'rite Gift) the Stage arise :  
In *Greece* and *Italy* those happy Climes,  
For Arts and Wisdom fam'd to latest Times,  
Her Mirror with Success the Muse display'd,  
And Virtue's Precepts happily convey'd :  
But when with Gothic Ignorance o'erspread,  
Fair *Liberty* and Learning droop'd their Head,  
With them the Muse to Heav'n resum'd her Flight,  
And all was Darkness and Chaotic Night ;  
Her Banners *Superstition* wide display'd,  
And *Ignorance* with leaden Sceptre sway'd.  
Some Ages past, bright *Liberty* again,  
With Learning, Truth, and Science in her Train,  
From Heav'n returning, beam'd her sunny Head,  
And *Superstition's* Night-Owls trembling fled ;  
Then, Nature's Boast great SHAKESPEARE, and a  
Throng  
Of Heav'n-inspir'd pour'd forth th' enchanting Song :  
And all that *Italy* and *Greece* cou'd boast,  
Were doubly shed on *Britain's* happy Coast.

“ In

"In HULL, that favour'd soil whence MARVEL  
 sprung,  
 "Where, Heav'n-inspir'd, her native MASON sung,"  
 Thus to her LEVITES did the Muse declare,  
 (We Players, be it known, her LEVITES are)  
 "In this lov'd spot, she cry'd, a Temple raise  
 "Sacred to PHOEBUS and the Muses' Lays;  
 "With Elegance and Splendor let it shine,  
 "The Stage my Altar, and each Scene a Shrine;  
 "Here oft the Muse shall bid the Passions rise,  
 "While ev'ry feeling Breast shall sympathise;  
 "Here Tragedy in all her Pomp of Woe,  
 "Shall teach the generous heart-sprung Tear to  
 flow;  
 "Here Comedy shall use her utmost Art  
 "To banish Rainbow-Folly from the Heart:  
 "By Proxy cur'd, Men shall grow cheaply wise,  
 "And their own Faults, in others stamp'd, despise."

Obedient to the Muses high Commands,  
 Behold the rising Temple graceful stands;  
 Our Manager no Merit claims as due;  
 The Pow'r to raise the Temple—sprung from You:  
 The many, many Favours you have shown,  
 Grateful he owns, and will for ever own;  
 And if your Approbation now he gains,  
 He's more than overpaid for all his Pains.



## AN EPILOGUE,

By ARAMINTA, in the Confederacy.

OUR Poet, tho' for Wit and Humour fam'd,  
 For Want of Moral has been sometimes blam'd;  
 Unjustly sure: The Characters he paints,  
 I own, resemble Sinners more than Saints;  
 But Sinners shou'd be brought upon the Stage,  
 (For such there are, ev'n in this *Blessed* Age)  
 Or how shou'd We, so Virtuous and so Good,  
 Learn to avoid the Snares of Flesh and Blood:  
 Vice here expos'd, as Vice, is fully shown;  
 Old Nick by his Club-Foot is always known.

Ye naughty Husbands, and ye naughty Wives,  
 From what ye've seen, learn to amend your Lives;  
 But chief, ye *Gripes* and *Moneytraps*, for You  
 Our Moral Bard his Moral Lesson drew;  
 Be *Generous*; nor abroad for Pleasure roam,  
 Hunt not for Game which you may start at Home;  
 Consider, Wives forsaken can with Ease  
 Repay you—T'it for Tat—whene'er they please;  
 While You intrigue abroad, devoid of Grace,  
 A *Cicesby* may fill your vacant Place;  
 For loving Wives take it extremely ill,  
 When Husbands smuggle Grist to a strange Mill.

If in the Matrimonial Knot we're bound,  
 The Obligation Mutual shou'd be found:  
 For *Bills of Rights* our Lordly Mates contend;  
 We too have *Rights* and *Charters* to defend;

On

On flow *Petitions* They their hopes may build,  
We'll boldly dare *our* Rulers to the Field,  
Where Face to Face, shou'd they our Prowess try,  
Poor Souls! we'd cool their Courage presently:—  
Let us at least an equal Pow'r maintain,  
And like King *Will* and *Mary* jointly reign.

Ye mighty Sirs, who aim at sovereign Sway,  
And think poor Wives are born but to Obey,  
If you wou'd have us true to Honor's Race,  
Be you our Guides,—we'll follow in the Chace:  
Dare not yourselves on Marriage Vows to trample,  
We'll do our best—to follow *your* Example.

B b 2

A

## A DIALOGUE-EPILOGUE.

[Enter Master BILLY POWELL and PROMPTER.]

BILLY.

NOT speak it by myself!—I'm sure I can;  
I'd have you know, Sir, I'm almost a Man.

*Prompt.* Dare you then venture?

B. Yes, good Sir, I dare,  
So pray be gone!

*Prompt.* Be sure now take great Care. [Exit]

B. Take Care! Shou'd I be out, pray where's the  
Wonder?

I've known your grown up Actors sometimes blunder;  
And if the Prompter gives the Word, my Ears,  
I warrant ye, will be as quick as theirs:—

Yonder's my little Sweetheart *Frodsham*:—She  
Is vastly fond of Love-sick Tragedy:—

*Miss Frodsham!* Hark! [Miss Enters.]

Suppose, that You and I  
To act a Love-Scene on the Stage shou'd try.

*Miss F.* I act a Love-Scene and with you Sir!—  
No,

You are too young, too childish, and too low;  
I'll have one taller to make love and kifs,

B. I'm near as tall as you, my frumpish Miss,  
And so your Servant— (going)

F.

*F.* Master *Powell*, stay ;—  
I was but joking—Don't you go away ;  
What Love-Scene shall we act ?—Lord, you're so  
slow !

*B.* You shall be *Juliet*, and I *Romeo*.

*F.* Well then begin :—Why, sure the Boy's asleep !

*B.* I'm feeling for a Handkerchief to weep.—[*Takes*  
You're up in the Balcony, Miss,—and I, [it out.  
Stand in this Attitude amazedly.

“ It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun :  
“ Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,  
“ Who is already sick and pale with Grief,  
“ That thou, her little Maid, are far more fair than  
she.”

*Miss F.* “ Oh, *Romeo ! Romeo !* wherefore art  
thou *Romeo* ?

“ Give me my *Romeo*, and when he dies,  
“ Take him and cut him out in little Stars,  
“ And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,  
“ That all the World shall be in Love with Night,  
“ And pay no Worship to the garish Sun.”

*B.* So far so good—Who knows but some Years  
hence,

We may act Love-Scenes with a warmer Sense ;  
I'll be your *Romeo*, and secure from Harms  
My *Juliet* shall find Safety in these Arms. (*kisses her*)

*F.* You shou'd not be so boist'rous, Master *Billy* ;  
Lord, what a Fright you've made me !—'Pshaw, 'twas  
filly.



*B.* Why, wou'd you have me kiss you, ye queer  
 As if I were a fribblish Maccaroni? (Tony,  
 Just to salute the Tip End of the Ear,  
 And then draw back?—No, no, my pretty Dear,  
 When *I* make Love, you always shall discover  
 The genuine Marks of a bold *British* Lover.

*F.* Oh, you're a sad young Buck. (*Tapping him*)

*B.* My pretty Pet, (*Cbucks her under Chin*)  
 And what are you? A little wild Coquette.

*F.* Come, come, be modest, Child—don't play the  
 Fool;

Read Novels, Boy, they're Decency's best School:  
 But joking now apart, 'tis Time I vow,  
 To close the Scene, and make our lowest Bow.

*B.* (*advancing*) If, Gentlemen, my *Juliet* you ap-  
 I hope a loud Applause will speak your Love. (*prove,*

*F.* And, Ladies, in Return, I hope you'll show  
 Some Kindness to my little *Romeo*.

*The*

An EPILOGUE  
On HOBBY-HORSES, 1769.

DRYDEN observes, and he was wond'rous wise,  
Men are but Children of a larger Size,  
And honest *Shandy*, that odd whimmy Drole,  
On Hobbies thro' Life's Journey makes us strole,  
Children some six Feet high; rich, poor, high, low,  
Thro' thick and thin we helter skelter go,  
While some on wilful headstrong Tits who light,  
Are often thrown and left in woeful Plight;  
For Hobbies *sometimes* are hard mouth'd and stub-  
born,  
And difficult (almost) as Wives to govern.

Your great Man's favourite Hobby is a Place,  
Their Hobbies oft fall lame and lose the Race;  
Your Soldiers' Hobbies, in the time of Wars,  
Are Battles, Sieges, Ambuscadoes, Scars;  
In time of Peace, how different their Trade is!  
In Peace, the Soldier's Hobbies are—the Ladies.

Your Beaus, those *Jemmy* Things, whose Inclination,  
(Or Hobby rather) varies with the Fashion;  
Their favourite Hobby-Horse is now to wear  
Great *Maccaroni* Beelom Tails of Hair:  
As Boys, by Way of Ballast, Rubbish tie  
To make their Paper-Kites more steady fly,  
So from Beaus' Paper Skulls we pendant Weights  
    . espy.

The

The Ladies, aye the Ladies, now and then  
Can get astride their Hobbies like the Men,  
And then! Lord blefs us! nought can stand be-  
fore 'em,

Churches or five-barr Gates—Whip, they fly o'er 'em;  
And what's more strange, —in ev'ry Age and Clime  
They'll ride ye several Hobbies at a Time:  
On huge high *Babel* Towers of Wool and Hair  
They sometimes mount, with *Patagonian* Air;  
Sometimes they mount upon an Ostrich Feather,  
And then they ride, or fly—you scarce know whether:  
Their Husbands and their Lovers too, by Fits,  
They can transform to manageable Tits;  
And then they jockey us with so much Ease,  
We gallop, trot, or amble, as they please:—  
O'er Nature's Course they lead, and we but follow;  
If we contend, they're sure to beat us hollow.

Clients are Lawyer's Hobbies, and their Curse is,  
Law-Jockies always gallop hard for Purfes;  
Onward they whip and spur, and never stop  
'Till their poor founder'd Hobbies breathless drop:  
On Hypochondriacs grave Physicians ride,  
And dull Fanatics the dull Crowd bestride;  
Patriots mount Hobbies fam'd for resty Tricks,  
And Fiddlers ride—upon their Fiddle-Sticks.

Our Manager, he too must take a Dance,  
And Jockey-like upon his Cock-Horse prance;  
His Hobby—'tis a noble Beast!—look round;  
His Hobby in this Theatre is found;



A stately Nag! and to attain your Praise,  
He tries his Hobby-Horse a thousand Ways;  
So far I own he's Right,—but *Entre Nous*,  
He rides his Hobby and his Actors too;  
Keeps 'em full gallop, nor once looks behind him,  
And a damn'd *spurring* Jockey we all find him.

From whistling *Hodge* to my Lord Duke at Court,  
We all have favourite Hobbies of some Sort;  
But let this Maxim ever be our Guide,  
With a Curb Bridle that we constant ride;  
For shou'd we slack too much, each Soul of Whim  
Will find his Hobby soon will ride on him.

“And pray, good Sir, who are so wond'rous free  
“With others, what may your own Hobby be?”

My Hobby always is,—may it prove clever,  
Sound Wind and Limb, a grateful warm Endeavour,  
To gain (what most I wish) your Patronage and  
Favour.

EPI-



## EPILOGUE DERNIER.

**T**O this wild Farrago, where *Crambo*\* displays  
 A motley Assemblage of Sparrow-wing'd  
 Lays,  
 Tales, Fables, Songs, Epigrams, and not a Few  
 Resembling a *Pandour* irregular Crew;†  
 Before the Book's dropt,—or in metaphor Phrase,  
 (For that's all the *Ton* in these high-polish'd  
 days)  
 'Ere Curtain Theatric descends, and the Play  
 Just finish'd, Spectators are hurrying away,  
 By way of an Epilogue, may I presume,  
 To hope you'll with tenderness settle the Doom  
 Of a slip-shod, unpolish'd, and flatteringly Muse,  
 Who writes too unguarded to 'scape from Abuse;  
 And who, still as Fancy points onward her way,  
 The Impulse Electric is sure to obey:  
 I own she's a whimsical, unthinking Rattle,  
 Who'd sooner bolt Nonsense than stop her wild  
 Prattle,  
 Tho' sometimes in Spleen you may find her half-  
 drown'd,  
 And then she's as dull as a horse in a pound;  
 But if she no *Excellence* boasts, 'tis as plain,  
 She never attempts,—what were labour in vain.

Those Critical Wits, who in Snarling delight,  
 To Peace so averse, with their shadows who fight,  
 Those

\* Vide *Miss Crambo*, p. 113.

† Miscellaneous.

Those overwise *Pococurantes* in grain,\*  
 Those chaff-hunting Gents may *cut up* and arraign,  
 Here's plenty of Food for such Yelpers, 'tis true,  
 Wherever they dip, they may instant fall to:—  
 But such shou'd with rev'rence this Adage receive,  
*Who wou'd be Forgiven, shou'd wish to Forgive.*

\* Vide Voltaire's CANDIDUS.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 53, read the first Stanza thus,

Whereas, with them, Man is a Creature  
 Of a mix'd, het'rogeneous Nature;

- 57, line 2, for Actor, read Actress.
- 79, line 5, for loath, read loth.
- 98, line 16, for ever shown, read only known.
- 134, line 1, for Wing, read Wings.
- 148, line 2, for pass'd along, read moves along.
- 174, line 27, for wordly, read worldly.
- 194, line 4, for did befriend him, read to befriend him.
- 208, line 13, for Language, read Raptures.
- 211, line 3, for on piano, read a piano.
- 221, line 16, for brightens, read rises.
- 268, line 3, for Superoragation, read Supererogation.
- 278, line 3, for forbid, read forbade.
- 288, line 4, for bad, read bade.

PROLOGUE

It is a story of the life of a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things, and who has learned many lessons. He is a man of many talents, and he is a man of many virtues. He is a man who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things, and who has learned many lessons.

THE LIFE OF A MAN

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF A MAN

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER V

18 AP 68

